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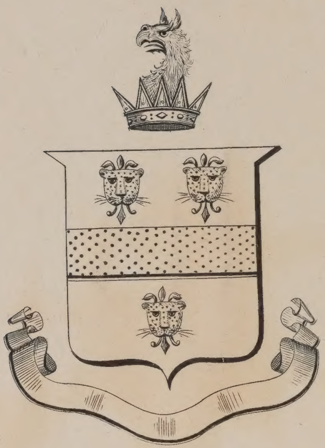

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1927

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY
ITALIAN SCHOOLS

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OLD MASTERS & MODERN ART

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

ITALIAN SCHOOLS

BY

SIR CHARLES HOLMES
DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL
GALLERY

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY OF ART
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

DEPARTMENT OF ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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TO THE MEMORY OF
ROBERT GEORGE WINDSOR-CLIVE
FIRST EARL OF PLYMOUTH
AND
NOVEMBER 14TH, 1916

PREFACE

Some time ago I had to compile a little illustrated guide to the National Gallery to help visitors to an idea of the reasons for which its contents have been admired. The popularity of this humble publication led to a request that I would undertake a similar work upon a more ample scale, with special reference to the art of the present day. I submitted to this request with some diffidence. Several of the most brilliant critics of our time have devoted themselves to studying modern art in the light of ancient art, and *vice versa*. I was deeply indebted to their illuminating essays. Yet it was undeniable that their labours had not resulted in the general acceptance either of any definite theory of painting, or even of a common artistic vocabulary.

It is no use pretending that modern painting is always easy to follow. On the contrary, much of it is extremely difficult to judge quite fairly. But the average man, if his interest in the arts is a real living interest, cannot be content to think only about the past, and to shut his eyes to what is going on all round him. However odd, puzzling, or distasteful modern work may appear, he will wish to find out something about it, and he will not go very far wrong if he tries these new experiments by the test of ancient experience. The Fine Arts, whether ancient or modern, appeal to the same human organism, to similar senses, to similar emotions. If the nature of that appeal is once rightly analysed, we have a firm foundation of knowledge, for future analyses. Since the qualities and virtues of the great Old Masters have been formulated for us by the consent of ages, they are the best possible subjects for resolution into their component atoms. Not until we have separated these basic elements shall we possess reliable data for analysing modern art, if we are critics or collectors, or for synthetic experiments when we try to paint pictures ourselves.

Those of us who are driven by circumstance to pick our way among the innumerable discordant voices of modern critics and modern painters, mostly come at the last to rely for guidance upon simple principles which have been tried by Time and have emerged from that ordeal triumphant. The sound doctrine upon which the best work of the old masters was founded still stands unshaken. It bears upon the painter's ideals of to-day from many angles, and some elementary acquaintance with it appears to me to be the best and safest introduction to modern painting.

Modern Art (or talk about it) is round us everywhere, and I am conservative enough to think that it is wiser, if somewhat inglorious, to judge the questions which it puts to us rather by the example of those who have admittedly been great artists, than by the cleverest argument from those who have still to become so. Viewed in this light the National Gallery takes on a novel and stimulating aspect. No longer is it merely a record of a glorious but vanished past, but a gathering of master minds which, if consulted with due respect, can point the way to a wonderful future. And if in the end that future proves to be not for us but for those more happily gifted, we have one abiding compensation. Our quest has compelled us to spend our time in the best company, and that in itself is no small part of the art of living.

Our Gallery is singularly well adapted for practical study. The Trustees, by placing on exhibition only such pictures as are the very best of their kind, have raised the standard of the collection to a pitch unequalled elsewhere in Europe. In no other gallery are we so free from the risk of being misled by second-rate paintings. In no other great gallery are almost all the exhibits hung on a level with the eye, and to be viewed with so little fatigue. The limited size of the existing building enhances this exclusiveness. Every new addition to the collection involves the displacement of something which had hitherto seemed worthy of a place upon the walls, so that each of the present exhibits is the survivor of a continuous and unsparing competition.

The chief treasures of the Gallery were acquired in the nineteenth century, either by princely gifts or by wise purchase from Italy. The epoch of Eastlake and Burton (1855-1894) is the most glorious in the annals of the collection, and gave it the reputation which it has possessed ever since of representing European painting more completely than any other gallery in the world.

Since that Augustan age of English collecting conditions have sadly changed. The competition of Germany and America not only limited our chance of getting good pictures from the Continent, but began with ever-increasing celerity to deplete our own historic private collections. Unluckily, the situation was not met with any large or consistent policy. The general dissatisfaction found vent in the formation of the National Art-Collections Fund in 1903, and ten years later in the sitting of a committee to report upon the affairs of the National Gallery. War came upon us before the committee's report could be translated into action, and the resulting financial stringency aggravated still further our national disadvantage. Thanks to three successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Sir Robert Horne, some of the most formidable external disabilities of the Gallery have been faced and relieved. For the improvement of its internal administration the nation owes much to the courage of the great gentleman to whom this volume is dedicated. The foundation at Millbank of a Modern Foreign Collection, and the wonderful expansion effected by Mr. Aitken in the British collections there, should render our Gallery almost complete so far as European painting is concerned. Personally, I wish that a really representative group of Oriental paintings could somehow be acquired, to provide European art with its proper aesthetic complement. When Michelangelo or Rembrandt will not serve, we might do worse than remember Persia, China and Japan. This mine of artistic wealth was never large, and it has been worked so thoroughly by American enterprise that our chance is now but a poor one.

In compiling these notes I am largely indebted to the writings of my fellow-critics and to my colleagues for much practical help. I feel bound also to record my particular thanks to Mr. C. H. Collins-Baker and Mr. G. H. Bickers, for the patience with which they have coaxed a jaded and reluctant hack up to this Halfway House.

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INTRODUCTION

Antiquity bears with it a certain privilege. He must be the veriest *novus homo* who admires nothing that is not fresh from the factory, to whom the pathetic flotsam and jetsam of an ancient house or a curiosity shop does not make even a moment's appeal. Nor is the feeling mere prejudice. In public affairs respect for past experience is recognised as an essential factor in all sound judgment upon things present. Yet when applied to art and letters this veneration may play tricks with us. It will perpetuate the unreadable as a classic—a plague upon all orators, from Demosthenes onward !—a scholar's list of the Hundred Best Books offers to any honest mind an infinite vista of boredom.

Its effect upon painting is more subtle. Painting of any kind is somewhat of a mystery to the average man. When touched with antiquity this mystery becomes a superstition. So for many a thousand simple souls any worn, damaged, dark and unsightly canvas may conceal a masterpiece, or at least must be an " Old Master." No rebuffs or attempted disillusion will shake this touching faith in the potential importance, and immense money value, of such antiquities ; the spellbound tourist will still plod dutifully through Galleries of repute where not one painting in a hundred has now any real message for him. Yet as the natural boy secretly rebelled against the restrictions of the old-fashioned Sunday, so the natural man is in subterranean revolt against the tyranny of the Old Masters. They may remain a part of the religion of his life but, like other accepted doctrines and ceremonials, he will view them if not with open dislike at least with private suspicion. That the true Old Master is an immortal, as splendidly vigorous and fresh and eloquent as if he still walked among us to-day, is more than we can expect our fellows to believe.

Yet such is the actual truth. In the National Gallery where, by the recent policy of the Trustees, the dead branches and the weaker shoots of the tree of art have been pruned away, we can appreciate better than anywhere else in the world, that the tree is vigorous and alive, that faith in its greatness is no fine superstition, and that its fruit is still ripening for us. With a little observation also we can trace the branches that have withered and come to an end. If we will we may speculate too upon the causes which led to such early death. For the arts that are carried on about us are part of this great tree, and by its growth or decay we may hope to prognosticate their possibilities. What is perhaps the greatest pleasure in studying Old Masters comes indeed from the habit of putting to them the questions which the modern artist is asking to-day. Their historical interest, immense as it is, belongs to the past. Their artistic qualities are for the present and the future, material for hope and not for retrospect, examples for an age which may no longer live at ease, complacently dreaming over pleasant things now vanished for ever, but has with labour, hard thinking and high purpose to set about rebuilding the world.

Let us start at the very beginning. Every picture tells some sort of a story, whatever purists and philosophers may argue to the contrary. But if it is a good picture, it is not for the story alone that an artist values it. Even at a distance, before he can make out the subject or the details, his eye is interested, by the general pattern of the masses of tone and colour. From this first impression he derives an instinctive thrill of delight like that which a fine Persian carpet, a fine piece of Japanese brocade, or a fine piece of Chinese porcelain excites in us. Looking at the work with a closer eye, he will find additional pleasure in the substance of the paint, the delicacies or the daring of the drawing and brushwork, and will note instinctively how these felicities of general design and manipulation enhance the subject matter. What for the totally untrained mind is valuable for its subject alone, is valuable to the artist for many other reasons.

And when we come to think of it, it is these other reasons which count in the long run. The subjects of the masterpieces in any famous Gallery are rarely original. The majority of these subjects have been painted thousands of times, by generation after generation of painters. So the test of artistic value must be sought elsewhere. It depends, of course, upon the association of the subject with the artistic qualities of which I have spoken; although the artistic element in a good picture does not exist side by side with the subject. Rather is it a solvent which takes up that subject matter into itself, interpenetrating its every particle, so that the subject ceases to have any independent existence outside the medium in which it is dissolved. A fine picture is like a rare wine in which alcohol and iron, substances familiar to us in many grosser forms and combinations, are transmuted into a subtle and delightful stimulus to the appreciative palate. The subject in a picture is thus of infinitely less importance than the transmutation which it undergoes in the artist's hands. The artist is naturally the man to whom the pleasures derived from that transmutation come most readily. Yet the layman who is willing to take a little trouble can derive much pleasure from the artistic aspect of painting, as those who have lectured to the public in a gallery, or have conducted people round one, very well know.

The important thing to remember is that each picture is primarily a stimulus, to the senses, and to the imagination through the senses. It has a *Vitality* of its own which, if we are ready to accept it, is there to arouse a similar feeling in ourselves. But this life-giving quality is not enough. It is possessed in some degree by every staring poster. Yet every staring poster does not thereby become a great work of art. We may receive a stimulus from the blaze of its colour, from the effective massing of its shapes and lettering, but then our interest in the poster quickly wanes.

There is nothing behind the bare first statement to attract or to detain us longer. Now in a fine picture, the initial stimulus may be less violent, but it does not pass away. On the contrary, it draws us to consider the picture more and more closely, and when we do so we find there is more, infinitely more, than the first immediate visual impression to occupy us. The picture in fact may be said to have the quality of *Infinity*; we can turn to it again and again without coming to the end of its message. There are other qualities besides, as all students of painting know. There is the condition of *Unity* by which all the constituent parts of a picture are fused into a single coherent whole. There is also the condition of *Repose*, by which all the possibly turbulent elements of a painting are so ordered that the resultant is not unrestful, is an addition to the pleasures as well as to the excitements of life. Much of our most modern art would appear to neglect the last two if not the last three of these conditions. But in the art of Europe as represented at Trafalgar Square unity and repose are characteristic features. There is hardly a single painting on view in the National Gallery in which the parts are not combined into a single harmonious unity, or one in which that combination is not brought about in such a manner that the result is not restful to the eye, whatever things calculated to stimulate interest may be concealed under that apparent repose.

For in addition to their function as stimulants, the pictures of the great masters were painted always with an eye to their decorative purpose. They had to be things which would take their place appropriately in a building of some kind, whether a church or a palace or a private house, and therefore were conceived in a scale of tones and colours appropriate to the walls and lighting for which they were destined. Many of them which were painted for dark churches may with their vivid colours and glittering gilding look over-bright if displayed on the walls of a brightly illumined gallery. Fortunately at Trafalgar Square the cruciform galleries round the dome reproduce in some degree both the general features of a church of the sixteenth century and the sober illumination found in the majority of Italian churches. So the arrangement of our larger Italian altarpieces in this part of the building enables them to be seen in something like their original surroundings, and helps us to understand more clearly than we could otherwise do, the early religious paintings, which at first sight may seem too brilliantly coloured, or too lavishly gilded.

The condition of Infinity is fulfilled by each master and in each painting in a different way. Sometimes, as in the great altarpiece by Orcagna, the very multiplicity of the figures and colour, the elaboration and variety of the decorative elements, make the painting a thing of which we cannot exhaust the interest in a few moments. The famous interior by John Van Eyck contains in two or three square feet a similar treasure of multitudinous and delightfully painted detail, and with it an interest of another kind, the psychological interest we derive from studying the cold and formidable figure of Arnolfini himself. In the portraits of Rembrandt this psychological insight becomes so intense that we feel as we continue to look at his sitters that we can read their very thoughts, past, present and future. Each opens up to us a new world of human personality with which we can commune at will, and for so long as we please.

These complexities are intimately combined with complexities of another kind, complexities which in their origin must be referred to the condition of Vitality. The first stimulus which we derive from a picture comes from our general idea of its forms and colours and masses, and this stimulus is most definite and pleasant when it is associated with the idea of Rhythm. We may not recognise this rhythmic element, but it is there, and much of our pleasure unconsciously comes from it. Rhythm involves the repetition of certain forms, of certain tones, of certain colours. In every good picture there is an iteration of certain kinds of form, of certain tones, of certain colours, which combine into a sort of pattern, emphasising the subject of the picture. In every bad picture this rhythm is either non-existent, or is disturbed by the introduction of incongruous forms or incongruous colours.

Again a rhythm, fine in itself, may be repeated and made common by an artist's followers, till it becomes tedious and ceases to stimulate. Take, for example, the case of Raphael. For his contemporaries he was a supreme master, the discoverer of a method of expressing with a new grace and power, what had previously been expressed more awkwardly. Raphael's discovery was utilised by generation after generation of his followers, until at last instead of a discovery it became a commonplace and, like most commonplaces, actually tiresome. Realism was found to be the effective counter-stimulant, and remained so for half a century or more. Now our artists seem to have had so much realism that realism, in its turn, has ceased to be a stimulant, and they are finding Vitality in the art which was previously despised. So Raphael and his predecessors are coming back into favour, because they provide the stimulus of novelty for eyes which are jaded with realism.

There can thus be no uniformity in our appreciation of the arts. Each generation, each thinking individual, will be stimulated by the things which carry with them the surprise born of novelty and freshness. In a great collection, like that at Trafalgar Square, every man will find certain pictures, or certain groups of pictures, which stimulate him, and others which will not stimulate him at all. Another man, no less intelligent, will derive a stimulus precisely from those which the former finds tedious. Nay, as a man grows older he may find that the favourites of his youth have become too familiar, the forms and colours and treatment which once delighted him will have become things of use and wont, and he discovers new and stimulating qualities in pictures which he had previously overlooked or disliked.

Nothing is more common in these days than to hear surprise expressed because young artists will go to primitive or savage art for inspiration, instead of following in the beaten track of what we call 'Nature.' But let us consider their case fairly. They are presumably persons who have an instinctive liking for forms and colours. They wish to express their ideas in paint. All round them from childhood they find either the products of the photographic camera, or paintings which were executed with a photographic ideal in mind. And these paintings need not necessarily be bad paintings.

Before the development of photography, the craft of copying nature correctly and delicately, and of matching her tones with reasonable accuracy, was a rare accomplishment. The artist who possessed this power, as the young Millais did, for instance, was an uncommon and surprising person. The more photographic in detail his work was, the more miraculous did it appear to his intelligent contemporaries. Their eyes, accustomed to the conventions of a somewhat dull and clumsy academic routine, found in this minuteness and vividness a fresh and delightful stimulus. So powerful were the novelty and excitement of that stimulus, that under their influence several of Millais' pre-Raphaelite friends went near to capturing his secret. For a few enthusiastic years, a group of young men in England worked with a minute delicacy of touch and an audacious purity of colour which the followers of Van Eyck would not have disdained.

In the course of time photography slowly developed from the first dim grey daguerreotypes to its present condition. Like pre-Raphaelite painting, each point in the progress of the camera came as a surprise and a stimulus, so that the main current of art followed, somewhat tamely as usual, in the track of the new realism which photography revealed. Rebels of course there were. The photographic print could render sharp details, sometimes with considerable force and truth of tone, but its surface was bound to be dead. It lacked the emphasis and accent which the painter's brush could give, and, above all, it lacked colour. The painters who compromised with photographic appearances, usually, if not invariably, acquired all these defects, without gaining the virtues corresponding to them. The so-called 'Impressionist' movement was a deliberate breaking away from this unsatisfactory compromising. It emphasized colour and light, where the camera could not compete with it, but avoided all effort at polished minuteness, for there it could be outdone by the commonest photograph.

The Impressionist movement started as an artist's movement. Then it gradually and imperceptibly affected the ideas of ordinary painters and the educated public. While photographic realism still remained as the ideal, a much greater freedom of brushwork and luminosity of colour came at last to acceptance everywhere. So under the apparent variety, the audacity even of the ordinary painting of to-day, this photographic ideal survives, and those of us who were brought up with it have grown content with its shackles. We shift them perhaps, now and then, just a little, but we cannot get rid of them. But the young artist has no ancient associations to tie him to the photographic ideal. He sees it as an iron chain, which encircles all his seniors, and prevents them from doing even the little that their limited gifts might in happier circumstances have enabled them to do. "Anything rather than such captivity," says he, and so he turns to all or any of the forms of artistic expression which have nothing to do with the fatal camera.

Hence it comes about that archaeology and ethnology are preferred to European painting as sources for inspiration. European painting has usually been connected, in one way or another, with the idea of Truth to Nature, the idea of a skilful rendering of natural appearances lying at the root of all academic teaching. The art of the primitive man and the savage is less conscious, less intellectual. It has little regard, as a rule, for realistic imitation, and a very keen regard for the use of material in the simplest and most direct fashion. A single incised contour, a masterly outline, is sufficient to indicate a man or a beast; the primitive sculptor is satisfied with a similar elemental suggestion of mass and form. Charm is added by the natural sense of colour and rhythm which seems to be the peculiar possession of childhood, both in individuals and races. The exhibitions held of recent years of drawings executed by school children show what a surprising fund of taste and fancy still survives in our early youth. As we grow up they are lost, or buried deep under a superstructure of education. Doubtless that superstructure is necessary to those who have to make their way in a hard world, but it has a crushing effect upon instinct, and most of the victims of over-education do not realize how much they have lost.

What, indeed, is an able man to do who finds his lot cast in an age seemingly complete in experience and accomplishment, yet undeniably lacking the vitality and inventiveness of a less advanced civilization ? He can, it seems, adopt one of two courses. If he be a supreme virtuoso he may, like Tiepolo or Bernini, embroider, as it were, the convention of his time with so much skill and fancy and spirit as to excite our wonder and admiration. Yet virtuosity, like many other things, is admired less for any intrinsic merit than because it is extremely rare. Were it common it would cease to be wonderful. The average artist, then, cannot hope to be a virtuoso. He must adopt the alternative method of escape and seek rhythm and vitality in some other age or country. Savage art is the fashion of the moment. Oriental art was the fashion in Whistler's day. The early Italian masters, ever since the days of the pre-Raphaelites, have been the constant resource of those who seek fresh inspiration. Other sections of the National Gallery no doubt will come to be re-discovered as time goes on.

If, then, the public is to get full enjoyment from pictures, it must learn to see them, so far as possible, with the eye of the artist. Only so can pictures deliver their full message. The primitive masters in the National Collection are peculiarly liable to misunderstanding. Eyes accustomed to photographs see much in them that from the photographic standard is incomplete or amiss. Yet, just because they do not try to work to that standard, the primitives obtain qualities of their own more rare and more stimulating to the trained sense than any product of the camera can be. Most people, however, since their eyes are accustomed to accept the standard of the camera as final, will be wise not to expect too much from the primitives at first. The riper masters of the sixteenth and succeeding centuries may prove easier to understand, for in them all things are viewed with a naturalistic vision, not dissimilar to our own. Yet in a book on the National Gallery it is difficult to play with chronology in so drastic a fashion, and I have decided to adhere in these notes to the conventional arrangement, merely giving the warning here that many readers will find their studies made easier if they start with the later painters, and keep the primitives till the last.

The development of the chief aesthetic problems under discussion, such as those of Vitality, Form, Design and Colour, will be followed most easily by reference to the Index. In dealing with solid form I have used the word 'Sculptural' in preference to the more fashionable epithet 'plastic.' 'Plastic' in modern criticism appears to be used with a significance much wider than is appropriate to the Italians, and much less precise than the impression I have tried to convey of their attitude towards the painter's problem.

CHAPTER I

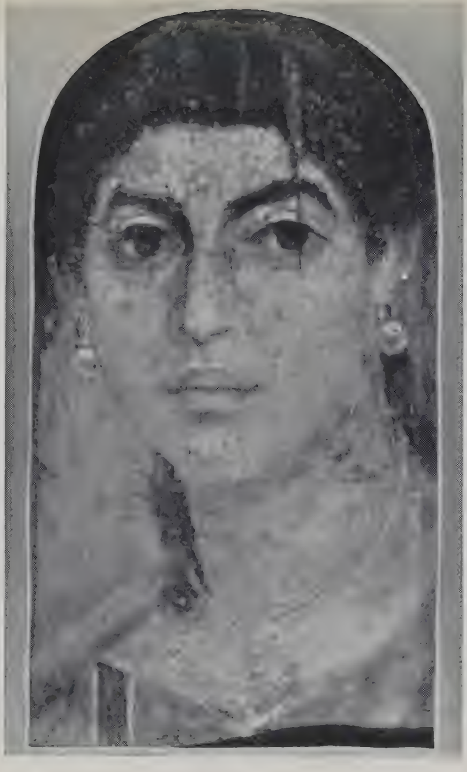
CLASSICAL PORTRAITURE

Our studies may begin in the Vestibule of the Gallery with the group of *Greco-Roman Portraits* (1260, etc.), the work of mere artisans, Egyptian undertaker's workmen in the third century. These heads have a double interest as reflecting, faintly it is true, the style and method of the great painters of classical antiquity, and as illustrating how much may be done in the way of portraiture with the simplest of means. There is no attempt at rendering niceties of complexion or modelling or detail. Yet what a wonderful sense of character and temperament these rude contours and tones convey! Wit and charm, vulgarity, stupidity, brutality, nonentity, are as plainly displayed as they well could be.

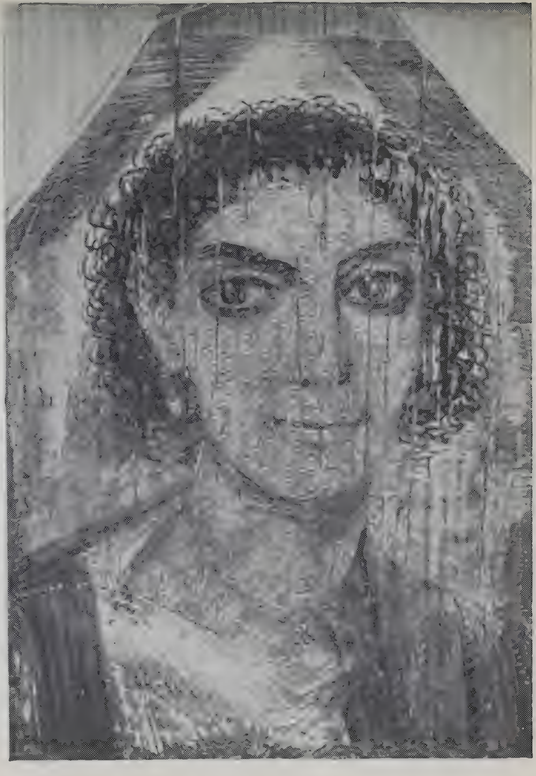
Let us take a few examples from among the women. The regular features, the majestic Juno-like presence, and the carefully preserved complexion of No. 2914, indicate at once a lady who has a high position in society, accustomed alike to admiration and to command. No. 1260 is of a more nervous type. Her glittering black eyes, her smiling lips, and the alert mobility of her glances, are eloquent of wit and a lively temperament. The plump cheeks, the little shapeless nose, the button mouth, and big dull eyes of No. 1269 point to a lower place in society and in intelligence, while No. 1263 is typical of the woman with excellent morals but feeble health, the class from which the devotee in all ages has been recruited.

The encaustic process used in these portraits depended upon the mixture of the colours with melted wax. It is commonly assumed that they were applied to the panel, when liquefied by heat, with tools similar to the modern palette-knife. The coarse work on the neck of No. 1263, and thick lumps of pigment upon some of the men's faces support this theory. But the backgrounds and draperies in most cases are swept in with broader thinner touches. These definitely suggest brushwork and very liquid pigment. In No. 2914 the painting of the lady's complexion, and the impasto upon the ear-ring and the ear, are curiously like the effect which men like Richard Wilson obtain, and indicate that sometimes the wax paints may have been diluted by a solvent to a consistency similar to that of our modern oil-paint. The contrast between some of the rough male portraits and such a singular finished product as No. 1268, shows how wide was the range of style and treatment. This last being in excellent condition, proves with what smoothness, science and certainty of touch the more accomplished craftsmen could work. And how vivid and living the portrait is! The man is one

Pl. 1



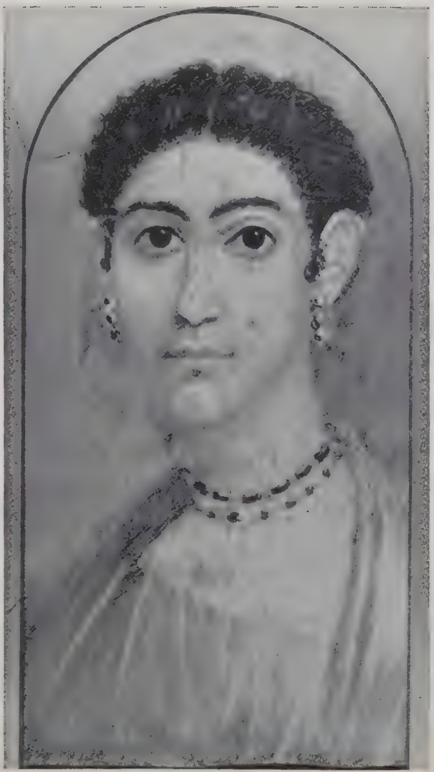
No. 2914



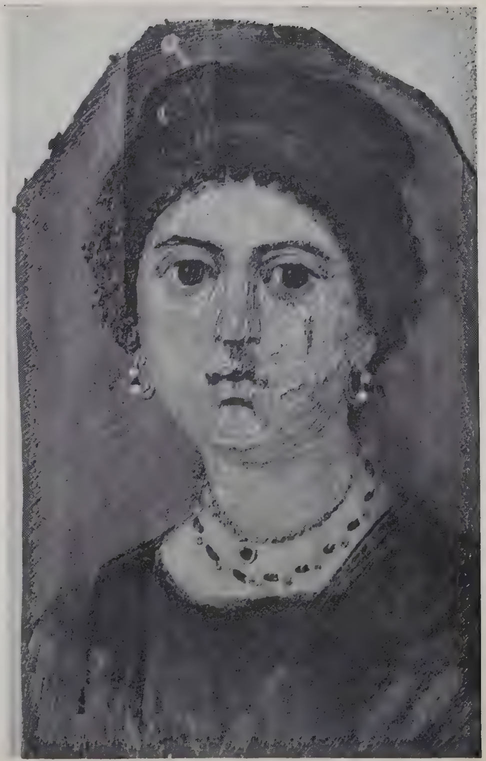
No. 1260

GRECO-ROMAN PORTRAITS

Pl. 2



no. 1263



no. 1269

GRECO-ROMAN PORTRAITS

whom we might come across to-day in any commercial centre, alert for a ‘ deal ’ or a bargain.

A similar vitality, a similar perception of individual type and temperament is found in all these portraits, even the rudest. It would seem as if there were something in the swift and summary execution, the seizing and securing of the salient points of a face, which led inevitably to this result.

What, indeed, can give so vivid a suggestion of character as a rapid pen or pencil sketch ? Every addition we make to it, while adding perhaps to its visual completeness, robs it of some emphasis. Further, if it be ‘ finished ’ at last to a photographic degree of completeness, the chances are that all emphasis will have vanished, and that the result will be as lacking in character as the average beauty-picture in a popular paper. Very rarely indeed does a highly finished portrait succeed in retaining the vigour and vivid accent of a sketch or study.

These Greco-Roman portraits have therefore served as an inspiration to more than one well-known living painter to whom the laboured portrait of commerce is hateful. More interesting than most of these deliberate borrowings is that extraordinary profile of Emily Brontë in the National Portrait Gallery : an unconscious parallel, even in method, to these portraits done some sixteen hundred years earlier. In it we see an identical simplicity nay rudeness of treatment, but it illustrates the spiritual intensity and impetuous character of the author of *Wuthering Heights* as no other form of art could have done. This, at any rate, is a form of art removed as far as possible from that of the "gentlemen and ladies' painter," to use Constable's excellent phrase.

I say "excellent" deliberately, for the phrase emphasized a vital distinction. It is the fate of most painters to live in, or in touch with, civilized communities. These communities supply the artist with patronage and the means of living, while their needs and tastes determine in no small degree the subjects of his work, together with the scale and method he must adopt. It is no use grumbling about this condition, for it has always existed in some form or other. No doubt it has been deplorably wasteful. It has encouraged the production of tedious, foolish and superfluous work in immense quantities, yet it has also, when the stars were favourable, led to the making of most of the world's masterpieces. If Rembrandt be taken as the example of the great painter who worked in isolation, names like Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian and Velazquez can be placed to the credit of court patronage. Loss of freedom is the theoretical disadvantage of the painter's servitude. In reality loss of character is the peril. Being dependent upon his patrons for his living, the artist, in his desire to retain their good opinion, may try to keep in touch with them by modelling his behaviour, his speech, his very thoughts upon theirs. Adopting their standard of taste in worldly affairs, he may come in time, if he be not a man of strong individuality, to adopt their standard of taste in matters of art as well, and so insensibly become a "gentlemen and ladies' painter."

We see the process going on all round us every day. The clever youngster starts with the latest wild protest from Montmartre or Chelsea, and with luck makes a hit as a revolutionary. Success follows, and with success, society. Society is expensive. Appearances (in England at least) must be kept up. To keep them up the fashionable painter has to do what pleases his clients. Gradually the vivid aspirations with which he set out on his career are forgotten. He settles into a more or less contented routine, any departure from which (were he capable of it) would imperil his established reputation. Established ! It is established just so long as the generation for whose amusement it was produced. When that generation dies, the artist's repute dies also ; except possibly in places untouched by the main current of contemporary thought, where this detritus of civilization may quietly settle into the mud. England, by the way, has no monopoly of the 'gentlemen and ladies' painter.' He has existed and still exists everywhere. France, I venture to think, has suffered from him no less sorely and continuously than England. Perhaps, indeed, it is on that account that France also has during the last hundred years reacted so constantly and so vigorously from him.

Reaction implies a severance from the standards accepted and exacted by society, and a protest against its ideals. It substitutes the criticism of the studio for the criticism of the salon and, when intelligent, insists that the painter's business is concerned with his brains, his fingers and his materials, and not with the views of a public which cannot paint. So the products of each revolutionary movement are likely to have vigour and professional skill, but from want of knowledge of the world, they may often be limited in range of subject matter (simple subjects, too, are comparatively easy things to paint), and somewhat hard, crude, or violent in manner. We may think these defects almost as serious a disadvantage as the suave effeminacy of the 'gentlemen and ladies' painter.' But experience points in the other direction. Time will often modify crudity, hardness, or violence, while the merit of the execution and the vigorous creative impulse underlying the work will survive undamaged. Time on the other hand is merciless to the surface finish and superficial graces of the fashionable painter. If, therefore, we have to choose between the two ideals, we shall be wise to incline to that of the studio, and be guarded in accepting that of the salon.

Returning to portraiture: what are its first essentials? Surely, the general shape, bulk and poise of the head, the general colour of the hair, eyes and complexion, the general shape and exact position of the eyes, nose and mouth. If these essentials be indicated swiftly and accurately, the very vigour of the statement will convey a feeling of life and character to the spectator. That feeling is just what these simple Greco-Roman portraits convey to us. Their painters were mere workmen, with just so much traditional practice as enabled them to produce a tolerable likeness at a moment's notice. How is it that they succeeded so well? Because they had not to think of half the things which trouble the 'gentlemen and ladies' painters' of to-day.

In the first place, they had not to contend with the difficulties of realistic lighting. The modern craze for open-air effects—for seeing a figure enveloped in light and atmosphere not only adds immensely to the number of the planes and tones which the painter is called upon to render, but complicates beyond measure the problem of colour. The cool light falling from the upper sky will, if truly rendered, be voted 'unbecoming' by the pretty ladies, so the painter will have to compromise with it if he is to satisfy them. Nor will they be pleased if he paints too accurately an ample or a retiring chin, a frosty nose, eyes that are small and surrounded by 'crow's feet,' hair that is less natural or less luxuriant than it might be. From the start the poor wretch is hampered. He is constantly altering, stippling and retouching. Any freshness and vitality which his first sketch might have had inevitably vanishes in these processes, and the likeness comes to resemble a doll. A few of our most able contemporary painters evade these dangers. Posing their sitters in a light which they have studied until the representation of it has become a familiar instinct, they work with an uncanny swiftness of brushwork which preserves vitality and accent, so that any single portrait by them is brilliant and striking. It is only when grouped together that their portraits make us feel as if we were in a collection of marvellous automata, each capable of the most lively movement, but each driven by the same machinery and from the same electric accumulator.

CHAPTER II

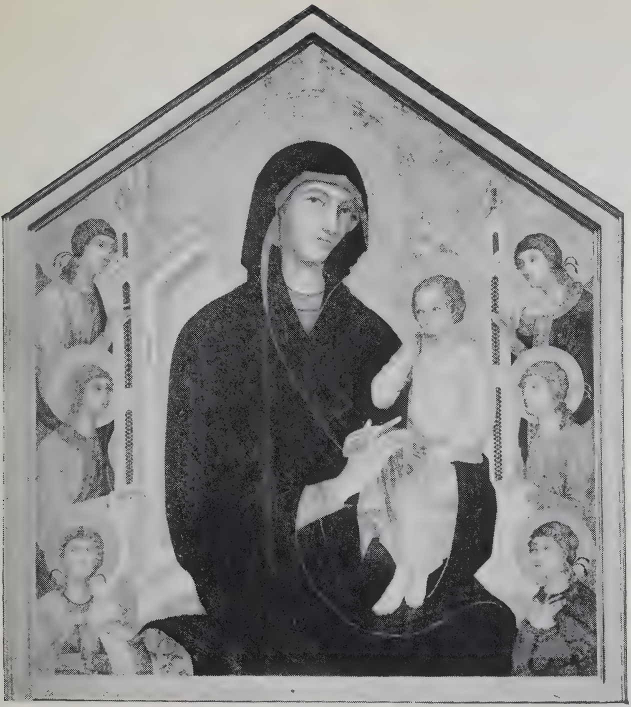
FROM DUCCIO TO MASACCIO

A PERIOD of about a thousand years separates these lively portraits from the rebirth of painting in Italy. That period, though of great importance in the history of the arts, cannot be fairly estimated except by a visit to Venice, Ravenna and Rome. Constantinople had taken the place of Rome as the metropolis of the now Christianized world, and from that centre a new art influence, called Byzantine after the ancient name of Constantinople, spread to the chief Italian cities. From the first Byzantine art was associated with religion and with the decoration of places of worship. Its style and methods therefore rapidly superseded in Italy the Greco-Roman tradition, which was no less definitely associated with a discredited paganism. Its characteristics were Asiatic rather than European. Profuseness of ornament, splendour of colour, richness of material, grandeur of scale, and therewith a certain mystery and impressiveness, when viewed in the semi-twilight of some vast interior, replaced the lively Greco-Roman style. The comparatively flimsy and perishable methods of painting in fresco or encaustic were replaced by mosaic, noble and permanent as a decoration, but exacting many concessions from the artist in return for its benefits.

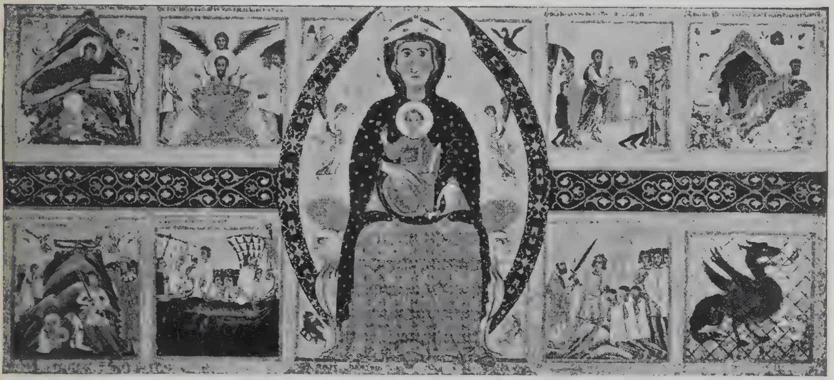
When representing the human face or the human figure with little cubes of glass, it is impossible to attempt niceties of modelling or light and shade. The artist is thus immediately deprived of the resources by which he can render subtle character in a portrait, or any complex movement. Large contours and masses, and the simplest and most readily comprehended gestures are alone within his power. But these limitations once granted, the mosaic worker has his reward. Not only can he enrich these simplified figures with a splendour of colour attainable in no other medium, but he can endow them with the supernatural grandeur of celestial beings, by setting them against a background of shimmering gold or deep sapphire blue. The power of Byzantine mosaic to satisfy man's spiritual instincts is attested by the fact that the style prevailed, both in Italy and in the land of its origin, for a thousand years, and has survived with no essential change in Russian devotional painting up to our time.

Mosaic was necessarily slow and expensive. In Italy towards the end of the thirteenth century there was a considerable demand for Church decoration, so the far cheaper and more rapid process of fresco-painting was revived. Smaller panels and altarpieces were executed in tempera, *i.e.* in colours diluted with yolk of egg and water. But at first, in spite of the infinitely greater facilities of representation which fresco and tempera afforded, painters were slow to desert the Byzantine tradition. Many of its characteristic features survive, enlivened by that quaint power of telling a story which the Romanesque craftsman so continually exhibits, in Margaritone's famous altar-frontal (564). Far less rude and provincial is the large *Madonna and Child* (No. 565), one of several versions of a design famous in art history as the work of that shadowy personage CIMABUE. Here in the heroic proportions of the Madonna, the large contours of her robe, in the gilded background, in the symmetrical arrangement of the attendant angels, as well as in the formal treatment of features and gesture, we are constantly reminded of the great mosaics by which this early Italian painting was inspired. The masses of rich simple colour tell against the gold background with just the effect of mosaic: the necessary conventions of mosaic survive in the long sweeping lines with which the folds of the drapery are indicated.

We can see this still more clearly in the work of the Sienese painter DUCCIO, who, as our knowledge increases, is slowly taking Cimabue's place as the forerunner of the great Italians. His little panel of the *Transfiguration* (No. 1330) will serve as an example. Here in the gold lines by which the robes of Christ are indicated, in the symmetrical grouping of the figures, three above and three below, and in the dependence upon a gold background to give relief to the simple colours, we find exactly the same Byzantine style of work as that in the picture of *SS. Cosmas and Damianus* (No. 594) by Emmanuel. But, as in the



CIMABUE: MADONNA AND CHILD



MARGARITONE: ALTAR FRONTAL

Pietro Cavallini, fellow-worker with the youthful Giotto and perhaps his teacher. The Church of S. Francis at Assisi is the spot where this Roman style definitely comes into contact with Tuscan painting. The exact course of the process of fusion will probably never be determined, but of one cardinal fact there can be no doubt. The art of GIOTTO, and therewith the subsequent artistic greatness of Italy, has its foundation in this Roman style, and so is a direct, if remote, descendant from classical Greece.

Giotto himself is not represented in the Gallery, and his superiority to all his followers was so marked that we can gain no real idea from their works of what his achievement was.[1] He stands alone, and so far in advance of those round him, that subsequent art for some time shows recession rather than progress from the point he had reached. Not until the coming of Masaccio do we meet with any comparable artistic force. One very great colourist, Fra ANGELICO, arrives before Masaccio, and outlives him. The legend of his saintly life, the happy serenity and simplicity of his temper, tend to distract our attention from his greatness as an artist. Not only does he possess a mastery of design which enables him to treat a large variety of subjects with almost invariable success, but when his theme gives him the necessary scope he attains, as in his *Transfiguration* at Florence, to a power and sublimity which have never been surpassed. He

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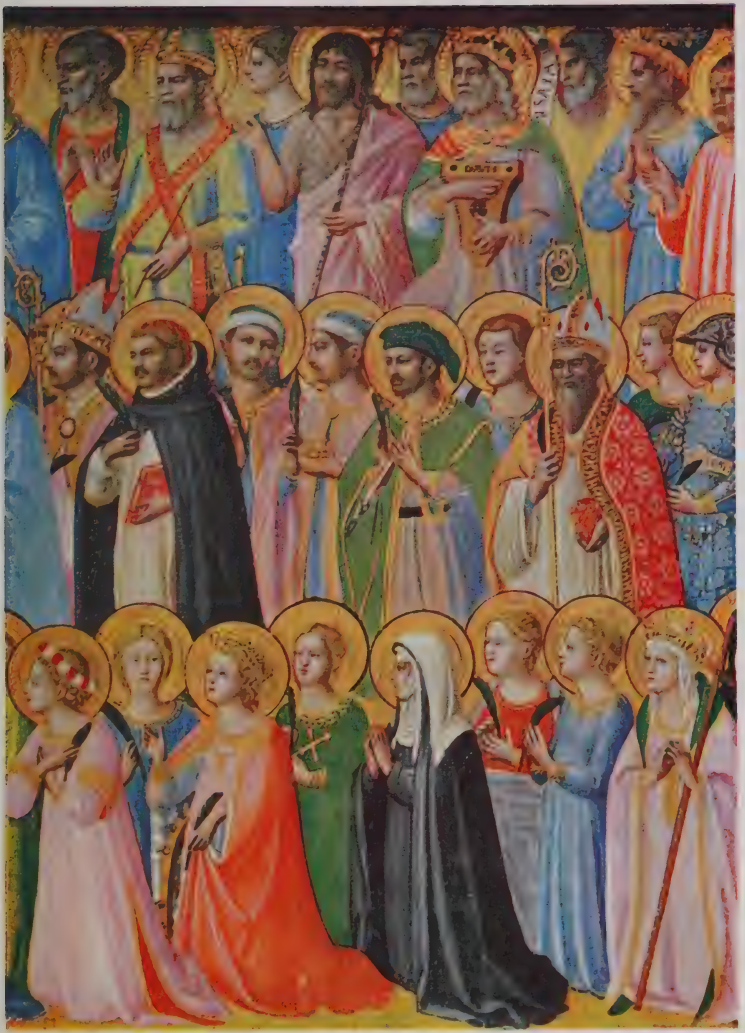
[1] The fragment of a fresco (276) representing *Two Apostles*, now attributed to Spinello Aretino (see p. 38), was bought in 1856, as a work by Giotto, and still remains nearer to him in style than anything else which we possess.



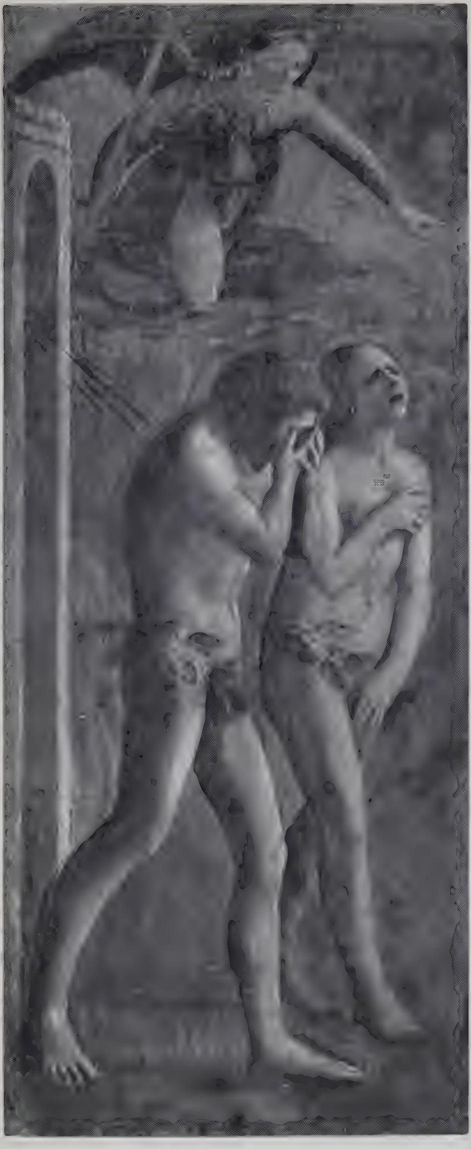
FRA ANGELICO

CHRIST SURROUNDED BY ANGELS (DETAIL)

has much of Giotto's power of making his figures seem living and substantial. But, above all, he is one of the world's great colourists, and the single painting by his hand which we possess in London will enable us to understand this side of his art in some measure. His other claims to greatness can be estimated only in Florence.

At first sight this panel of *Christ surrounded by Angels*, *Patriarchs*, *Saints*, *and Martyrs* (663) may seem at once formal and crowded in effect. The delightful individuality of each of these saintly and celestial personages will seem to be the chief attraction. Next, perhaps, we realize that one dress, or part of a dress, is of singular beauty, then gradually it dawns upon us that no other Italian produced quite such tones of rose and brown and green and lilac, no other modified bright colour with such delightful foils of black and white, and no other used pure scarlet and azure blue in such daring and triumphant contrast. All pigment in other pictures seems coarse, earthy, dull or unclean in comparison with this heavenly fairness of hue. Hence the panel is a thing to which the eye can turn and turn again with the certainty of finding fresh delights, when sated with the rough and unlovely pigment which our moderns so constantly press upon us. Only in the most precious relics of Oriental art does any comparable mastery of pure and vivid colour make its appearance.

We may now turn to MASACCIO'S *Madonna and Child* (No. 3046). With it we may consider the great principles of the Florentine School, as founded by Giotto upon the tradition of classical painting, and compare them with the principles of Duccio, which were in the main derived from Byzantium. Both Duccio and Giotto had the gift of telling a story with pictorial clearness and dramatic vigour; but their attitude towards their subjects was essentially different. Duccio's figures are symbols, nobly designed, nobly coloured and nobly spaced, but when we come, as it were, to touch them, they prove unsubstantial. They cannot even stand firmly upon their feet; there is no solid living flesh and bone under their well-disposed draperies. With Giotto the painted figures have a mass and volume analogous to those of a piece of sculpture. Their gestures and actions thus appear to have a real sensible momentum. So their dramatic significance becomes real and permanent for us; so the impression which the general arrangement makes is augmented and sustained. In the case of Duccio this source of heightened pleasure is absent. He depends wholly upon the effect he can produce at the first glance. If we attempt to analyse his compositions and allow our eyes to examine individual figures too curiously, we find that these grand shapes are empty shapes. It is only the subtle genius of the painter in inventing and disposing them so aptly which has prevented us from finding them inadequate from the first. Indeed, no permanent structure could be built on such a two-dimensional foundation. Duccio had genius, several of his Sienese followers had genius too, but none of them were able to make any notable progress except by contact with Florentine solidity.

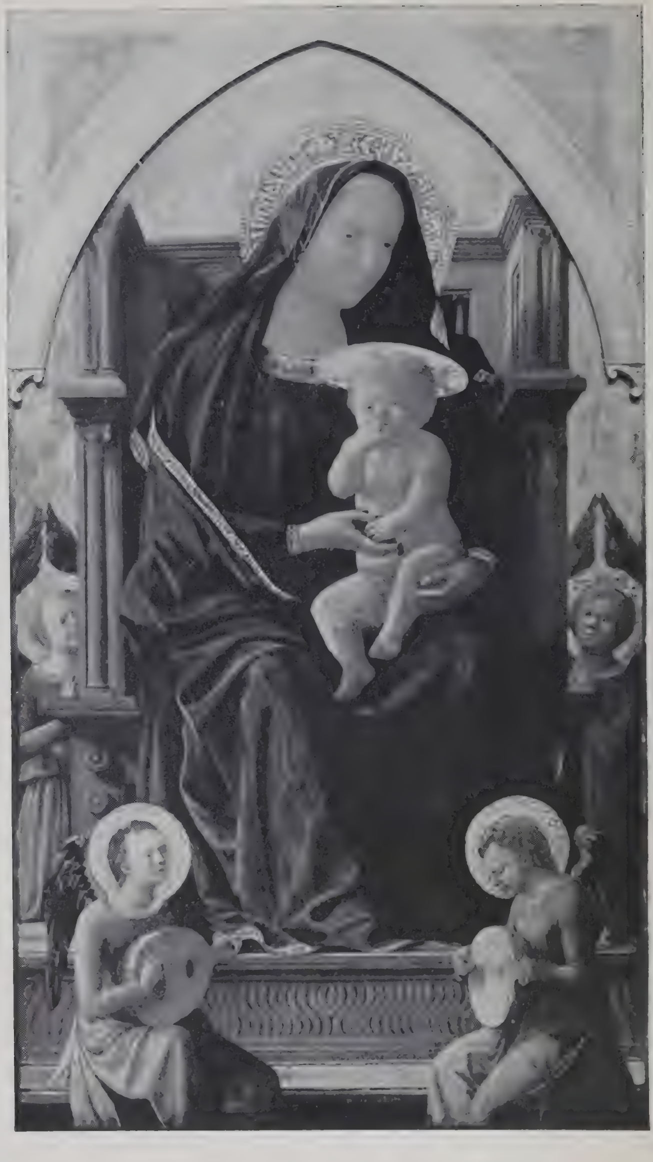


MASACCIO

THE EXPULSION FROM THE GARDEN (p. 15)

(From the Fresco in the Carmine, Florence)

Pl. 7



MASACCIO: MADONNA AND CHILD

With Masaccio the science of representing things in the round—of suggesting their mass and volume, and by means of perspective, of making these solid objects take their proper and relative places within the pictured space—this science, which Giotto had apprehended rather than mastered, is brought to perfection. His successors solve more complex problems of movement and anatomy than Masaccio had time to study, but within his chosen limits he remains unsurpassed. He died young, but his frescoes in the Carmine at Florence, which he did not live to complete, became the art school of his successors, and of Michelangelo with the rest.

In our *Madonna and Child*, one of the noblest and most fortunate of recent additions to the Gallery, we can study Masaccio's chief characteristics. The Virgin's figure has the mass and weight and dignity of some colossal monument. Note first how the draperies are disposed in large and massive folds, which while combining to encircle the figure in one grand oval shape, have also the exact projection of nature or a fine statue, and suggest inevitably the bulk and form of the mighty limbs which underlie them. Then note how artfully this vision of monumental grandeur is enhanced by its setting. The Virgin's throne rests upon a base with two lofty steps: how high they are we may guess from the size of the angels who sit upon the lower step making music. Then looking above we see that the two arms or wings of the throne are built like massive walls, faced with tall columns. Walls, indeed, they seem to be from the steep perspective of the sky-line. The Virgin's form thus occupies no mere chair of stone, but fills, in appearance, the whole of a lofty courtyard, a figure of unforgettable majesty. No doubt the marvellous discoveries which were being made in sculpture by Donatello had something to do with Masaccio's power of conveying this sense of weight and volume, of making his figures stand firmly upon their feet. But Masaccio's work is true painter's work. The colour of this panel with its gorgeous ultramarine and crimson, set against cool grey and gold and supported by notes of rose and lilac, is the achievement of a masterly and daring colourist. And the brooding look of the Madonna, the rapture of her attendant angels, and the Child's meditative wonder at the sharp taste of the grape He has taken from her hand, the symbol of His future suffering, are inventions which leave their mark upon men of the rank of Botticelli and Michelangelo. So if the vivid colour of the panel, and something a little strange in its conception, attract us to it, we shall find that the attraction is no fleeting thing, but one which draws us again and again.

Masaccio's art thus possesses the qualities of Infinity and Vitality in no common degree. Yet we may question whether the sculpturesque treatment, on which in his case these qualities seem largely to depend, can be applied to all other pictorial matter with equal advantage. That a certain monumental quality is appropriate to heroic or hieratic subjects is clear enough. Yet the monumental character of a work is endangered when that work has to represent anything but objects at rest or in slow stately motion, especially when they derive their charm from fragility or minute detail. It might be unwise to take Masaccio for model when rendering the windy luxuriance of a water meadow in June, or a frock for Ascot week.

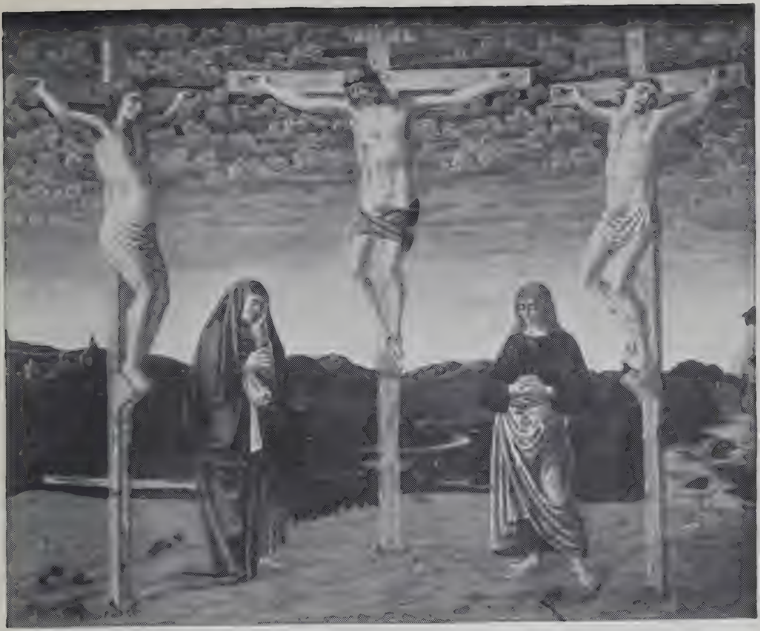
During the fifteenth century the master-painters of Florence being in touch with the Revival of Learning, kept adding motives drawn from classical literature to their repertory, hitherto a narrow one. The formal representation of celestial personages, which had been the almost universal occupation of the earlier artists, came to be but a small part of the business of their fifteenth century successors, so the monumental style of Masaccio was no sooner invented than it was modified in countless ways to meet the needs of the new artistic material. Some of those modifications we shall presently discuss. Meanwhile we may speculate whether the sculpturesque method of vision, like Angelico's colouring, has not fallen into unmerited disuse. There are certain kinds of figure painting, there is much serious portraiture, and there may possibly be certain aspects of landscape to which Masaccio's principles might still be applied. They are not at variance with the theories of the moderns. They differ from modern practice chiefly in demanding from the artist a very precise, tangible, and comprehensible definition of form. The real difficulty begins when we have to decide where the sculptural element is a real stimulus to the imaginative vision, and where it would be incongruous or absurd.

CHAPTER III

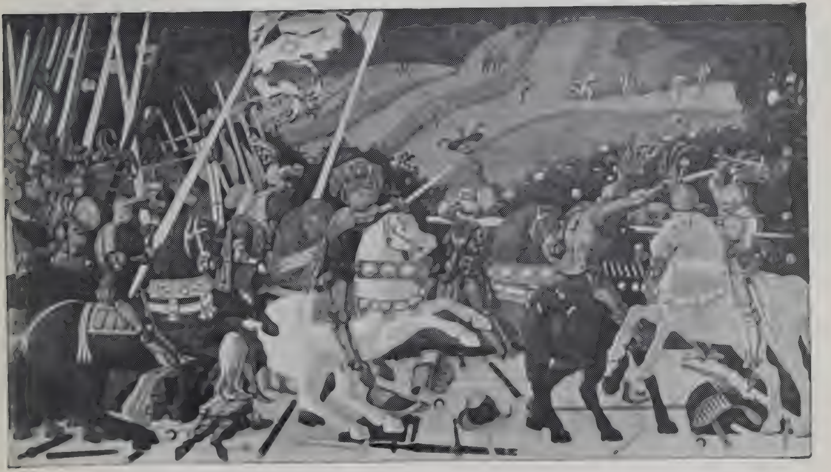
FLORENTINE SCIENCE

Masaccio had given substance to painting. His Florentine contemporaries and immediate successors set themselves to extend his discoveries. Perspective, mathematics, anatomy, and technical processes were studied with unparalleled intensity, and a firm foundation was laid for subsequent artists to build upon. In the course of this inquiry many of the world's most interesting and stimulating pictures were produced, so that Florentine art of the fifteenth century has come to rank with the greatest treasures of civilization.

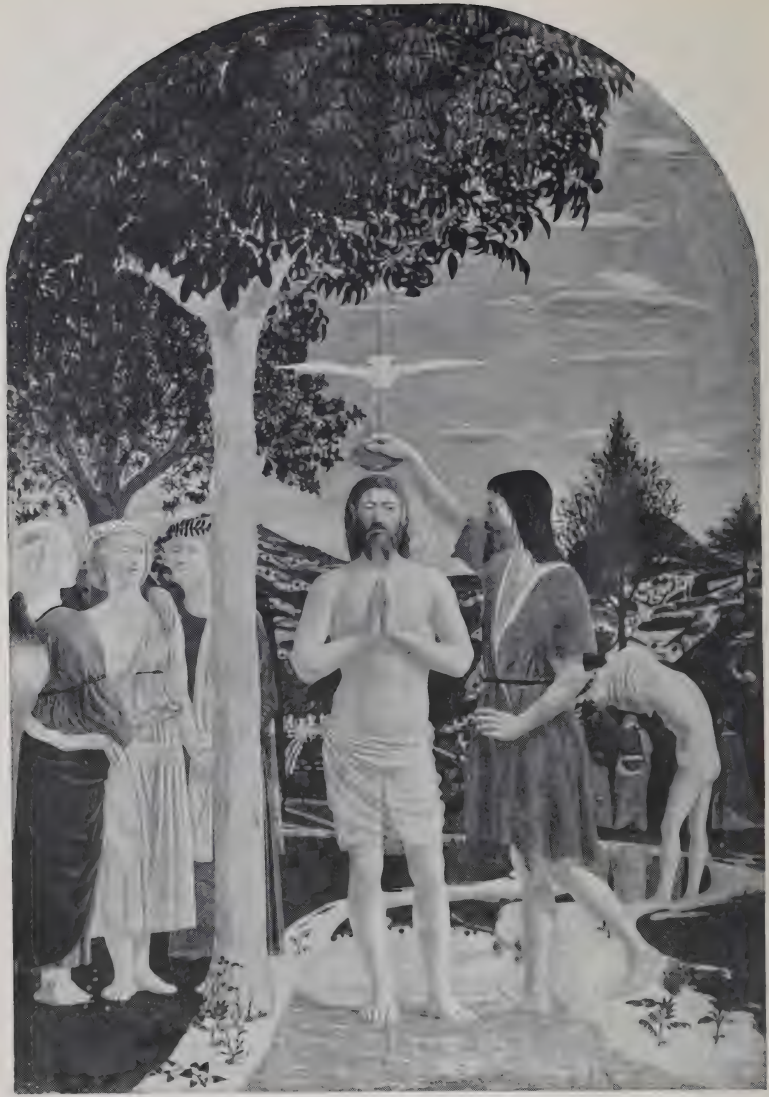
Of all this group Andrea dal CASTAGNO was perhaps the least deliberately scientific, the man who relied most upon innate natural force. He has much of Masaccio's power of rendering the strength and substance of the human body, though his grim vehemence is very different from Masaccio's monumental dignity. Even in Florence his works are few. Outside it they are almost unknown, so that our modest panel of the *Crucifixion* (No. 1138) is a thing of the greatest rarity, as well as of the highest excellence. It shows us all Castagno's qualities in epitome. The



ANDREA DAL CASTAGNO: THE CRUCIFIXION



PAOLO UCCELLO: ROUT OF SAN ROMANO (p. 20)



PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA

THE BAPTISM (p. 22)

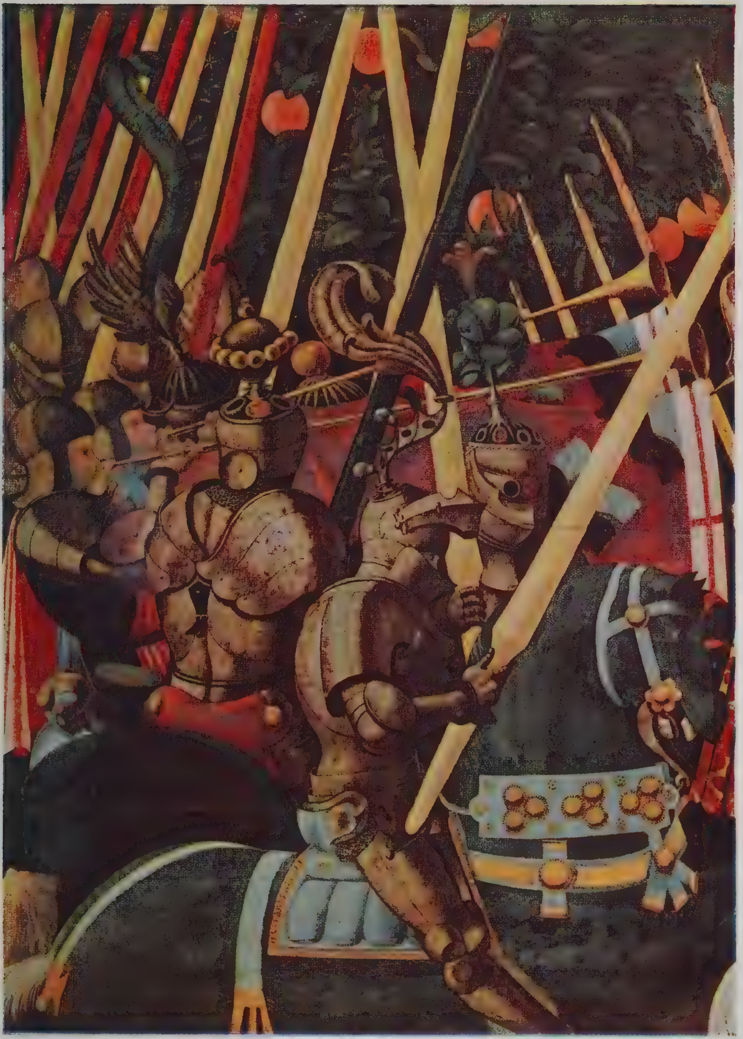
1458

subdued tone of ashen grey, the solemn design of verticals and horizontals, the cloudlets which seem to writhe under the iron sky, the tragic darkness over the country beneath, and the passionate sorrow of the two figures standing in solitude under the crosses are eloquent of the painter's formidable temper, as the solidity of the figures and the science with which they are modelled prove his technical strength.

DOMENICO VENEZIANO must be mentioned with Andrea, since according to Vasari, Andrea murdered him from jealousy. As a matter of fact Domenico outlived his reputed murderer. His great but sadly damaged *Madonna* (No. 1215) proves him a fine colourist, and in its geometrical planning we may discern a scientific bent of mind akin to his contemporary Uccello and his pupil Piero della Francesca. Like Piero, and like Masaccio too, is the monumental dignity of the Virgin, while his noble portrait heads (No. 766 and 767) show with what refinement of tonality and contour Domenico painted. By this refinement of contour the artist gains a certain advantage over the ruder methods of Greco-Roman work. His line may not have the same appearance of vigour, but it is capable of far more subtle variation, and so conveys, in the case of the human face, a far more delicate indication of the sitter's physical and spiritual temper. Also from its tender quality it suggests an atmospheric remoteness, whereby an impression of grandeur of scale is conveyed to the spectator. This is no small gain when superhuman figures have to be suggested.

It is however with Paolo UCCELLO that we find ourselves most definitely in touch with Florentine science as applied to art. Evidently he pondered over the idea that by the aid of perspective the painter could, as it were, reconstruct the visible world on his canvas, or perhaps even create by means of geometrical symbols a pictorial substitute for it. The horses and landscape in his famous *Rout of San Romano* (No. 583) will serve as examples of this theory, as the broken lances and recumbent figure illustrate his exercises in perspective. But if Uccello's picture were little or nothing more than a quaint scientific exercise, it would hardly retain the charm with which it still attracts the spectator, or more than hold its own as a work of art in a Gallery which contains so many masterpieces. The truth is that while Uccello seems to play with perspective, he does so for strictly artistic and decorative ends, and his use of geometrical symbols for his horses and his landscape is governed by the same purpose. Horses in motion and small hillocks and woods and fields may not always be convenient or manageable decorative quantities, if treated in a realistic way. But if we reduce them to the simple terms of heraldry, or of a Noah's ark, their value for pattern making may be augmented to such a degree as to make the sacrifice of realism well worth the cost.

That is the case with this *Rout of San Romano*. It is not like a coloured photograph of a cavalry skirmish, but it is one of the most strikingly original and delightful of paintings. The pattern of the lances and banners against the dark sky, the movement of the advancing



PAOLO UCCELLO
ROUT OF SAN ROMANO (DETAIL)

1455

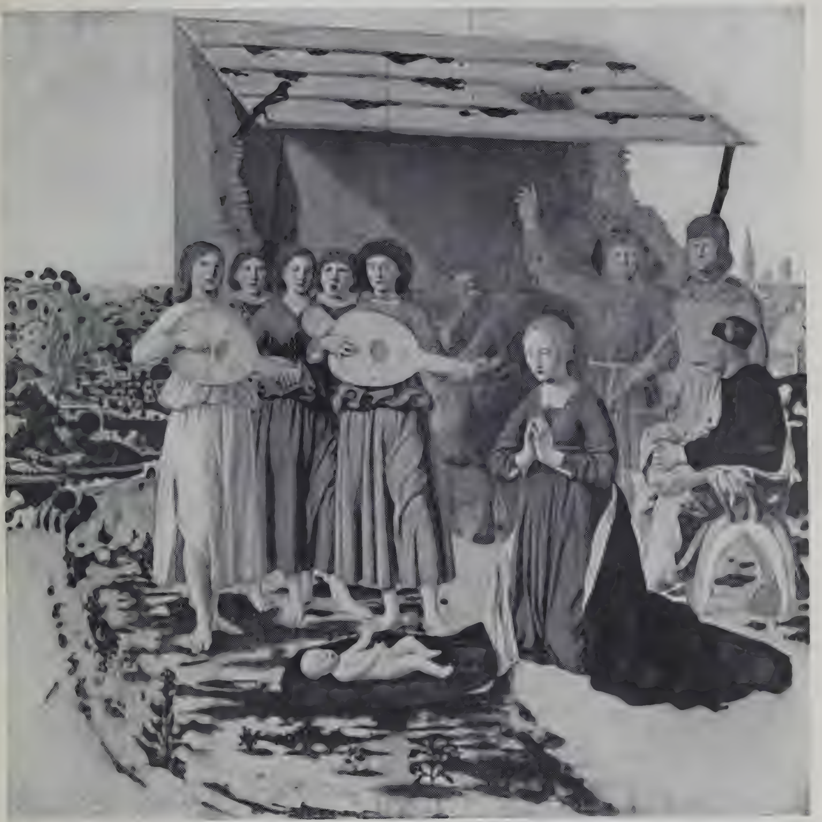
force, so skilfully emphasized by the forward leap, as it were, of the hills behind, the richness and variety of the very materials of the piece, and such human notes as the contrast between the veteran commander and the fair-haired boy at his side, riding calmly into the fight, are things upon which the eye fastens at once. And as we look more closely we find that we have to deal with a master craftsman, and not merely with one whose science is confined to experiments with perspective and geometrical symbolism. Uccello explores the possibilities of pigments and materials more thoroughly than any of his predecessors. The use of gold as a ground for transparent colour, as well as for representing actual gilt metal, inlaid inwoven or embossed, had long been familiar. Uccello discovers similar uses for silver. Silver foil glazed with black gives a most lively rendering of plate armour and chain mail ; glazed with other colours, it endows them with properties which they never possessed before. Here we find blacks and dark blues and vinous reds treated in this way which are incomparable in themselves, and are made still more precious by the painter's heraldic sense of the value of interchanged tinctures, by daring oppositions of quaint shapes and colours and metals. We can turn to the picture again and again with the certainty of finding each time some new stimulus for the aesthetic sense.

Uccello the geometrician has become a conspicuous influence upon the young painters of the present day, but while they may have learned something from his science and sense of pattern, their works seldom show a trace of the infinite resource, invention and refinement which this masterpiece reveals. To the academic mind it will always remain an oddity. Even Vasari, in general a most acute and competent critic, is unjust to Uccello, being so intent upon blaming him for devoting his talents to perspective, that he accords him but grudging praise either for his painting, or for the help which he gave by his studies and his example to those who came after him. He is as perturbed as any modern academician might be, when Uccello paints cities red and fields blue, and draws a proper moral from the painter's poverty and want of fame; serenely unconscious that a day was coming when Uccello's creative power and fancy would be far more highly esteemed than all the facile decorations which Vasari himself carried out so proudly, so swiftly, and to so little purpose after all.

Uccello's younger contemporary, Piero della FRANCESCA has long been regarded with universal admiration and respect. Our two considerable pictures by his hand are among the rarest treasures in the collection, and it appears that we owe the purchase of one of them to the personal advocacy of Disraeli. Piero resembles Uccello in his love for science, indeed he was the first mathematician of his age, but his science was controlled by a less whimsical, yet by no means less inventive temper. Though he will play with perspective, as in the river of the *Baptism* (665), or with effects of sunlight, as in the cattle-shed of the *Nativity* (908), his true pre-occupation was with the monumental grandeur to which Masaccio had pointed the way. So Piero constructs his figures as if they were statues, until they actually seem to have something of the immobility of marble even where they are ostensibly engaged in rapid action. And from this marmoreal calm, this impassive dignity, this aloofness, not only from the emotions of the scene in which they have place but even from our common human nature, his personages appear to come from a world above all earthly passion. In their presence our admiration is mixed with awe—we are face to face with spiritual powers unknown and mysterious, upon whose high reserve and gravity it would be unseemly, nay rash, to intrude. The recurrent notes of chilly white, ashen blue, and cool lavender grey which are characteristic of Piero's colouring, echo this spiritual aloofness, although passages of full ultramarine and scarlet, of purple and golden brown, of rosy crimson and deep green, prove him to be one of the world's most daring and luminous colourists.

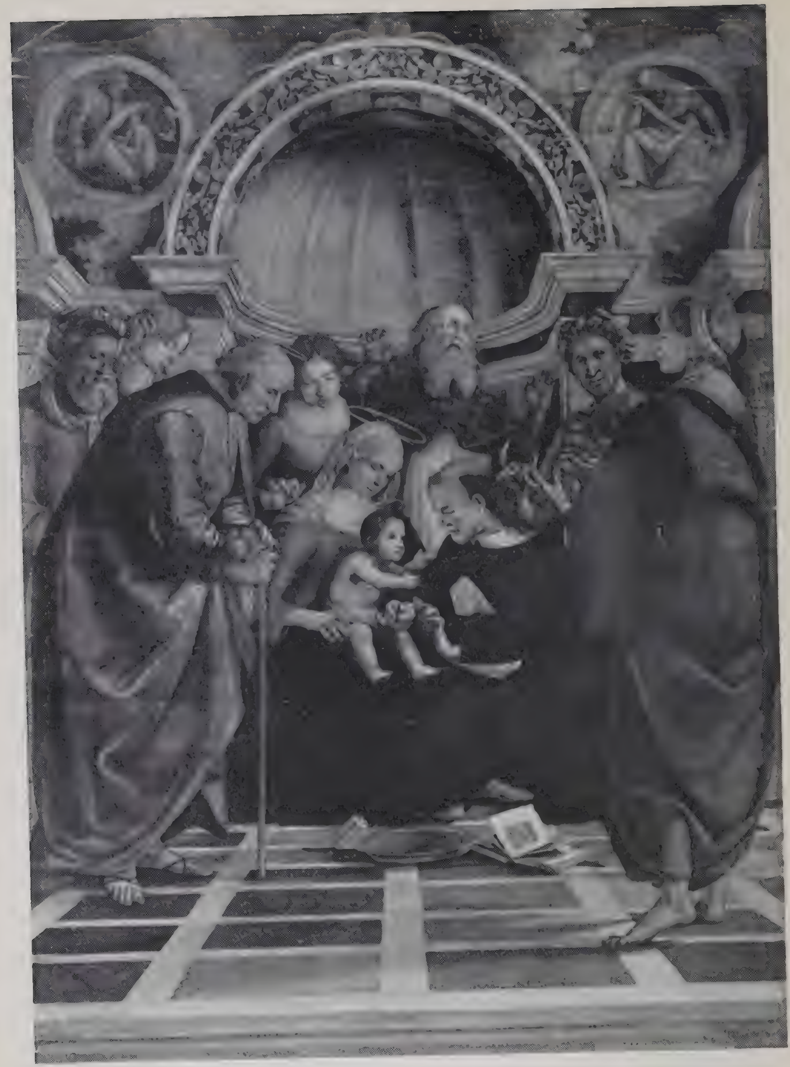
The pallid sunlight of the *Baptism*, enlivened by its fascinating arabesque of these vivid hues, illustrates Piero's strength, as the *Nativity* with its softer illumination shows him in his most gracious mood. The tender perfection of the kneeling Virgin's figure, and the group of Joseph and the shepherds reveal Piero's consummate craftsmanship. The picture, it will be noticed, is designed with almost mathematical precision. The sweeping curve of the foreground herbage, repeated by that of the Virgin's robe as it lies on the ground, is continued by the right arm of the angel to the left and by the magpie on the roof, this upward sweep being echoed on the left by the lining of the Virgin's mantle, and the strut of the shed. The slopes of the roof and the cast shadow provide contrasting diagonals, so that the whole plan is roughly that of two reversed S's united above by the horizontals of the slates, made firm by the verticals of the walls, and buttressed by the level lines of the landscape. The brooding figure of Joseph and the uplifted hand of the Shepherd give further support to the scheme, while the diagonal folds in the dress of the left hand angel, and the bowed neck of the ox behind, accent its rhythm—a rhythm appropriate to celestial minstrelsy and soaring voices. The sharp verticals and diagonals of the *Baptism* yield no such easy and gracious melody. Yet, if the fancy so inclines, we may perhaps find in them a symbol of Christ's mission upon earth. Then the serpentine lines of the river will suggest the Dragon, the old serpent, upon whose head our Lord appears to stand, while overhead the sky opens all its white radiance for Him. But these are mere speculations. The fact to remember is that Piero was a very great master of Masaccio's following, who with Masaccio's feeling for the monumental blended much formal majesty and beauty of presentation, great daring and science as a designer, great power as a colourist, and an imaginative vision which compels respect if not awe in his presence.

Something of the monumental quality of Piero survives in the work of his pupils Melozzo da Forli and Luca Signorelli. Our two attractive and popular panels which bear Melozzo's name form part of a



PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA

THE NATIVITY



LUCA SIGNORELLI: THE CIRCUMCISION

series painted to ornament the Duke of Urbino's Library. They do not give a full idea of Melozzo's spirit and emotional power, and are commonly thought to be executed largely, if not wholly, by his Flemish coadjutor, Justus of Ghent. The *Rhetoric* (755) owes much if not all its fascination to sculpturesque treatment. The kneeling student and his throned instructress would be far less attractive were we not conscious of their solidity, were they not substantial figures in our eyes, the one kneeling on a flight of real steps, the other seated in a real niche at the summit of them. It is this which makes the stolidity of the gentleman and the enthusiasm of the pretty lady so real and so impressive. But the character of the impression made is different from that which we get from Masaccio or Piero. With these earlier masters the flesh tones are often deliberately kept pale, so that they suggest actual monuments in carved stone, and have the grandeur, the gravity, and the remoteness pertaining to such monuments. With Melozzo we have more naturalistic colouring, and by it we are brought back to the world of men. His figures may be grandly designed, and thoroughly well constructed, but their complexion proves them to be human beings, not gods or demigods. They inspire no fear of the unknown, and so for many they will be pleasanter company than Piero's solemn personages.

Luca SIGNORELLI went still further ; indeed in his hands the complete achievement of the Renaissance is time after time foreshadowed. Like Melozzo, he turns away from the sculpturesque repose of his master

Piero and, while retaining solidity of structure, endows his figures with an immense energy and vitality. They are full-blooded sunburned giants, at one time, as in the *Nativity* (1133), crowded together with rude power and somewhat incongruous detail; at another, as in the *Circumcision* (1128), grouped with extraordinary grandeur. Luca being endowed both with a great imagination and with the vigour of a long line of sturdy rustic ancestry, faces the most redoubtable problems, makes endless experiments, and at last by sheer force of mind and hand emerges triumphant. So in the *Circumcision* we see the native bigness of Signorelli's mind conquering all difficulties. The various characters, emotions and gestures of the spectators round the Infant Christ are blended into a noble and majestic harmony. The medallions of the Sibyls, though somewhat too closely pressed against the curve of the Arch which crowns the group, are things which Michelangelo and Raphael remembered, and it is not till we come to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, that we again find draperies cast in a mould so heroic and withal so natural, as those of the woman who stands near the foreground on the right. We may note, by the way, with how much science and skill the formal pattern of that foreground is used both to balance the sweeping curves of the upper part of the picture, and by suggesting that the action takes place at some little distance from us to endow the figures with heroic proportions. The notes of deep olive green, orange and vinous red are carried through the picture with a harmony as rich and complete as that of the linear design. Yet this *Circumcision* with all its grandeur does but bring to technical completion a form of religious altarpiece to which earlier painters had shown the way. Signorelli's chief claim to greatness rests upon other grounds. He was the first to exhibit the nude figure in violent action, and his frescoes at Orvieto, illustrating the *Last Judgment*, are the most powerful things of their time in all Italy. There may have been more strictly scientific anatomists, but no artist, not even Michelangelo, has handled the human figure with a more complete freedom and imaginative power. If violence and terror are the keynotes of Signorelli's work at Orvieto, the picture of *Pan* at Berlin shows him in a very different temper, for this group of immortals listening to music in the twilight, the crescent moon crowning their mysterious president, is one of the most solemn and melodious of all painted poems.

Signorelli and his contemporaries owed much to the great anatomists of the day, the brothers Antonio and Piero POLLAIUOLO, whose famous masterpiece, *The Martyrdom of S. Sebastian* (292) now hangs in the same room with Signorelli's *Circumcision*. As a work of art we may prefer Signorelli's picture, but the other gives us a much better idea of what Florentine science aimed at, and achieved. To analyze the movements of the human body, to understand by close study of bones and muscles and tendons the exact sequence of physical changes which result in action, that was now the Florentine preoccupation. Signorelli was content with the rough-and-ready knowledge which a man of genius can attain in the course of his every-day work. The Pollaiuoli, and in particular Antonio, the leading spirit of the two, devoted the best part of their lives to this single study. So while we find the general effect of this *S. Sebastian* much more formal than that of the *Circumcision*, we find also a science much greater and more subtle than Signorelli's, in the treatment of single figures. The two crossbowmen in the foreground, for example, are admirably observed; we feel the very tension of their muscles, the pressure of their feet upon the ground. The figure to the left with his back towards us is in its way impeccable.

Yet a heavy price has been paid for all this knowledge. So keen is Pollaiuolo's desire for action, that the muscles of the face strain and writhe in sympathy with the limbs, and his men become wild grimacing savages. Nor can a certain heaviness of tone wholly explain why this picture no longer rouses keen enthusiasm. The Pollaiuoli were among the first in Florence to make extensive use of the oil medium, and the *S. Sebastian* in consequence is certainly darker and browner than other contemporary work.[1] The presentation of so much human activity so strongly and convincingly rendered, ought theoretically to be so stimulating as to neutralize any slight disadvantage

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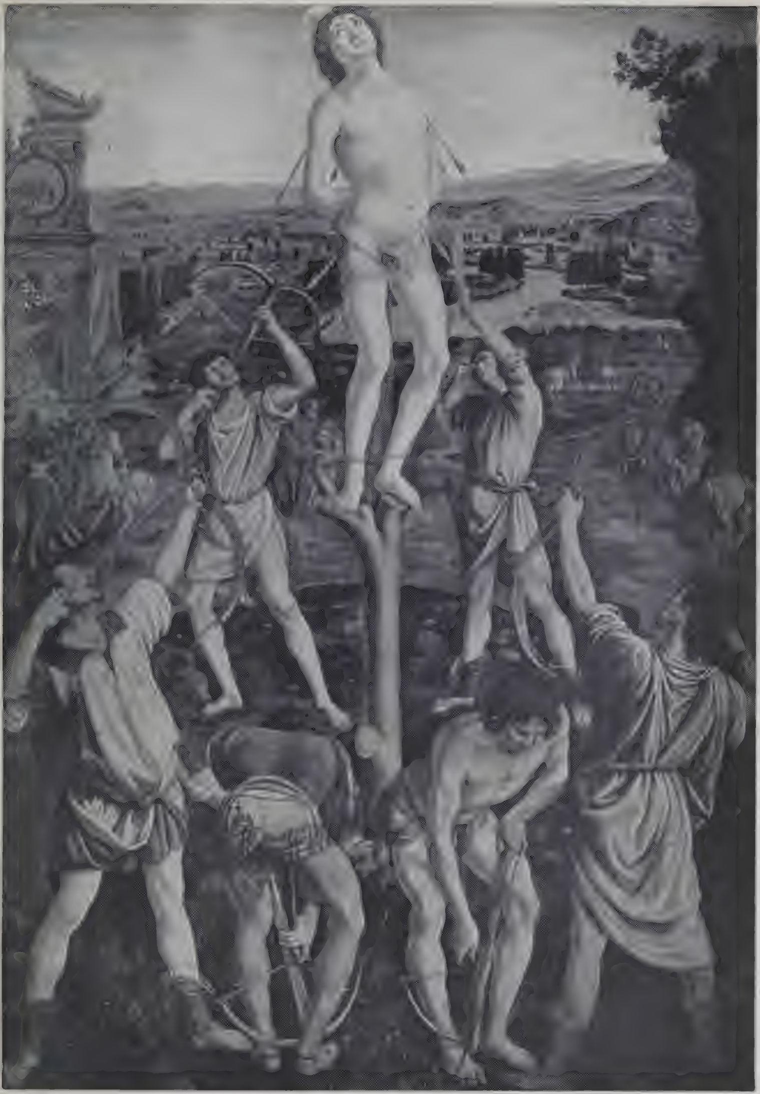
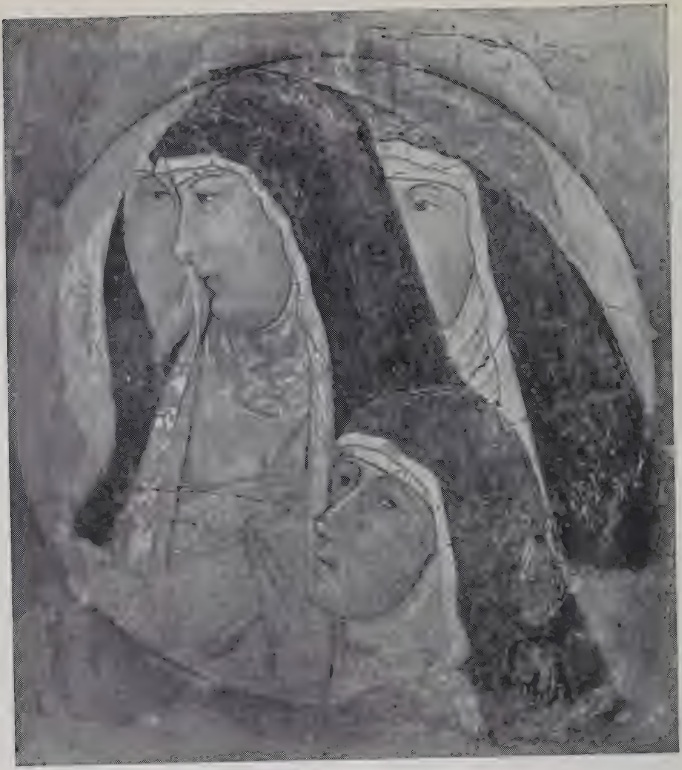
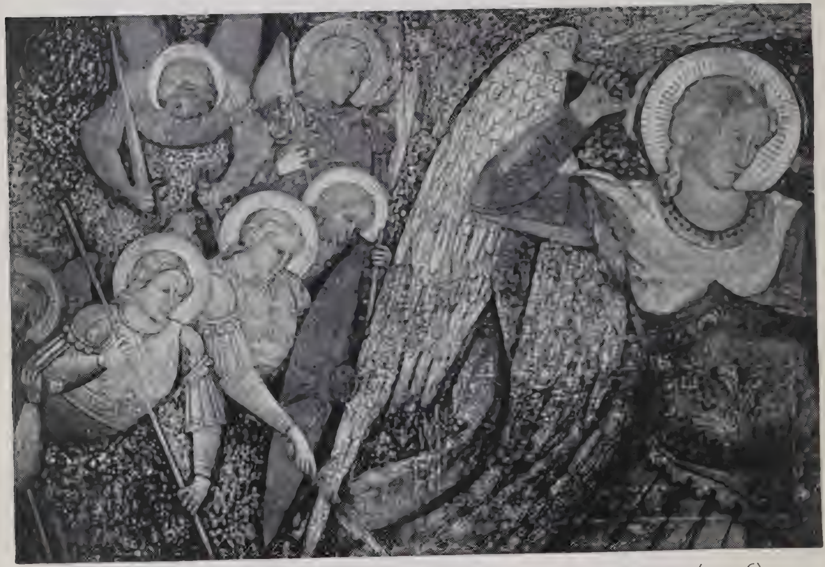
[1] All pigments when mixed with oil tend after a time to become browner and darker in tone, and the change is most marked where the use of oil has been most lavish. Where the craft of oil-painting is fully understood the effect of this evil can be mitigated. The fifteenth century Florentines had not the same experience of the properties of the oil medium as their Netherlandish contemporaries had gained, and so more than one important picture of the time has come down to us sadly darkened.



POLLAIUOLO
THE MARTYRDOM OF S. SEBASTIAN



AMBROGIO LORENZETTI: HEADS OF FOUR NUNS (p. 34)



SPINELLO ARETINO: THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS (p. 36) in superficial appearance. Why then do we not feel the stimulus?

Is it not that Pollaiuolo has been so intent upon his single figures that he has omitted to connect them by any large unifying rhythm? The finest of all the figures, that of the bending crossbowman to the left, makes an admirable design by itself, the arch of the bow answering most harmoniously to the curve of the back. But alas! this figure does not really combine with its neighbours, nor they with each other. The geometrical arrangement adopted, a compromise between an octagon and a pyramid, does not unite and emphasize the action of the archers. Their arrows may converge upon the saint, but their movements are not in any way co-ordinated. The crossbowman behind to the left, in particular, is disturbing to the rhythmic unity of the group, and neutralizes entirely the stimulating effect which such a cluster of powerful figures ought to produce.

The greatness of the effort required for this vast and learned picture has evidently overwhelmed the artists' sense of design, and all their science and originality cannot atone for this initial defect. Yet the individual figures and the elaborate landscape behind are a master's work, and we can see from the *Apollo and Daphne* (928) that the master was no mere pedant. Here the Pollaiuoli have a task well within their powers. The swift rush of the god and the swaying movement of the nymph are blended in perfect and harmonious rhythm, so that among the few relics of the two famous brothers which have survived, not one is more delightful than this tiny panel. In general their actual achievement is a little disappointing when we consider their traditional repute. To be quite fair to the Pollaiuoli we must recognize that by their researches they prepared the way for the next generation, and to be the forerunners and teachers of a generation which remains the supreme glory of Italy is no small thing.

CHAPTER IV

OTHER TUSCANS AND UMBRIANS

If the somewhat arid work of Pollaiuolo were the last word of Florentine science, we might well feel that we had been tricked by our professors of aesthetics. If the suggestions of mass, of solidity and of action as expressed by the movement of the human figure are really the most potent of aesthetic stimulants, the foundations of all that was greatest in the art of Italy and of Europe, how comes it that a work like the *S. Sebastian*, in which all these vital elements are ostensibly embodied, moves us on the whole so little? Part of the truth I have already endeavoured to tell when indicating that the rhythm of the design is at fault. But other exceedingly valuable if not quite essential elements of artistic pleasure are also wanting. The main current of Florentine art, from Giotto onwards, while it always carried with it those ideals of mass and movement which we have described, and from which it derives its permanent value, was refreshed by each master from sources of a very different kind.

At present these artistic tributaries are in danger of being overlooked. Half a century ago, when

Ruskin's eloquence held the field, they received greater prominence. Ruskin's torrential flow of language rushes haphazard through so many channels that the main direction of his thought is not always clearly or easily apprehended. "Truth to Nature" has always a conspicuous place in his argument, but if we read him carefully, we find that he, like one or two other fine critics of the next generation, lays more stress upon Tenderness even than Truth. Ruskin was not lacking in the perception of nature's strength, and does full justice to the pre-eminence which the Florentines gained in the arts by their study of the human figure. But he insisted that this study of nature taught something more than strength. It taught delicacy—delicacy of form and contour, of colour and human expression. And in Pater's masterly essay upon Michelangelo, you will find a similar refrain. The secret lies not in strength alone, but in sweetness issuing from strength.

Strength, the suggestion of the bulk and weight and activity of the human figure, does undoubtedly endow a work of art with vitality, and produce a correspondingly vigorous stimulus for the trained senses, but without some refinement or subtlety to retain our attention, the stimulus will be shortlived. These refinements, these subtleties, are in fact necessary to supply us with the element of Infinity, and where they are few or absent, our pleasure in a work of art must soon be exchanged for tedium. That I think is what happens to most of us in the presence of Pollaiuolo's *S. Sebastian*. We must admit its power and its science, but all the same it is a big brown heavy picture and we pass with relief to more attractive things. From the historical point of view, its wide landscape is a fine effort for the period, but landscape had been painted before, and has been painted since, with so much more sympathy for its real character and significance, that this elaborate statement leaves us cold.

Our modern aesthetic philosophers will perhaps frighten us by saying that when we desire anything besides the pure logic of the craft of design we are sentimentalists, and there is no doubt that exclusive attention to what Ruskin summed up in the word Tenderness leads to sentimentality in conception as well as to feebleness in execution. But the philosophers might well be answered that exclusive attention to science leads to aridity, as attention to mere strength leads to brutality, and the examples of contemporary art which are most explicitly based upon their theories and advertised by their eloquence, have not, so far, held their own with the painting done when hard work in the studio was a more important part of an artist's training than verbal gymnastics and abstract speculation. Though far more suggestive and stimulating than the vacuous naturalism against which they protest, our modern theories are sometimes only the dry bones of art, and not even a complete skeleton.

The fact is that complete realization of Form, monumental in repose and convincing in movement, while essential to the greatest art, is not essential to all art from which we may derive real and considerable pleasure. An artist may realize Form incompletely, and yet by the tenderness of his colour and contours, by his sense of rhythm, by his judgment in planning his design, by his command of gradations of tone and atmosphere, or by fine insight into human character, may prove himself to be a delightful personality. Much of the art of Persia, of China and Japan, relies upon such qualities; yet we find it none the less to be among the most precious and potent of artistic stimuli. Some of the painters of Florence, and almost all the painters of Siena and Umbria, are admirable in a similar way. They may have little, sometimes very little, of the real substance and solidity of the great men, their images may be mere empty silhouettes or stuffed dolls, but in virtue of delicacy of colour, rhythmical design, and expressiveness of gesture or feature they can retain a perennial attractiveness. A few examples will be enough to explain my meaning.

First in date among them comes the fragment of a fresco, *Heads of Four Nuns* (1147) by the gifted Sienese artist Ambrogio LORENZETTI. The process of fresco-painting, it may be noted, involves very rapid and decisive handling on the part of the painter, for the work has to be executed at once while the plaster is still wet. Alterations cannot well be made, and though a little retouching can afterwards be done, the retouched portions have not the same permanence as the original work. Since the process permitted large spaces to be covered in a comparatively short time, it was almost universally employed in Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth century for the decoration of church walls, and in consequence almost every artist of repute was trained by constant practice in fresco. The result was excellent. Largeness of style with swiftness and accuracy of handling were acquired even by men of mediocre inventive talent. Indeed it is permissible to think that some of this general accomplishment must have been hereditary, and that the old Greco-Roman decorative talent revived, after an interval of thirty or more generations, in the Renaissance craftsmen.

Viewing this fragment of Lorenzetti we are struck at once by the sweeping pattern made by the black hoods of the nuns, and by the edges of white linen which separate this black so happily from the flesh tones. The effect is one precisely similar to those we find in some of the most admired productions of the Japanese; the colour prints of Utamaro might be instanced. Moreover, inside this engaging silhouette, these flat washes of simple tones, we are not conscious of any want of solidity. The sculptural feeling is there, though the idea is one of sculpture in very low relief. Undeniably this character suits the mood of the piece far better than forcible projection. The impression of spiritual charm, of humanity purified and beautified by contemplation of other than earthly things, would be marred by any too substantial presentment. Lorenzetti was a master with a rare and precious insight into the finer shades of temperament, and he renders them with befitting sweetness and dignity. Even Fra Angelico does not suggest quite so poignantly the nervous strain of the higher life. His solid smiling figures enjoy the fruits of holiness without bearing marks of the conflict by which their victory over earthly passions has been gained. Lorenzetti's figures are usually more ethereal, as if somewhat frail and worn by the intensity of their inward strivings, but in this world of the spiritual life, a somewhat narrow world you may think it, Lorenzetti is among the supreme masters. Two other fragments of frescoes by him (3071 and 3072) will further illustrate my meaning.

With these we may contrast the large fragment of a fresco by the Florentine SPINELLO Aretino, representing *The Fall of the Rebel Angels* (1216). Spinello is a ruder artist than Lorenzetti. His figures of St. Michael and the attendant hosts of heaven have none of the spiritual refinements of the Sienese, nor do we find in the fresco those slightly languid but masterly graces of line and contour to which the *Heads of Four Nuns* owes much of its charm. Spinello's line (like his facial type) is somewhat insensitive. He has but a vague sense of the forms of the human figure in action, so that the angels individually are but perfunctory warriors, ' supers ' who hold weapons yet have no idea how to use them. But the figure of St. Michael is a great invention, moving with a swing and vehemence worthy of Signorelli and, if we may trust Vasari's quaint story, the figure of Lucifer below was even more striking. So much of the fresco is missing that we cannot discuss the effect of the work as a whole. The sweeping lines of the piece which remains to us prove it to have been a design of extraordinary power. The converging V-shaped lines of the angels to the left indicate the general downward sweep of the celestial army, which the great wing and floating cloak of the Archangel nobly supplement. The setting of the bend of the uplifted sword-arm against the broad expanse of the wing gives emphasis just at the right place to St. Michael's action. The large halo round his head, the white cloak over his shoulders, and the pointed centre of his cuirass below mark him as the protagonist in the conflict.

Most notable of all perhaps is the colour, less for its harmonies of brown and green and gold and dull crimson, than for the broken touch which suggests the flickering, shimmering illumination of the battle between heaven and hell. We find a similar noble use of this device in the work of William Blake. And apart from any suggestions of the supernatural which it may convey to us, there can be no doubt that the vibrancy of effect produced by these broken touches is a very definite aesthetic stimulant. The effect of colour, as I have explained elsewhere, depends largely, if not entirely, upon the interplay of particles of colour set side by side.[1] Where these particles are small the effect of this interplay is dimmed by remoteness, so that in large works, or in all work that has to be seen at some distance from the eye, tones which would be lively enough in a miniature may tend to look flat and tame. For decorative work of all kinds, and for most work on a large scale, the colour has to be much more ‘ broken ’ than is necessary or even desirable in easel pictures. To this fact mosaic owes much of its unique quality: the coarse canvases of Paul Veronese, the loose, liquid touch of Gainsborough, and the spots or strokes of pure colour introduced by the 'Impressionists,' are applications of the same principle. Spinello, indeed, in this fragment actually attains to the richness and translucence of mosaic, with materials which, if we are curious enough to examine the work minutely, are but crumbling dusty plaster.

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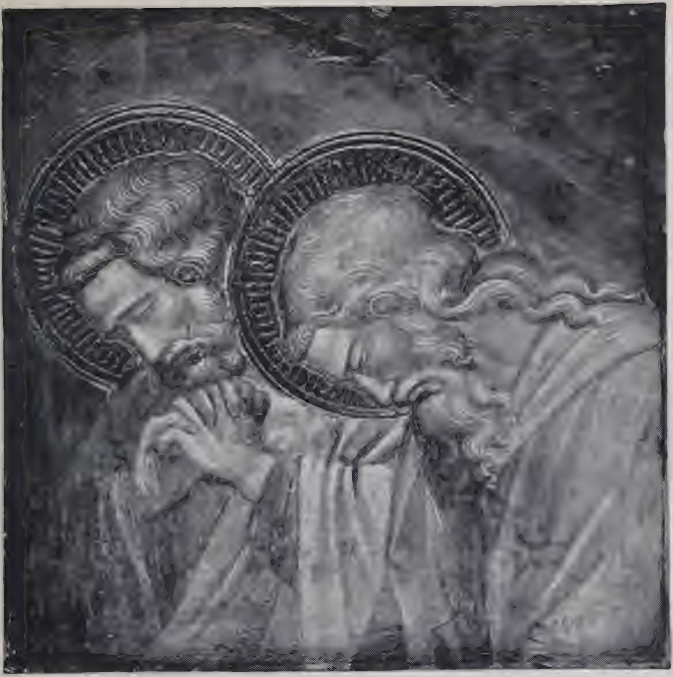
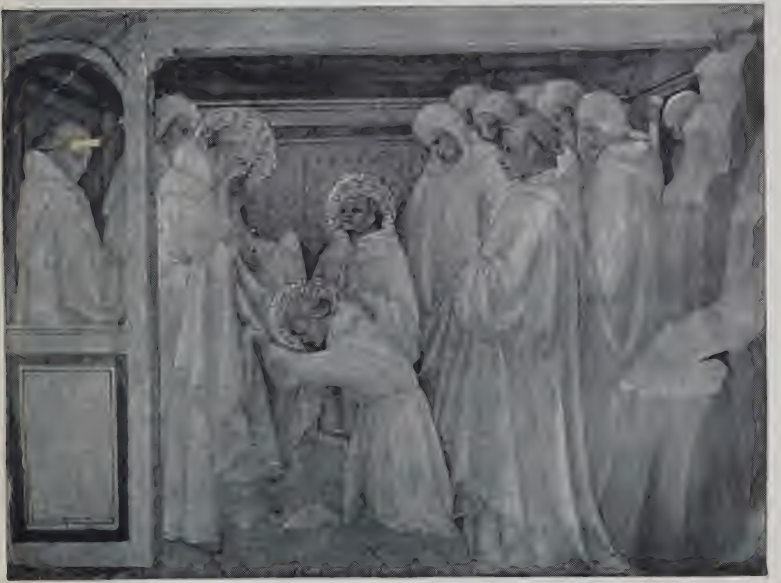
[1] *The Science of Picture-making*, pp. 119-123.

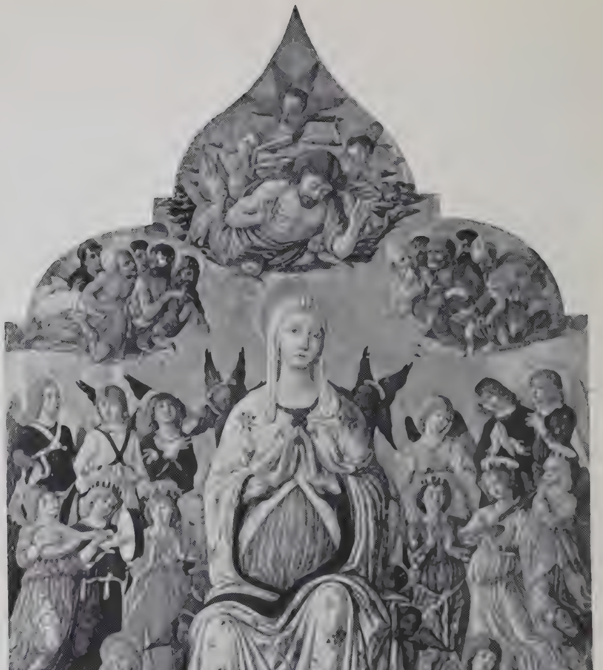
I cannot pass Spinello by without referring to another fresco, which has been attributed to him in the past, namely the *Two Apostles* (276). Whatever critics may say, it is incredible that this noble fragment should come from the same hand as the *Fall of the Rebel Angels*. In 1810 it was called Masaccio, in 1856 the name of Giotto had been substituted, with much more show of reason. For of all the pictures in the Gallery, none seems to show that great master's influence so strongly. If the lines of the draperies recall a relief by Donatello rather than the larger forms which Giotto used, the work has none the less the sculpturesque solidity of the finest Florentine tradition. In this, as in its command of passionate emotion and in its masterly firmness, its severity of contour, its comparative disdain for colour, the fragment stands far apart from Spinello. The Apostle to the right is particularly notable for the vitality which the artist has imparted to him by the flowing locks of his hair and beard. These serpentine lines, with the quality of flickering flames, never fail to be a lively stimulant. We shall see later how they are used by Botticelli and Michelangelo to relieve



SPINELLO ARETINO ? : TWO APOSTLES



LORENZO MONACO : S. BENEDICT (p. 39)



MATTEO DI GIOVANNI
THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

sterner contours, just as we find them used ages before in Greek sculpture, and centuries afterwards being studied by Hogarth, or turned into an uncanny formula by Vincent van Gogh. How feeble, by comparison, is the head of the Apostle to the left, with its monotonous and unconvincing curls!

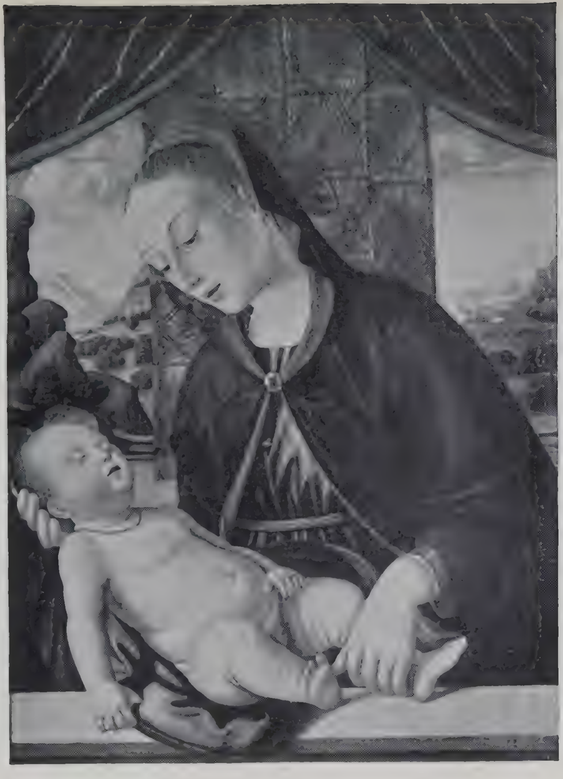
Among those who depend largely upon colour for their attractiveness may be mentioned BARNABA da Modena, whose panel of four subjects (2927) glows like an enamel, with its mosaic of full ultramarine, vermilion, deep green and gold and purple. The panel is practically contemporary with the *Coronation of the Virgin* by ANGELO di Taddeo Gaddi (568), but this latter, representing a far more advanced stage of technical practice, proves how great a priority in the arts the Florentines had established in the course of the fourteenth century. The *Coronation of the Virgin* is a miracle of elaborate technique, and the charm of its misty blue and gold, of its white and rose and pale green, is not easily forgotten. Though the Gaddi family come in the direct line of artistic descent from Giotto, this work has little or none of that master's force and substance, and no particular inventiveness of design, but its enchanting colour enables it still to hold its own. The vast altarpiece by ORCAGNA (569) has a similar splendour. Although it is an earlier work than the *Coronation of the Virgin*, it is executed in a more daring and sumptuous key, and with much more of the Giottesque solidity in the modelling of the figures. LORENZO Monaco, a somewhat later worker in this field, is particularly notable for the power of design he exhibits in the small panels illustrating the story of *S. Benedict* (2862), where slender figures in the white Cistercian habit are combined into a scheme at once modest and effective. This group of decorative painters acquires a certain historical importance with GENTILE da Fabriano, for he was the teacher of Pisanello and Jacopo Bellini. The *Madonna*, generously lent to the Gallery by the King, represents his happy temper, and his delight in fine colour and jewelled accessories, though not the full splendour of his more elaborate works, or his love for flowers. It is not surprising that Gentile should have found many who preferred this gay and lively presentation of things in themselves fair and pleasant to the austere and arduous research which following Giotto and Masaccio involved.

Sienese art in the fifteenth century culminates in the work of MATTEO di Giovanni, and we are fortunate to possess one of his masterpieces in *The Assumption of the Virgin* (1155). Matteo's style exhibits a pleasant blending of clear cut line, with singular purity and delicacy of colour, also his facial types have a pathetic charm which makes a ready appeal to those who are not too proud to like pretty faces. All these attractions are united in our large altarpiece, indeed the tones of blue and white and vermilion, of rose red, dark green and gold are combined more splendidly in it than is usual with Matteo; yet this aggregate of delightful things does not make a great picture. The truth is that the forms lack substance and the design coherence. The eye is everywhere met by sinuous lines which have no relation to each other. The figures do not unite in any ordered action, but make a confused wriggling crowd, having no comprehensible relation to the earth below or the heaven above. It is clearly the work of a man who has never really mastered the carpentry of his business. Matteo cannot construct any complicated form in its true spatial relations, and so cannot convince us, even for a moment, of the reality of the scene he depicts. Where the other elements of attraction are so numerous as they are in this picture, the interested spectator will doubtless be willing to make some rough-and-ready readjustment for himself.

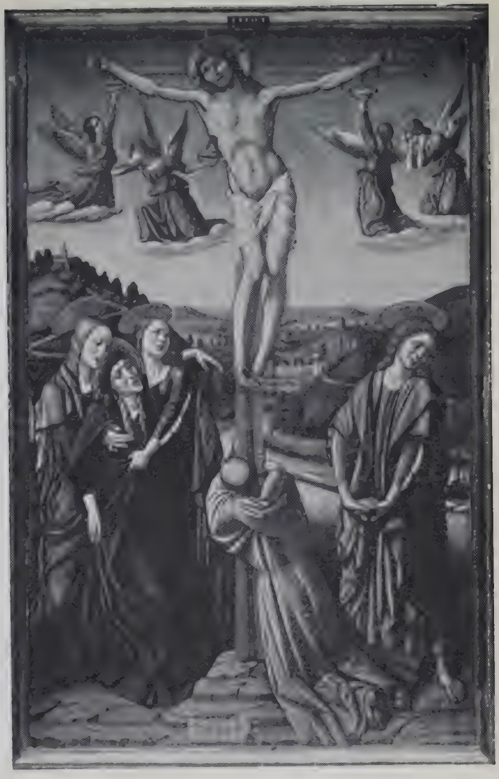
We can thus enjoy many imperfect works of art in virtue of certain fine qualities which they possess. But that enjoyment can never be so complete and enduring as that we derive from a work of art, however simple in appearance, in which, owing to the convincing suggestion of form, we are at once brought into contact with the substance of things, and so have not to dissipate our energies in making allowance for imperfect presentation. Sienese art suffers from this fatal defect, and not all its charm of line and colour and facial expression can make up for its lack of vitality, although its languid and often rather anaemic graces have an attractiveness of their own, when not brought into competition with things more robust.

A similar verdict might be passed on the Umbrians, if we except those who, like Piero della Francesca, Melozzo and Signorelli, worked upon Florentine principles. Yet these Umbrians show a much greater variety of aim than the Sienese. NICCOLO da Foligno, for instance, as we see from his triptych of the *Crucifixion* (1107) is a real personality, a forcible illustrator of dolorous emotion, with considerable feeling for form and a preference for sharp unexpected colours. The passionate figure of St. Francis embracing the Cross in the centre panel is finely invented. The work throughout is executed with a certain metallic preciseness which underlines, as it were, the significance of every movement. The frantic gestures of the angels have something of Signorelli's power and vehemence. The very bitterness of the colouring, the harsh, almost discordant, notes of green and purple and black and scarlet, accentuate, like the iron contours, the pitiless tragedy depicted; a note of relief, of quiet, and of spaciousness being admitted here and there, by expanses of landscape and serene sky behind the sorrowing figures. Narrow in scope, provincial, outside the range of the great tradition, it is still real and genuine art, by the side of which the sighs and tears of many a more gifted painter will seem forced, if not wholly insufferable.

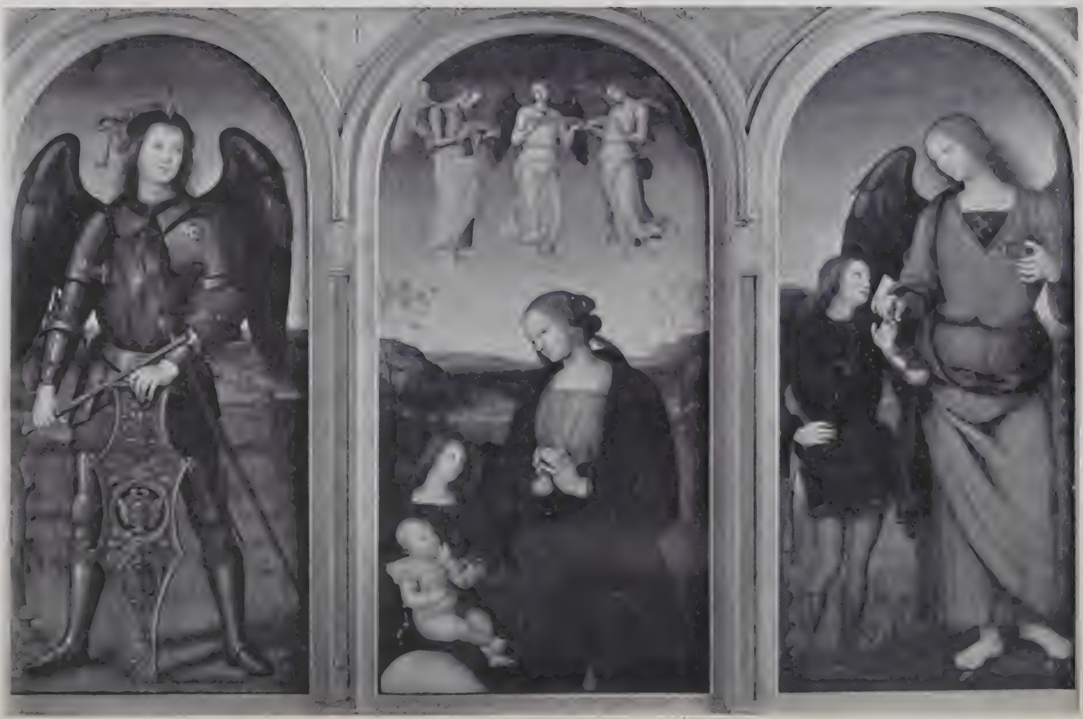
With Niccolo we may consider another very sincere Umbrian, Giovanni SANTI. This poet-painter is better known to fame because he was Raphael's father than through any of his poems or paintings. Yet our *Madonna and Child* (751), though not very striking at first sight, and marred by poverty of form in the curtains and the landscape, is in other respects admirable. In tenderness of feeling it resembles and rivals the early work of Giovanni Bellini: it is planned with



GIOVANNI SANTI: MADONNA AND CHILD



NICCOLÒ DA FOLIGNO: THE CRUCIFIXION



PERUGINO : TRIPTYCH—THE MADONNA ADORING THE CHILD similar science. The parapet below, and the vertical lines of the violet hanging behind the Madonna's head build up, as it were, a column on which is suspended the lozenge or diamond-shaped mass of the figures, completed above by the diagonal curtains. And Bellini himself could not improve much upon the observant delicacy with which the Child is drawn. The head deserves particular notice, even though we need not found sentimental theories upon it, and take it for a portrait of Raphael himself in infancy.

More positive contact with Raphael's art is made when we come to PERUGINO. Raphael worked with Perugino for a time, and followed that master's style so closely that the works of the two men are at one moment almost indistinguishable.[1] The compliment was not wholly undeserved. Though his powers of invention were very limited, though his types and their gestures are monotonous, though his hold upon the human figure is insecure, so that his forms often become feeble and flabby, Perugino, at his best, is an artist of singular grace, tenderness and accomplishment, with a feeling for space and atmosphere which has never been surpassed. His grandest work is the great fresco of the *Crucifixion* in S. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi at Florence, where the two mourning figures of S. John and The Virgin rise like monoliths in a vast expanse of sky and rolling country.

Our own vivid and popular triptych *The Madonna adoring the Child* (288) is another masterpiece. As Ruskin pointed out long ago, the St. Michael of the left panel is one of the most satisfactory existing representations of the warrior Archangel. How firmly his feet are set. His broad shoulders, stout arms and strong wrists are eloquent of his fighting quality, and there is a reserve of power in the fulness of the contours of the face and the calm glance of the eye which makes victory inevitable for him. Even the grim St. George of Donatello, for all his great sword and shield, might tire at last if matched with such an adversary. The right-hand panel of the triptych illustrates the almost feminine grace of Perugino's characteristic mood. It is a grace which often sinks to affectation, and from affectation the look of Tobias is not perhaps wholly free. But we forget these faults if we consider the design as a whole, and yield to the charm of the fluent play of line, the glowing colour, and the perfect craftsmanship. The nicely balanced and contrasted poise of the two heads may appear sophisticated to us now, for it has been staled by repetition. But in its day it was an invention, as charming as the cunning with which the right wing of the Archangel not only covers Tobias as a shield and a shelter, but unites both figures with a sweeping curve which is continued downwards by the line of the angel's cloak. This curve and the contrary curve of the boy's figure have a foil in the straight folds of the long robe, and the fish which Tobias carries. The hands of both figures accentuate this rhythmical flow of line, which is continued above, and merged into the arch of the panel by the angel's left wing.

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[1] As in the Mond *Crucifixion*.

And with this pattern of line is blended colour of singular richness and daring; the blues indeed may almost seem too daring.[1] With these brave blues are combined noble rosy reds, and various rich tones of deep green and olive brown, the tones of one delighting in the juicy substance of the then newly developed oil medium, yet using it still with a miniaturist's hieratic purity and care. The exquisite painting of the fish has often been noticed, but the firm modelling and exquisite fleshy substance of the heads and the hands, the drawing of details like eyes and mouths and nostrils, of hair and ornaments of dress, are no less fine. Intermittent contact with Florence no doubt was answerable for much of the solid and substantial elements in Perugino's work, but he was also a born craftsman, and in pictures like this, where he was neither indolent nor indifferent, the serene perfection of Raphael's early style is really anticipated.

Perugino's principal gift, the suggestion of space, shows most clearly in the centre panel. Even Raphael, though it is heresy to say so, does not use landscape more delightfully than Perugino uses it here. He has the secret of leading the eye away over pleasant fields and waters, down a broad valley to a far-distant horizon, from which rises by infinite gradations a sky of such intense depth and quiet as may sometimes give us pause in nature, but which we find nowhere else in art. Neither Claude nor Turner, nor Wilson nor Corot, give us quite the same immense clarity, unmarred by any of those accidents of uneven tone or texture which when we are aspiring to heaven bring us back abruptly to paint. No doubt the trick of introducing tall trees of impossible slenderness helps the effect of air and space and serenity, but in Perugino's work this suggestion of depth and of luminous atmosphere (an infinity of recession) is given when he has no such aids to rely upon. Here the sky is so vast and aerial that the singing angels really seem to float in it, to be veritable dwellers in heaven. In the large fresco of *The Adoration of the Shepherds* (1441), the fence in the middle distance may be noted as another specimen of the devices by which Perugino enhances the effect of boundless space and distance—an effect which, with his feeling for rhythmical line and his almost invariable good taste in colour, gives attraction even to pictures where, as in the *Madonna with SS. Jerome and Francis* (1075), the sense of form is languid.

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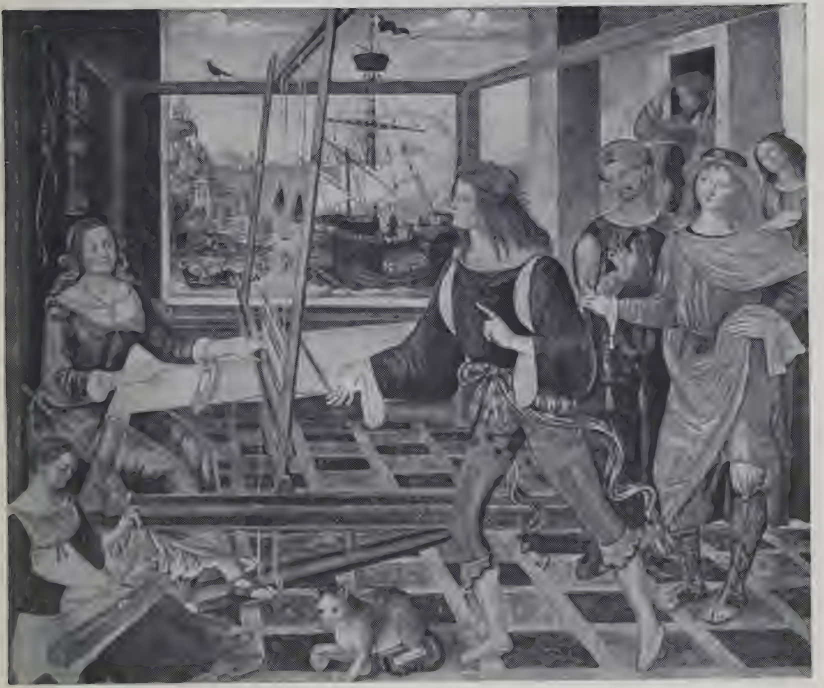
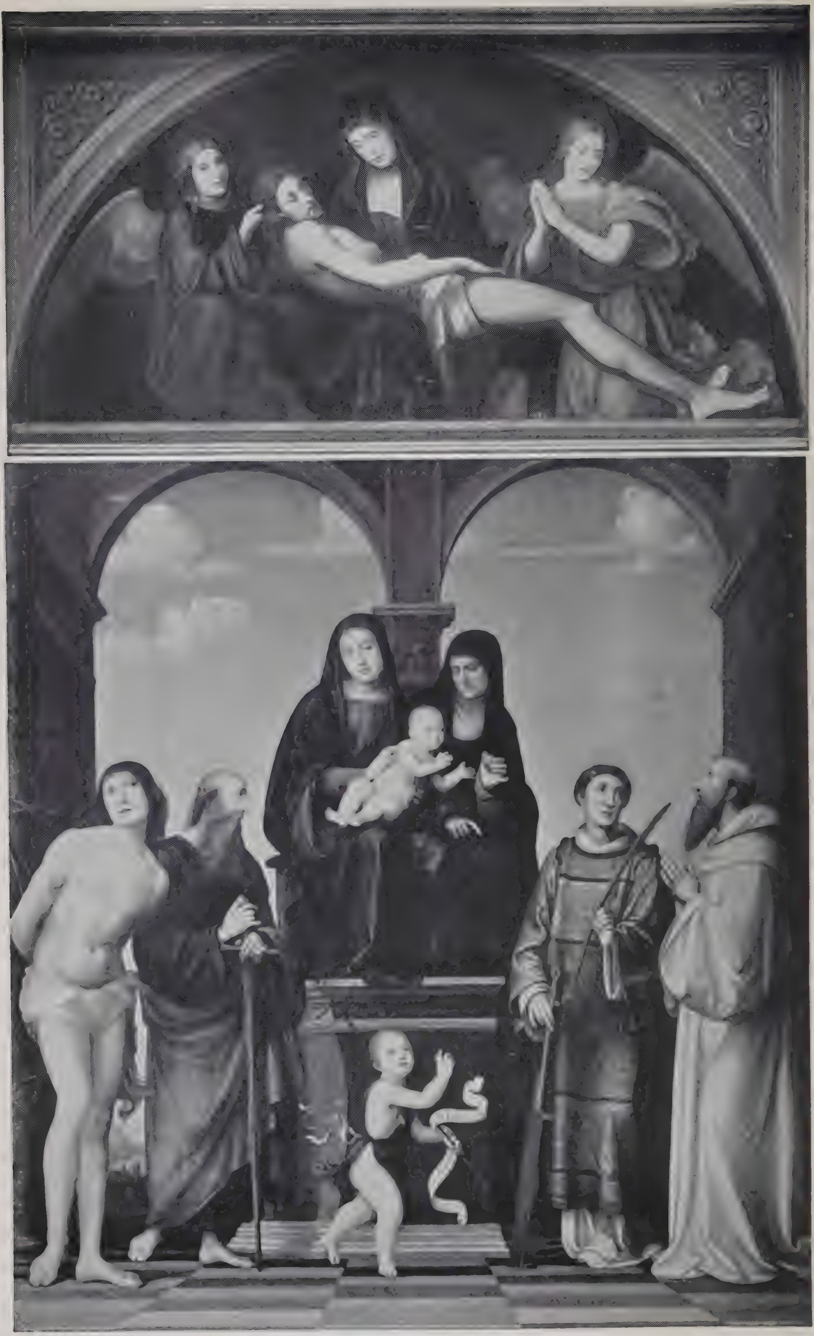
[1] The deeper passages are broken by what is sometimes called "the ultramarine disease." Not that any decay or disintegration of this splendid pigment has really taken place. Close examination indicates that Perugino used azurite (blue carbonate of copper) with his ultramarine where he required a blue of special intensity. That treacherous pigment has perished, leaving behind the ultramarine in fragments.

It would seem at first sight as if Perugino's fellow countryman PINTURICCHIO possessed naturally the vitality in which Perugino was often deficient. Pinturicchio's large decorations are filled with lively figures, bustling to and fro with no little animation, dressed and surrounded with gay colours and gilding, and tripping through a world adorned with a thousand attractive details. Our interesting fresco illustrating *The Return of Odysseus* (911) gives but a faint and pale reflection of these splendours, yet, in conjunction



PINTURICCHIO

THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS



FRANCIA: MADONNA WITH S. ANNE AND PIETA (p. 51) with two other little paintings from his hand enables us to judge him not unfairly. The composition of the fresco is admirably planned. The lines of the patterned floor, and of Penelope's loom, all lead the eye naturally from the figures in the foreground to the ship arriving at the Ithacan port. The rapid action of the young gallant in green and blue and scarlet, the ends of his girdle floating behind him as he hurries forward with his news, like the artful and unexpected division of the design by the loom-frame, stimulates the attention at once. It is only when we look more closely that we find all this show of liveliness is on the surface, that the figures have no substance, they do not even stand firm upon their feet. The bored and lackadaisical young man with a hawk on the right perhaps shows a humorous insight into the traditional character of the suitors, just as the oriental gentleman behind him might be held to indicate knowledge of the mixed races who inhabit the Mediterranean islands. Penelope, too, is not inaptly conceived. But with these merits as an illustration, and its undeniable decorative success, the fresco remains a flimsy work, for the want of that solidity which study at Florence might have inculcated. For Pinturicchio was undeniably a man of great and facile talent, spoiled by patrons who liked his splendid profusion. Of his personal taste in colour our *Madonna and Child* (703) will give a very fair idea—and of the pretty faces he could paint. The pearly grey flesh tones so admirably foiled by the exquisite grey-blue sky, the use of gold and of very fine black outlines, are characteristic.

The deep golden tone of the *S. Catherine* (693) is probably due to old varnish, but the little panel is one of the most fresh and charming of Pinturicchio's easel pictures, and these are comparatively rare since most of his time was given to large decorative works.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST ECLECTIC

With the Umbrians, and with Perugino in particular, the Bolognese FRANCIA may be considered. Lying midway between Tuscan and Venetian territory, Bologna was the meeting point of Northern and Southern traditions, and the foundation there of the Eclectic school towards the end of the sixteenth century was but the culmination of a tendency which had existed for some two hundred years. Access to the city on the Venetian side was easier than by the roads over the Apennines, so that the main current of influence came at first from Ferrara. It is with Venice and the East rather than with Tuscany that we instinctively connect the *Madonna* (752) by the Bolognese primitive LIPPO di Dalmasio. There is a rude barbaric splendour about the design and colour of this picture which, like the painter's name, suggests the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

Francia, trained as a goldsmith, owed much of his fame to his skill as a medallist, and thereby established a connection with central Italy. This made him a cosmopolitan at a time when most artists were still men of local repute and comparatively narrow ideals. He anticipates the Carracci of the next century, in trying to combine the merits of the chief schools of the age, and by this blending of excellences to make a perfect art. The attempt failed with him as it failed a century later, and has failed ever since, yet the Eclectic theory is so seductive even now that it is no waste of time to pause and consider why it does not work in practice.

Design, Form, Mass, Colour, Tone, Contour, Detail, have each, in their place and degree, a capacity for giving us part of that aesthetic stimulus which we require from a work of art. And the stimulus so given by one element can be enhanced by an appropriate stimulus derived from other elements. But as we increase the number of these stimulating elements, each increase adds to the risk that these elements may interfere with, and perhaps even neutralize, each other. The artist who seeks any complex combination is thus likely to lose vigour and spontaneity from the very caution, the incessant compromise, with which his varied material must be handled so that its many parts may work in harmony. Thus in the end he will probably be found far less stimulating than the men who have deliberately restricted themselves to just the few elements required to express their ideas emphatically. Even these painters will generally be seen at their worst in their most ambitious and elaborate efforts, and at their best where the materials which they have to control are comparatively simple. Yet from Francia's day to our own, the eclectic artist has been popular, for he appears to satisfy the public's need of something which gives good value all round, whereas the true creative artist, when restricting himself to the elements which express his aims most directly and forcibly, is bound to leave out something. If the omission is one which the public can see, it at once overlooks the merits of the piece in the delight of finding what it believes to be a defect. So the accusation of 'want of finish' is bandied about, until a new generation comes, instructed in the significance of this particular omission, but quite ready to repeat the accusation in the case of new work which it has not had time to comprehend.

By eclecticism then we are in danger of losing Emphasis, and of acquiring its opposite, Insipidity. This is the fault we must find with Francia, he is fundamentally insipid. His great altarpiece of the *Madonna with S. Anne* (179) and its famous lunette, the *Pieta* (180), are among his most perfect works. The altarpiece is well designed and finely coloured, the draperies have a more ample and natural sweep than is common at the period, the figures are firmly modelled and by no means ill-constructed. An expanse of airy and luminous blue sky makes an appropriate background. Altogether an admirable piece of decoration for a church: but does it really hold us? Does it leave any definite impression upon us, other than that of something well designed, well coloured and generally imposing? Then turn to the lunette. It is a masterpiece of formal arrangement, the colour is as rich and broad as could well be desired, as a piece of technical painting in the style of the day it is most able. The manner in which the figures are merged or contrasted with the dark arch of the background is quite perfect in its tactful realism, the expression of sorrow on the faces has been admired by generation after generation. Yet for profundity of art or emotion can it for one moment be compared with that gaunt *Pieta* from Villeneuve-les-Avignon, which is now one of the great masterpieces in the Louvre, or with many another simple and honest representation of the supreme tragedy—in which the tragedy has been really *felt*. Here we cannot help seeing that the Angels with their studied poses and carefully arranged draperies, are studied and arranged so that they may look sorry in the most graceful and attractive way. The very elaboration of the art which has been employed to make them look mournful has turned them into actors in a most successful *tableau vivant*.

CHAPTER VI

SOME FLORENTINE PERSONALITIES

In Florence during the fifteenth century much notable work was done by painters who developed their native talent without attempting to contribute to the common stock of technical science by much personal research. Fra Filippo LIPPI, for instance, accepts the current knowledge of perspective and the human form without caring to carry the study further. So long as this knowledge will serve as a scaffolding for his own personal feeling about character and colour he is perfectly satisfied. As the story of Filippo's marriage with the nun, Lucrezia Buti, might indicate, his outlook upon life is that of one with whom real men and women count for much more than scientific or doctrinal problems. No occasion is too solemn for his intimate humour, though saints become merry and angels roguish. Such a temper was not likely to be allied with any love of mathematical or formal study. We must not expect from him any surprising inventions such as the science of a Piero della Francesca might give us. For Filippo it is enough that girls should be pretty and that men should sometimes have a twinkle in their eyes, that they should be pleasantly grouped and that the group should be steeped in exquisite colour.

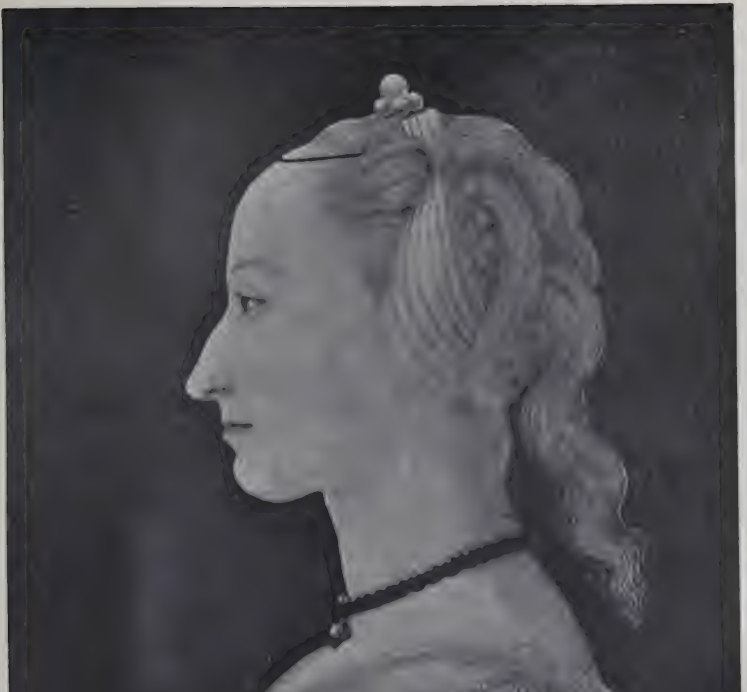
Colour is the great contribution of Fra Filippo to painting. With Giotto and Masaccio colouring had been broad, strong and simple, like the forms it covered. With Angelico it retained these qualities and added the delicacy of a miniaturist. Filippo develops with a new daring Angelico's practice of breaking one rich colour into another, so that the broad masses are varied everywhere with flushes of unexpected grey or purple. His blues, for example, are no longer positive ultramarine, but dim and mysterious powder-blue: his reds grow into hues which we can but describe by words like 'mulberry' or 'crushed strawberry,' his purples have the bloom of a grape or plum. There is indeed a certain lusciousness in this wealth of subtle colour. By the side of the more frank and summary tones of Filippo's predecessors and contemporaries it may seem even sophisticated. So much so, that we have to come to Brouwer, if not to Watteau, before colour-refinements of the same kind occur again. Our two lunettes, *The Annunciation* (666) and the group of *St. John Baptist with six other Saints* (667), if carefully examined will explain my meaning without any detailed analysis.

Fra Filippo also finished that famous altarpiece, *The Trinity with Saints and Angels* (727, etc.), after the death of the short-lived PESELLINO. The centre portion representing the Trinity was purchased for the Gallery in 1863, but the other extant parts were not added till fifty-five years later. This central group is grandly conceived, modelled, and coloured, and the angel to the right is a good example of Pesellino's mastery of form, but so far as we can judge the picture in its present state, the whole composition was not satisfactory. From the extreme rarity of his work Pesellino enjoys perhaps a greater repute than might have remained to him had his life extended to the normal span.

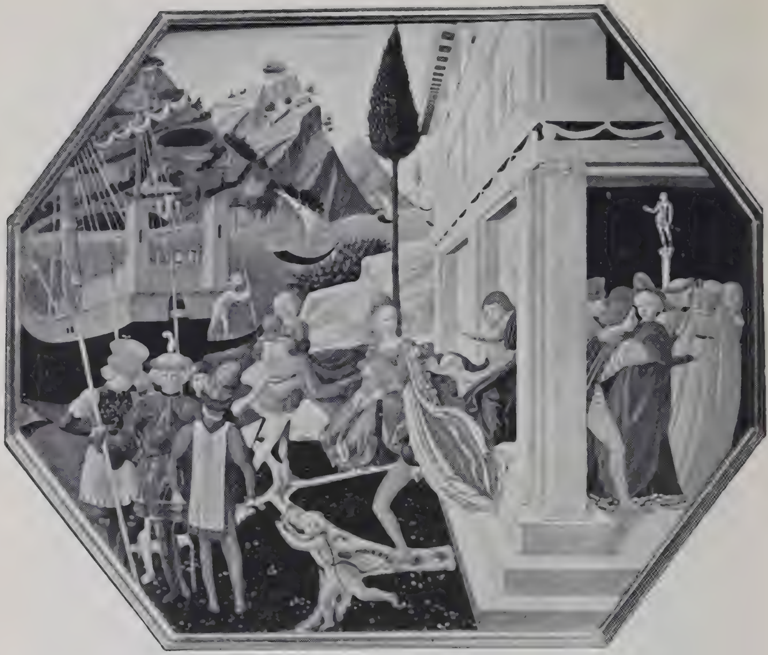
BALDOVINETTI, too, has been fortunate for a somewhat similar reason. According to Vasari he made scientific experiments with painting methods and mediums, and the ruin of almost all his work was the result. Yet if the picture which bears his name in the Gallery, *Portrait of a Lady* (758) be really his, and is not by Paolo Uccello, as some excellent judges think, Baldovinetti was far from a despicable artist. Into the technical and critical questions which surround the attribution of this and two other famous profile portraits, one at Berlin and one at Milan, we cannot enter here. But we may very well pause to consider why these profiles of young ladies of the Renaissance should exercise a charm so perennial, and how it is that this method of presentation has been employed so rarely during the last four centuries.

In discussing Greco-Roman portraits we found that they depended for their effect upon forcibly emphasizing the points of the head which determine character, and upon the omission of minor details of texture, colour and modelling. This form of portraiture is clearly most applicable to faces where the features are themselves strongly marked, and so to persons in middle life or old age. The young depend for their attractiveness upon subtleties of gradated tone and colour, subtleties which strong black outlines and thick rough pigment cannot possibly render. Not the least of the mistakes of the extreme modernists has been the persistence with which they have subjected things like flowers and children's faces to treatment by the roughest methods and with the coarsest materials. The thing is comprehensible only as a protest against the fashionable portrait painter's exploitation of surface prettiness, and as a protest it is well to leave it.

Now these Italian profile portraits do convey the freshness and charm of youth, yet they have an undeniable vitality too. We see at once in our picture that the sharp silhouette of the face and figure upon the background, pale gold upon blue, is directly stimulating. The line of the necklace is a foil to the fairness of the skin; the palmette ornament, itself almost a live thing (Baldovinetti loved these spinous growths), plays a similar part in relation to the dress; the serpentine lock of hair does the same for the background. But the permanence of the effect which the portrait has upon us is determined by the features, by the alert glance of the eye, by the firm-set sarcastic mouth. A full-face photograph of the lady, could we but imagine one, might well be softer and prettier, but would it reveal so much of her character? Turn from this picture for a moment, and walk into the large English Room (No. XXV.) and look at Reynolds' well known *Heads of Angels* (182). These are all

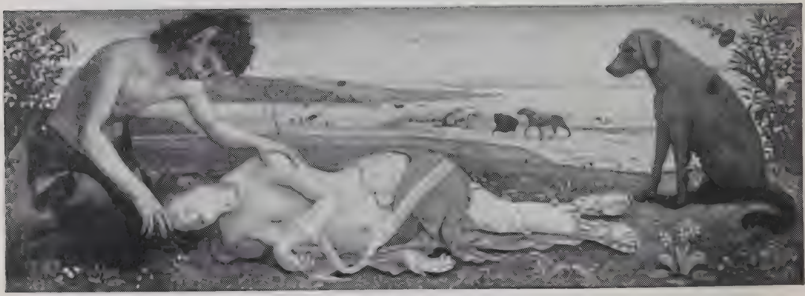


BALDOVINETTI : PORTRAIT OF A LADY



BENOZZO GOZZOLI

THE RAPE OF HELEN (p. 59)



PIERO DI COSIMO

THE DEATH OF PROCRIS (p. 69)

painted from a little Miss Gordon, and most people would agree that while the full-face head is the loveliest of them all, the profile has the most spirit. And no one will understand Queen Henrietta Maria till he has seen the profile of her at Windsor which Van Dyck painted for Bernini's use. The charming front view tells us nothing except that she was an attractive little woman.

The reason is that in youthful faces the contours are everywhere subtle and tender: and the smooth oval of the cheeks, seen in a full-face view, while contributing something to our impression of good looks, contributes little or nothing to our impression of character. That impression we derive almost entirely from the expression of the eyes, the nose, the mouth and the chin. Now the three last are seen most clearly, if not most completely, when seen in profile. In a full-face or three-quarter face view they may be easily obscured or altered by accidents of colour or lighting, and if the draughtsman, to avoid this peril, lays stress upon them, he may get character indeed, but does so usually with some loss of beauty or youthful freshness. I cannot think that the ladies of the court of Henry VIII. were so uniformly hard-featured as Holbein makes them.

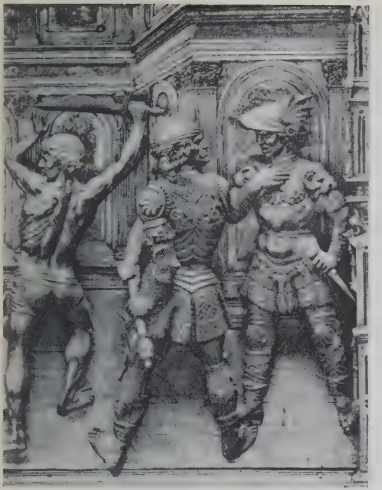
But if by painting portraits in profile we can get youthful character without sacrificing youthful fairness, how comes it that we have so few of these pleasant things? I fancy the cause must be an inverted artistic snobbishness. As everyone knows the easiest possible way of suggesting a likeness is to draw a profile facing left. And just because it seemed to be so easy, because it involved few of those problems of projection and chiaroscuro with which the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth century were occupied, portraiture in profile was quickly set aside as fit only for children and amateurs. This avoidance has lasted to our own day, broken only by occasional experiments. The success of that otherwise mediocre craftsman, John Downman, in recording the spirit and charm of English ladies at the close of the eighteenth century might have given a hint to others, had the prejudice been less powerful. So all painters have gone on painting fair women and children full-face or three-quarter face and, with the exception of a few of the greatest, have made their sitters look like dolls, because the markings that indicate character may in a front view be so tender and evasive that only a master can render them. And if we take this Florentine portrait as a standard, we shall find that even a profile may call for finer powers of drawing than most of us suspect, or possess. The traditional prejudice against this form of portraiture can therefore quite safely be disregarded.

Benozzo GOZZOLI calls for little comment. His large altarpiece of *The Madonna enthroned with Angels and Saints* (283), has a certain hard, bright metallic completeness, but shows no real creative power. It is just an able accumulation of the conventional materials. His famous decorative paintings in the Riccardi Palace at Florence are an accumulation too, but of materials more personal and attractive, so that this great procession down from the hills, in which the principal members of the Medici family are portrayed, has done much for Benozzo's reputation. The little octagonal salver representing *The Rape of Helen* (591) shows that Benozzo's natural gifts were considerable. This early work, done under the immediate influence of Fra Angelico, has much of that master's charm of colour and delicacy of touch, as well as a spirit, a liveliness of fancy and a sense of movement, which promise great things. The child running in the foreground, the warrior carrying a lady in his arms, and the bustling crowd in the portico are in their several ways excellent. Indeed the skill displayed in this panel indicates that several small pictures now attributed to Angelico may well have come from Gozzoli's hand when he was Angelico's assistant. Why Benozzo should have neglected these precious natural gifts, and devoted most of his time to formal and lifeless altarpieces, about which he evidently cared nothing, is one of those mysteries of the artistic temperament which we cannot hope to solve, except by supposing that the demand for altarpieces was constant and the work well paid. But what a series of gay, ingenious and altogether delightful *Cassone* panels Benozzo might have given us, had Fate so permitted !

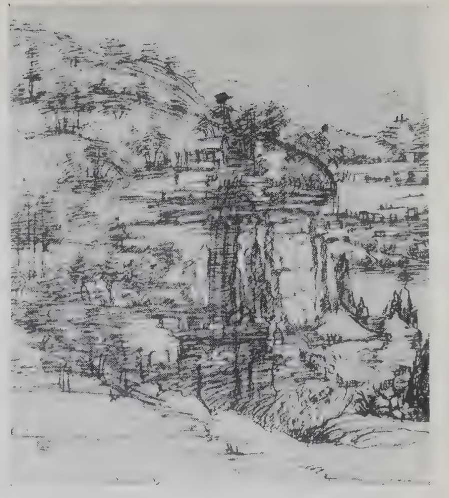
The studio of VERROCCHIO was, in its time, the most famous training ground in Florence for young artists, and Leonardo da Vinci was the most famous of these scholars. The precise share which his genius had in the work that issued from the studio is still a matter of dispute among the critics. Not even Pollaiuolo's figures are more gaunt and grimly anatomical than are those of Our Lord and The

Baptist in the Uffizi *Baptism*, the one painting in which we can certainly trace Verrocchio's own hand. Yet the recognized products of Verrocchio's studio have an entirely different character. They are gracious, dignified, charming, without any of the insistence either upon anatomical science, sculpturesque severity, or martial vigour which we should expect from our knowledge of the master's work in marble and bronze. A well-known anecdote in Vasari may explain the discrepancy. When the boy Leonardo painted the kneeling angel in Verrocchio's *Baptism*, its superiority to the rest of the painting was manifest. His master, in disgust at seeing himself surpassed by a mere boy, resolved never to touch paint and brushes again.

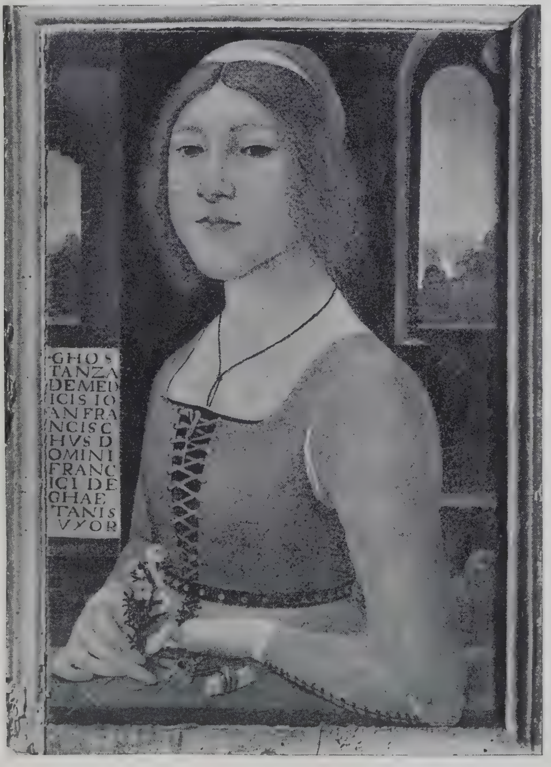
Afterwards, in sculpture, Verrocchio rose to be one of the greatest of all Italians. When commissions for paintings came to his famous studio, did he hand them on, in pursuance of his resolve, to be carried out by a group of trained assistants? We could then understand the character of these 'School' pictures, their high standard of craftsmanship, their evident stylistic resemblance, coupled with so much variety of treatment as to imply the collaboration of several hands, working from the same or similar drawings. They have, too, a certain generalized attractiveness, the attractiveness which capable workmen might obtain by continually producing devotional paintings in the ordinary style of the day, but without any desire for novelty of treatment or fresh creative effort. All this is so contrary to the immense ambition and progress which Verrocchio displays in his sculpture, culminating in



VERROCCHIO: DETAIL FROM SILVER ALTAR, S. GIOVANNI, FLORENCE (p. 61)



LEONARDO DA VINCI: DETAIL FROM LANDSCAPE DRAWING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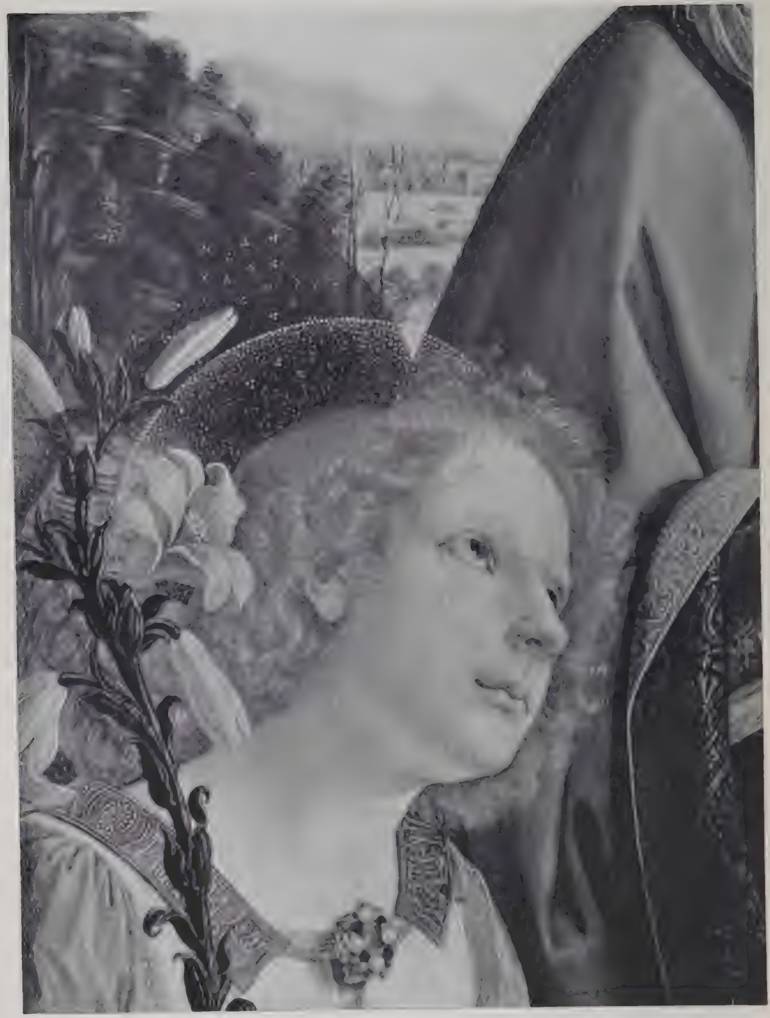
CREDI: COSTANZA DE' MEDICI (p. 62)



STUDIO OF VERROCCHIO
DETAIL FROM MADONNA WITH ANGELS

the superb Colleoni statue, that we only explain it by supposing that pictures were with Verrocchio a subsidiary business, supplied to order, executed with the best materials from drawings and cartoons of his early time, and warranted to be thoroughly sound and well finished, if perhaps a trifle old-fashioned. His panel representing *The Beheading of S. John Baptist*, for the silver altar of S. Giovanni, indicates what the 'School of Verrocchio' might have been, had the master cared to provide it with a few new designs.

Of these studio products our *Madonna with Angels* (296) is perhaps the finest. In conception it shows but little advance upon the accepted type of Florentine devotional picture. Yet there is an aristocratic refinement about the Madonna and a wistful tenderness in the faces of the angels which are personal enough. The colour has a curious brightness and purity, the landscape is quite unusual in its scrupulous finish, and the details, in particular the hair of the angels, are wrought with so perfect a craftsmanship, as to prove that one at least of Verrocchio's assistants was a virtuoso of no common talent. The handling of the landscape has a very close resemblance to Leonardo's first dated drawing. It is permissible to think therefore that Leonardo may have helped, not only with this background, but also with the exquisite finish of the figures, especially since this supreme perfection is found in only one other work of the studio with which I am acquainted. Two other pictures in the Gallery exhibit the School at a more ordinary level of accomplishment. *The Angel Raphael and Tobias* (781) has long been one of our most popular paintings. The spirited movement, the rich gay colour and lively temper, not to mention the element of humour contributed by the dog, are things which catch the attention at once. With it may be grouped the grave and pensive *Madonna with Angels* (2508), a familiar type of composition, wrought with similar richness of colour and stylistic character.

The metallic sharpness of contour, noticeable in the Tobias picture is accentuated in the work of Verrocchio's most trusted assistant, Lorenzo di CREDI, and extends even to the colouring with its hard blues and reds and greens.[1] The flower painting of Lorenzo indeed is so hard as to suggest some German or Flemish influence in the studio. Lorenzo's average *Madonna* pieces (593 and 648) have little to recommend them, but his admirable drawings and one or two early paintings prove him not unworthy of Verrocchio's confidence. At all events, if to these paintings we can add a portrait like that of *Costanza de' Medici* (2490),[2] Lorenzo cannot be dismissed as a nonentity. There is no small originality and force in this harmony in black and white and grey and lilac-red. But as a study of character it is more wonderful still ;

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[1] Those who are interested in theories of colouring will note how, by the juxtaposition on the wall of several pictures pitched in a similar key, the tendency to individual garishness is modified into a real if rather vivid harmony. To this no doubt the gilt frames contribute something, but the repetition of the gay tones of red and blue is the dominant factor in bringing about a reconciliation.

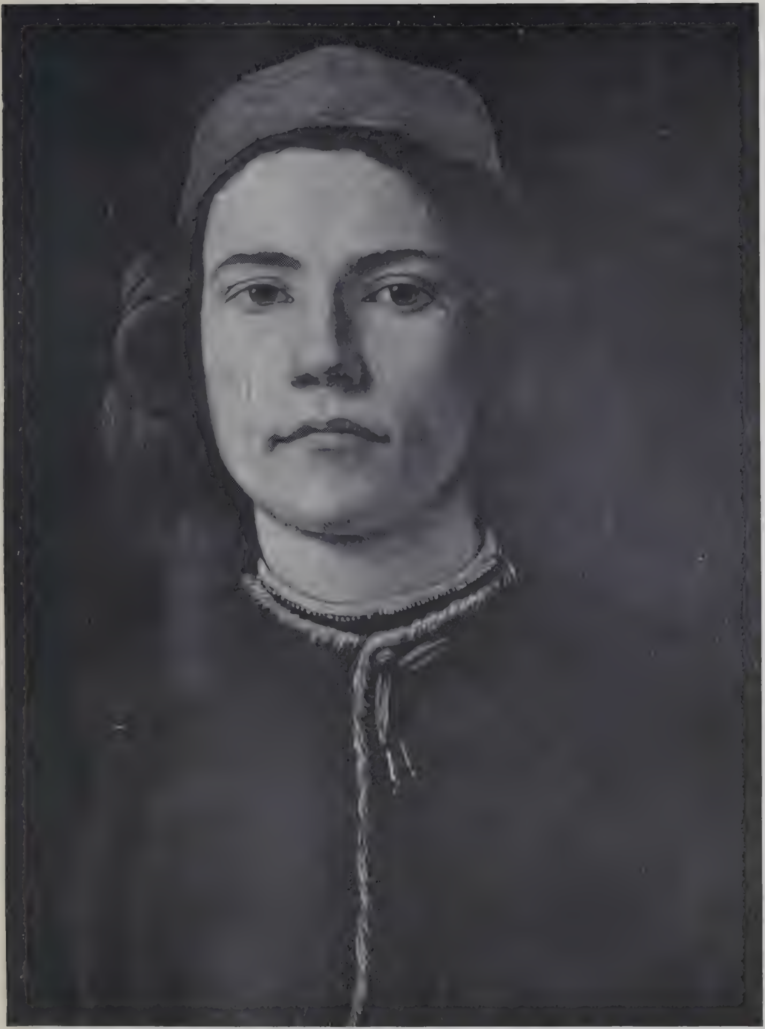
[2] It has also been attributed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, an alternative which cannot be lightly set aside.

the piercing insight, the frankness, the swift summary expression of personality, are those of a veritable master, no unfit studio companion even for a Leonardo da Vinci.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the name of BOTTICELLI was commonly used as a synonym for extreme aesthetic sentimentality. Fuller knowledge has revealed to us an artist of no less power than character, and the long list of works by his 'School' in this and other Galleries is sufficient proof of the impression which Botticelli made upon his critical Florentine contemporaries. His art is intensely personal because it is intensely sincere. His devotional works have the seriousness, the pathos, the grief, or the enthusiasm of one to whom religion is a profound reality. He sees the pagan world with the same gravity, yet with a sense too of its blitheness, its playfulness. His portraits are no less incisive. Also these gifts of intellect and temper are accompanied by gifts of hand and eye which give him a place with the greatest Florentine craftsmen.

We may begin our study with the portrait of *A Young Man* (626). Its vivid straightforward expression of personality has long made it one of the most popular works in the collection, and it well deserves repute. Why is it so vivid, so intensely suggestive of life? Not because of any particular accent of relief or colour, for the modelling of the head, though admirable, is simple and quiet like the colour. Even the two positive notes of red in the cap and white at the throat are too subdued to provide any powerful stimulus. The vitality of the portrait is really inherent in the quality of the lines with which it is drawn—in the sweeping certainty of the strokes which mark the eyelids, in the subtle flow of the lines of the lips and nostrils and the large contour of the face. We cannot subject these lines to analysis. We can only note that these significant parts of the face have been seen with the most refined perception and set down with the most masterly decision. The impression thus conveyed is heightened by the treatment of the hair. The locks are grouped in forms themselves instinct with life, like the locks of the Apostle in No. 276, by Spinello Aretino, which we have already discussed. That such lines or groups of lines should be able by their mere force, direction, subtlety or interplay to stimulate our senses thus strongly, may seem at first sight an exaggerated claim. Yet, until this fact is fully grasped and understood the message of the world's greatest draughtsmen will remain a sealed book, and the touch of a supreme master will convey no real or vivifying pleasure to us.

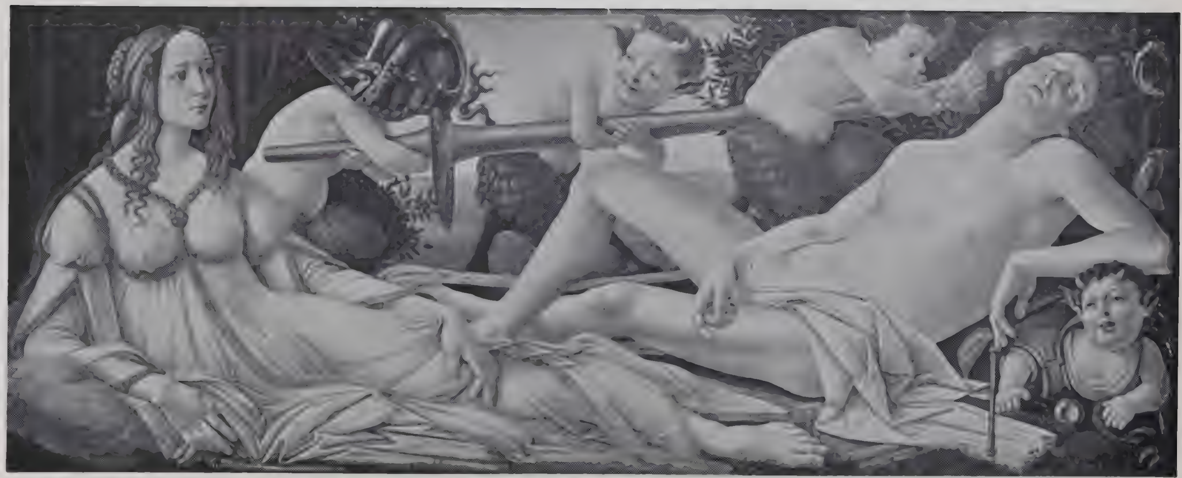
In the oblong panel *Mars and Venus* (915) we find the same feeling for substance, conveyed without any parade of realism or anatomical study, convincing us that the forms are solid rather by instinct than by any exact representation. To this merit again is added Botticelli's peculiar command over line, exercised here not only in details like leaves and locks of hair but in the subtle arabesque of the main design. The shaft of the lance, wreathed, as it were, by the limbs of the baby fauns, connects the horn of the large lunette



BOTTICELLI

A YOUNG MAN

Pl. 26



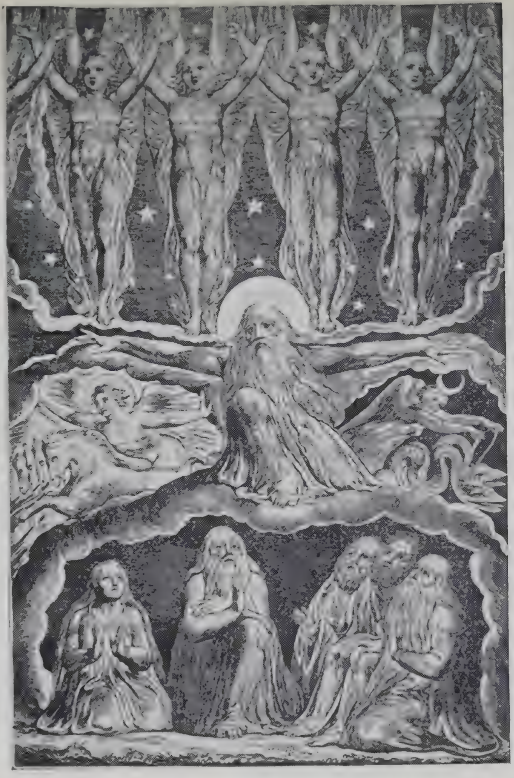
BOTTICELLI : MARS AND VENUS

formed by the two recumbent figures, while contrasted diagonals of knees and arms and shoulders introduce a pleasant secondary pattern. As a piece of pure design, the filling of a given space with forms and masses harmoniously balanced, the thing could not be better done. If, as I believe, the panel is less generally appreciated than it deserves, the indifference must be attributed to comparison with things like the *Birth of Venus*, and the *Calumny of Apelles* at Florence, which in their way are unsurpassable. For in details as well as in general design our picture is a characteristic example of Botticelli's power. The head of the sleeping warrior, the puck-like humour of the little faun in the centre, and the quite delightful chubby creature who has crawled into the cuirass, are no less memorable than the lady's grave and refined beauty.

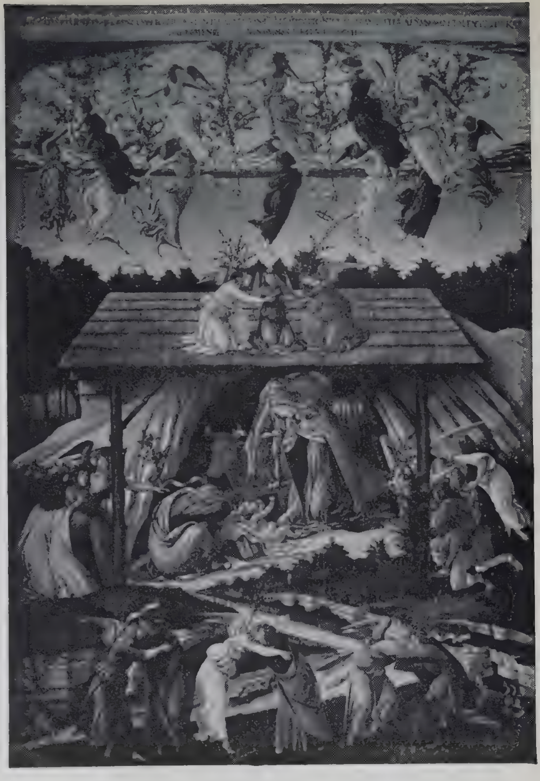
Graver still, as if with some prophetic vision of her child's future, is the *Madonna with Angels* (275). The clumsy drawing of details justifies the verdict that this is a studio product, but the profundity of the characterization, the noble felicity of the design, the purity of the colour, are conclusive proof that it was done under the master's own eye. Comparison with similar pictures, which are certainly only school pieces, such as No. 2497, will indicate how inferior are these latter in conception and colour, if no more feeble in actual execution. The placing of the Madonna's figure within the circular panel, the large contours of the mantle which serves, as it were, for her throne, can only be the invention of Botticelli himself, and if the attendant figures bend towards her with an excess of sympathy which verges upon affectation, we must recognize that their gestures not only harmonize with the sentiment and pattern of the picture, but are no more emphatic than the movements in several famous pictures which are unquestionably Botticelli's.

Turn, for example, to the *Nativity* (No. 1034), one of the most precious of all the master's works, and you will see that no gesture is too vehement for him. In this his later style the firmness of touch, which we noticed in the *Mars and Venus* and the portrait, is far less pronounced. But in other respects Botticelli is stronger than ever. The *Nativity*, as the inscription records, was painted not long after the death of Savonarola, and evidently in a mood of fervent religious enthusiasm. This enthusiasm finds vent in an infinite variety of passionate movement, so that the lines of the design flow in and out, interwoven with marvellous subtlety, and supported by tones of white and pale blue, of rose and olive, of green and gold, at times almost heraldic in their deliberate interchange. The Angel choir on its field of or and azure deserve particular notice, both for this heraldic quality and for the infinite rhythm of limbs and draperies by which its joyous motion is so irresistibly conveyed to us. Equally convincing are the figures of men and angels who embrace in rapture, or kneel before the divine Child. In the designs of William Blake we find a similar rapture, and now and then, as in the famous *Song of the Morning Stars*, a similar rhythmical movement, a similar felicity of pattern and, though the Englishman has not Botticelli's variety or command

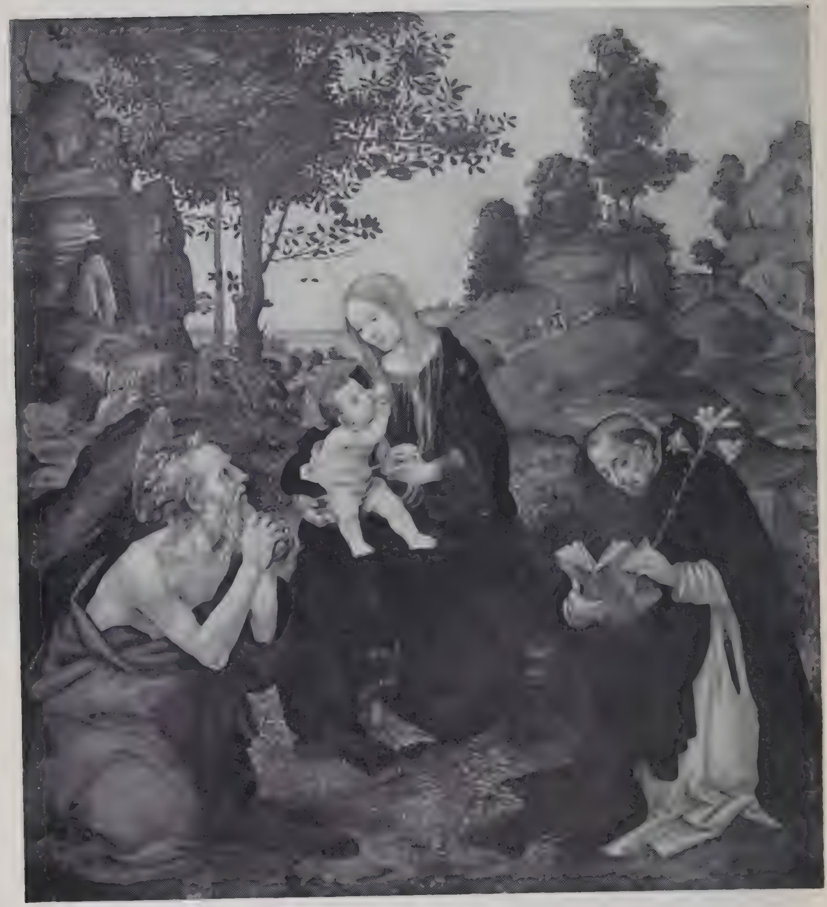
Pl. 27



BLAKE: SONG OF THE MORNING STARS



BOTTICELLI: THE NATIVITY



FILIPPINO LIPPI

MADONNA WITH SS. JEROME AND DOMINIC

of material, something of the same power to create a line which is a living thing.

Among Botticelli's pupils Filippino LIPPI, son of Fra Filippo, was the most distinguished and popular. He completed Masaccio's epoch-making frescoes in the Carmine chapel, and was a facile and prolific painter, always however as one susceptible to the influence of other artists rather than as an original creator. His figures, like his colours, are thin and lack substance: a certain feminine taste for ribbons and fluttering draperies, and a not unattractive physical delicacy in his human types are his most prominent personal characteristics. Our *Angel Adoring* (927) shows this peculiar charm. The large *Madonna with SS. Jerome and Dominic* (293) calls for more notice. Among the Florentine pictures of this epoch it is one of the most beautiful and unusual, so unusual that it is perhaps the only work by Filippino which does not directly reflect the style of some other contemporary Florentine. The trees on the hill to the right suggest Signorelli and his follower Piero di Cosimo, but the deep monochromatic scheme of colour and the force of modelling in the St. Jerome are unlike Filippino's customary flimsiness. Only some very profound and novel impression could have carried him so far outside and beyond his usual self. I believe that impression to have been the sight of two works by Leonardo da Vinci, the unfinished *Adoration of the Magi* in the Uffizi, and the Louvre version of the *Madonna of the Rocks*, which must have been carried far, if not completed, before Leonardo left Florence for Milan. The big branching tree to the left in our Filippino is almost a copy of that which (in reverse) occupies a similar place in relation to the Virgin of Leonardo's *Adoration* ; the pinnacle of rock and the piled masses of stone adjoining it are clearly memories of the Louvre picture ; while the effort at anatomical structure in the St. Jerome, and at deep and solemn chiaroscuro in the general plan of the design need no explanation when once Leonardo's name is mentioned.

The mixture of this profound influence with Filippino's rather fluid personality has had an unexpected result. When Leonardo's potency was assimilated a year or two later by his followers in Milan, the effect, as we shall see, was practically the making of a thin solution—their work is mere diluted Leonardo. But with Filippino the case was different ; the mixing of the two characters has produced a new compound, a substance quite unlike its component parts. The picture with its grand interchange of dark and light masses, its oppositions of deep brown and black to pale gold, with actual gilding most happily employed in the Madonna's halo, recalls in its general aspect neither Florence nor Milan—not even Europe. It is to the far East, and to the 'Classical' painting of China, and of Japan following China, that we must turn before we find such a scheme again. St. Jerome, with his lion to roar away the bear intruding upon his master's rocky solitude, might well pass for some great Oriental hermit. The pale Madonna is drawn with the disregard for strong modelling and with the supreme delicacy of contour which the Eastern canons of painting prescribe. St. Dominic alone is characteristic of Filippino, but he is so merged in the general scheme of the picture that he does not sensibly mar its effect. We naturally cannot hope in the National Gallery to represent those Florentine frescoes, which are the glory of so many Italian churches and public buildings. But our wall of big Florentine oil pictures, flanked by the famous Pollaiuolo, and the fine Signorelli, with this most impressive Filippino for centre-piece, may hint to those who have yet to visit Italy how majestic and how varied in achievement was fifteenth century Florence.

Leonardo da Vinci marks the beginning of a new era. With him all that Florentine science had been trying to do for a century or more appears to be suddenly achieved, and in some thirty years the whole aspect of Italian art is thereby permanently changed. Before discussing the four great men to whom that change is due, or the lesser men who were their contemporaries, one considerable painter of the older tradition must be mentioned. The little picture of *Amor and Castitas* (1196), a delightful example of minor Florentine work, done with real artistic taste and fancy, was painted by Cosimo Rosselli. Of Rosselli's eccentric pupil PIERO DI COSIMO,[1] Vasari has much to say, and our *Death of Procris* (698) admirably illustrates his legend. Piero was a whimsical character, full of odd inventions, delighting in the caprices of nature and living in a solitude that was almost savagery. A quaint sympathy with wild or imaginary creatures, satyrs, centaurs and monsters, gives character to his art and, added to a varied fancy, amply compensates for his comparative indifference to the strict canons of form and design. Judged by the higher Florentine standards, Procris in our picture would be rather a podgy and shapeless figure, and the satyr far from impeccable. But we may forget these fault-findings in the presence of a story told with the directness and vivid-colouring of a medieval illuminator. How completely the nature of the satyr, half animal, half shy human being, is realized ! How profound is the sympathy with the dog's dumb sorrow ! How freshly the vivid details of the flowering plants and the movements of the birds by the distant water have been noted ! With what naïve pleasure in reds and blues and greens the various elements are knit together into a symmetrical design, and one which holds its own even with the far more elaborate and scientific *Mars and Venus* of Botticelli on the adjacent wall ! We may value Piero's fancy all the more because this is the last glimpse we get of such a thing in Florence. After the great men had done their work no one could dare to be playful, or to paint in any style except that which their majestic example would seem to authorize.

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[1] See Plate XXII.

CHAPTER VII

LEONARDO DA VINCI

We now come to the two supreme intellects who complete the roll of great Florentines which begins with Dante and Giotto. If Leonardo and Michelangelo were fortunate in the hour of their birth, in that each found the way prepared for his triumphal progress by the researches and efforts of two or three generations of inquiring minds, this good fortune was marred by the altered conditions in which their work had to be done. Each has given us proofs, noble proofs, of his greatness, but those proofs are less numerous than they might have been in happier times. Leonardo's works, indeed, are so rare, so damaged and so incomplete as to make him seem for many the shadow of a mighty name, rather than an artist who really deserves a place with Michelangelo.

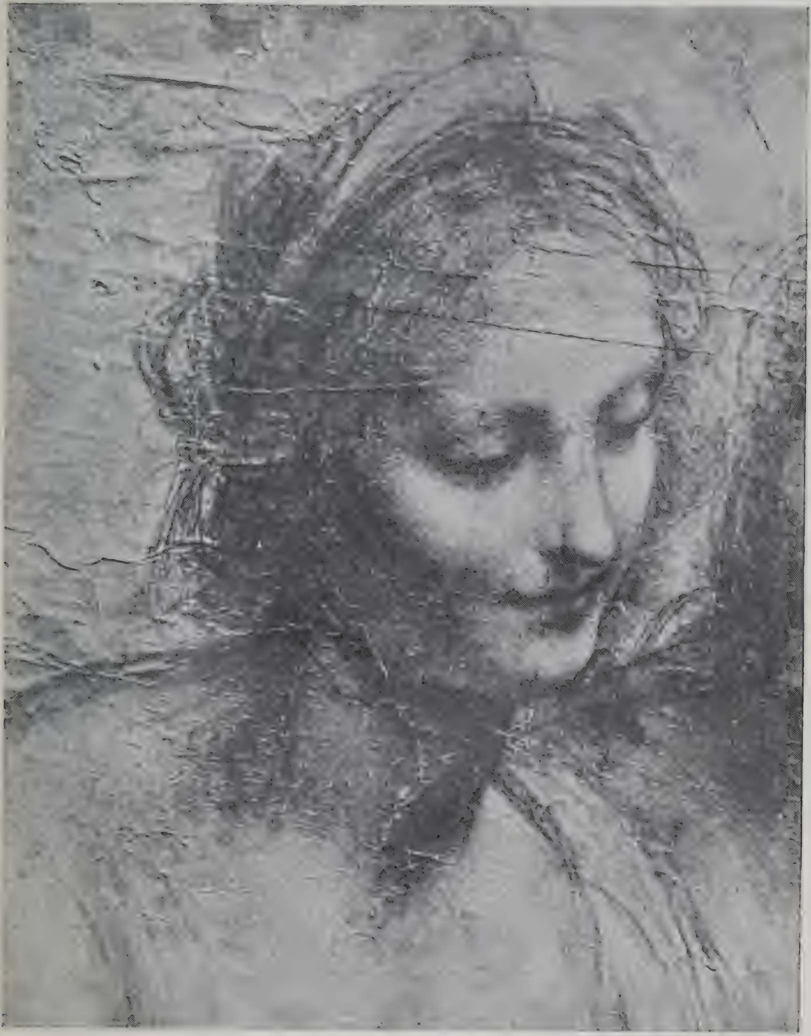
The changed conditions affected not only these two great men, but their contemporaries and successors. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Italian art had grown up in cities and states which were more or less self-governed, and artists, through their guilds, had an assured if often rather a humble status. Civil tumults and petty warfare between neighbouring cities might occasionally interrupt an artist in his practice, but the interference was rarely serious. At the close of the fifteenth century, however, when the fruit of this period of growth was just coming to its marvellous ripening, these conditions were swiftly altered. The French campaign in Lombardy opened up a period of foreign invasion in which most of the Italian cities lost both prosperity and independence, the sack of Rome by the Imperialists in 1527 being only the greatest among many disasters. When this flood of troubles had spent its force, art was practically extinct in the smaller centres. Henceforth the artist was dependent upon the caprice of a Pope or a Medicean Duke, with Naples and emigration to Spain or France as possible alternatives. Sea-girt Venice alone escaped, and so became the single Italian art-centre which could boast an unbroken sequence of native painters from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. At Florence and elsewhere the art work done after the year 1500 is spasmodic and fragmentary compared with the steady achievement of the two preceding centuries. There are happily no parallels in that early time to the military engineering of Leonardo and Michelangelo, or to Cellini's feats as an artilleryman.

With thus much prelude we may turn to Leonardo da Vinci and examine one of the facets of his many-sided talent. How great he was as a man of science the world is now recognizing. As a pioneer of the experimental method in research he laid down swiftly and certainly the lines of future progress in many directions. He anticipates Bacon, Galileo, Harvey and Lyell, in addition to being famous for his inventions in mechanics and as a civil engineer. To this intensely logical, inquisitive and penetrating intellect was added a certainty of hand and eye, and a love of sheer beauty, the like of which the world has I think never seen before or since. A line drawn by Leonardo's hand is drawn with the firmness and precision of some great machine, yet it is all the while so tender and sensitive as to respond to the most delicate and evasive changes in force and contour which the artist's mood may dictate. The Cartoon of *The Madonna and S. Anne* in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, is an admirable and readily accessible illustration. To those who have a little experience of drawing there is something miraculous and awe-inspiring in the very stroke with which Leonardo works, irrespective of its significance, and the effect of his example upon his alert and fascinated countrymen is readily explained. Yet, at first sight, the products of this immense intellectual endowment, exercised continually through a long and busy life, are almost pitiful. A bundle or two of manuscripts in cipher, several bundles of drawings, and less than a dozen pictures, are the sole relics, and of the pictures only two or three are neither incomplete, nor ruined, nor beyond suspicion of containing assistant's work.

It was the fashion for many years to discredit our *Madonna of the Rocks* (1093). It was known that the altarpiece of which it formed the centre panel had been executed by Leonardo in collaboration with the

Milanese Ambrogio da Predis. Its production was accompanied by a long lawsuit with the monks who commissioned it, and the records of this case proved the two artists to have been literally partners. The existence of a version of the picture in the Louvre, evidently earlier in date and from the master's own hand, provided an easy base for hostile criticism, on the ground that our picture was a copy (with certain variations) made by Ambrogio. The purchase in 1898, of the wings of this altarpiece (Nos. 1661 and 1662), which were undoubtedly painted by Ambrogio, did much to stem the current of depreciation, for their technical inferiority to the " Madonna of the Rocks " was so marked, their handling so patently hard and clumsy by comparison, that even professional critics could not all remain blind to the immense gulf which separated the Milanese from the Florentine. Much more recently the discovery of further pleadings in the law-suit has practically settled the documentary evidence in Leonardo's favour. Despite ingenious arguments to the contrary, the distinction drawn in the documents between the frame and accessories of the altarpiece, and its chief-feature, the picture of Our Lady " facto ad olio per lo dicto Fiorentino," can really have only one meaning, especially when that meaning is confirmed by the internal evidence. The impressions of the artist's finger-tips in the thin glazes of paint by which the Child's figure is modelled are an interesting and characteristic hall-mark.

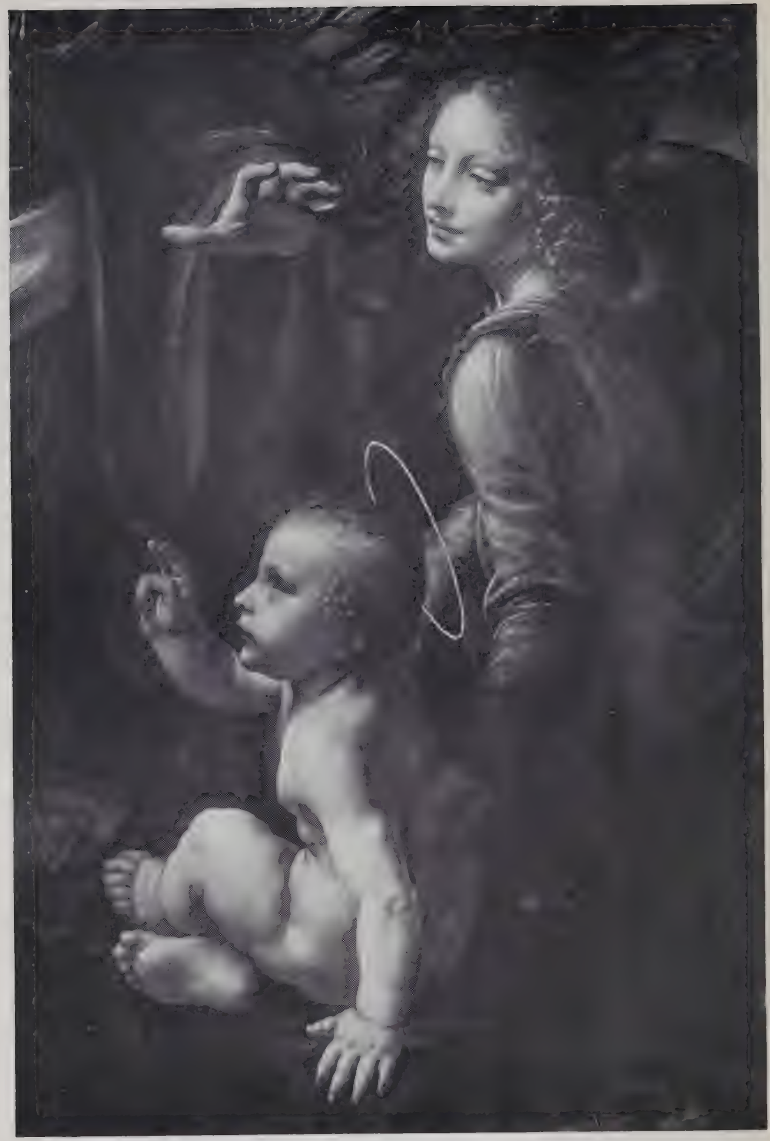
I still remember standing before the picture some thirty years ago, and with youthful enthusiasm attempt-



LEONARDO DA VINCI

MADONNA (DETAIL FROM BURLINGTON HOUSE CARTOON)

Pl. 30



LEONARDO DA VINCI
MADONNA OF THE ROCKS [DETAIL]

ing to convince one of the most formidable of the depreciators that the extraordinary refinement shown in such details as the upturned sole of the Child's foot could only come from Leonardo. The attempt failed, but while recognizing my senior's tolerance, and continuing to respect his immense knowledge, I find that repeated scrutiny has only strengthened my conviction. The truth is that this wonderful picture errs not from lack of the master's subtlety, but from subtlety carried to a perilous extreme. Leonardo was a man of science as well as an artist, and here as elsewhere proves that scientific theory in painting can be pushed too far.

In their study of the human form as a means of expression, Pollaiuolo and the other Florentine anatomists contented themselves with unveiling its machinery, and discovering the behaviour of bones and muscles when subjected to external strain or in active movement. Leonardo at once went further, recognizing that the true sources of movement are the emotions or the mind. When a man's purpose or passions are active, his face and limbs move in harmony with them. Inward thought is the origin of outward action, and is revealed by it. It is the business of the artist to observe and represent such significant gestures. His anatomy of man must not be structural only, it must be psychological too. And psychology with Leonardo was not the easy generalization of types and patterns which contents the common illustrator, but a science infinite and profound.

In his writings he compares human life to a candle flame, to a succession of forces constantly spent and constantly revived. It follows that the perfect artist must be able to catch, as it were, this never-ending stream of thought and vitality in middle motion, to arrest the one critical and significant instant that he needs, inextricably allied though it be with the moment past and moment to come. Only thus can his work attain the quality of life itself. The rendering of human expression therefore begins with the most scrupulous watching of the muscles, of the face in particular, so that their co-ordination in any movement may be rightly timed, that each fleeting momentary change may have its just relation both to the appearance which has just vanished and the appearance which is to follow.

Even Leonardo's powers of hand and eye are not enough to fulfil this ambitious programme always. Not infrequently in his drawings he comes near to success. In the more elaborate medium of painting success is rare, and our *Madonna of the Rocks* contains in the heads of the Angel and of the Madonna two of his most lovely and sensitive creations. In the Louvre picture the Virgin is rather insipid, the Angel a trifle hard and sophisticated, the Christ in *The Last Supper* is a pathetic phantom, spectral from incompletion, decay and repaints ; *La Gioconda* is almost too subtle.

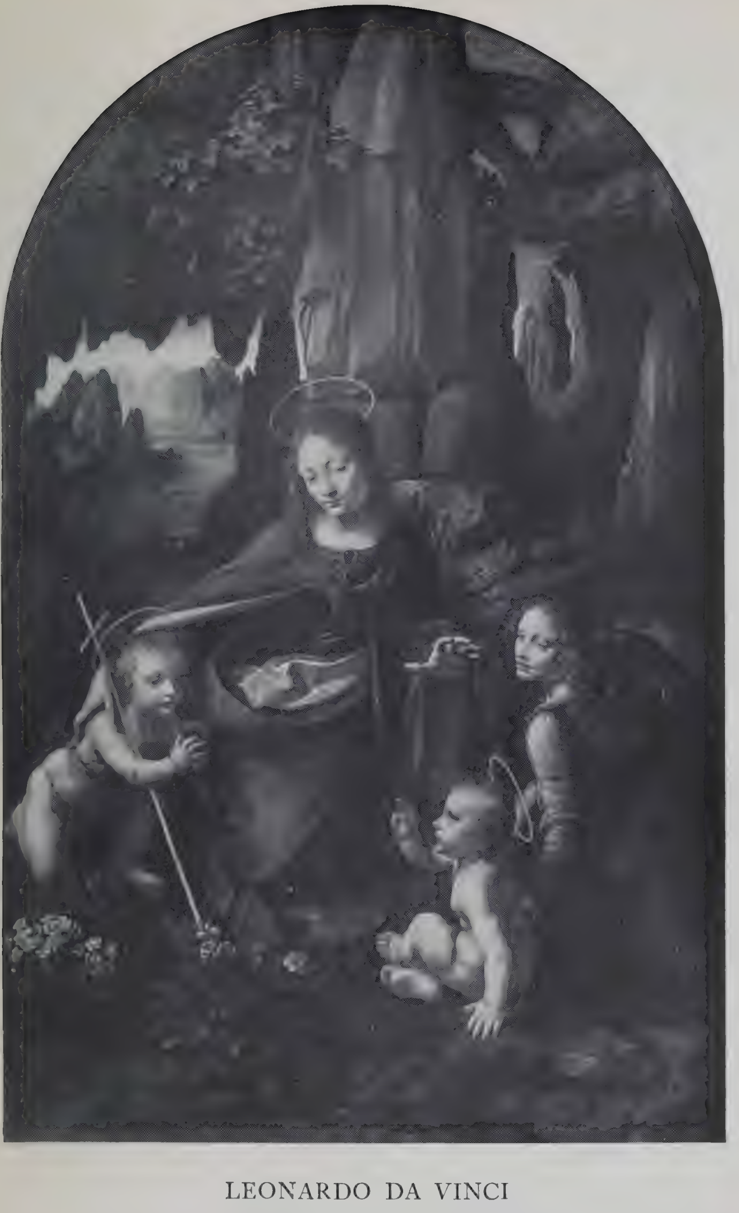
The head of the infant Christ in our picture used to be a favourite point for critical attack, as lacking Leonardo's usual spontaneity and freshness—so conspicuous in the same part of the Louvre picture. There the children are certainly true and delightful children, but S. John, the patron Saint of Florence, is the one who is marked out for special honour; Christ is chiefly notable for his beauty and intelligence. But in our picture Leonardo's thought is more complex. The blessing given by Our Lord to S. John has ceased to be a gracious infantile gesture of formal courtesy. It is the grave salute of one bearing from birth the foreknowledge both of his own fate and that of the innocent boy who now kneels before him. "Moriturum moriturus saluto" is its unspoken message. To conceive such an idea was much; to express it in paint was an almost superhuman feat, even for a Leonardo, and we can hardly be surprised if some traces of the effort remain.

Psychology is not the only form of science which does not always run easily in harness with creative art, and Leonardo's logical inquiries get him into difficulties of another kind. Should not the perfected craft of painting be able to represent objects with the same completeness as sculpture? Can we not with the bright lights and dark shadows which are attainable in oil painting produce effects far more truthful and powerful than those which painters have given us hitherto? Can we not on the flat surface of our panel represent solid objects with the same fullness of relief which a reflection in a mirror gives us? The mirror must be the painter's teacher. With our palette ranging from pure white to the deepest black we can match the mirror's image, and produce the most delicate gradation or the sharpest contrast at our pleasure. So chiaroscuro, as with Rembrandt afterwards, is found to be the single adequate medium for psychological expression and for the scientific rendering of appearances also.

Alas ! oil painting was then but imperfectly understood in Italy. Being committed by his realistic theorizing to the free use of dark shadows in order to obtain a relief no less powerful than that of nature, Leonardo was to find that these shadows grew denser still with the passage of time. So an immense amount of minute and masterly detail in our picture is now buried in almost impenetrable blackness. The half tones of the limbs and faces look forced and heavy from the same cause. In the *Gioconda* and *S. Anne* of his later time he appears to have recognized the danger and worked in a somewhat lighter key, but in the search for scientific projection he had already injured irreparably most of his previous paintings, and set a disastrous example to his followers in Milan.

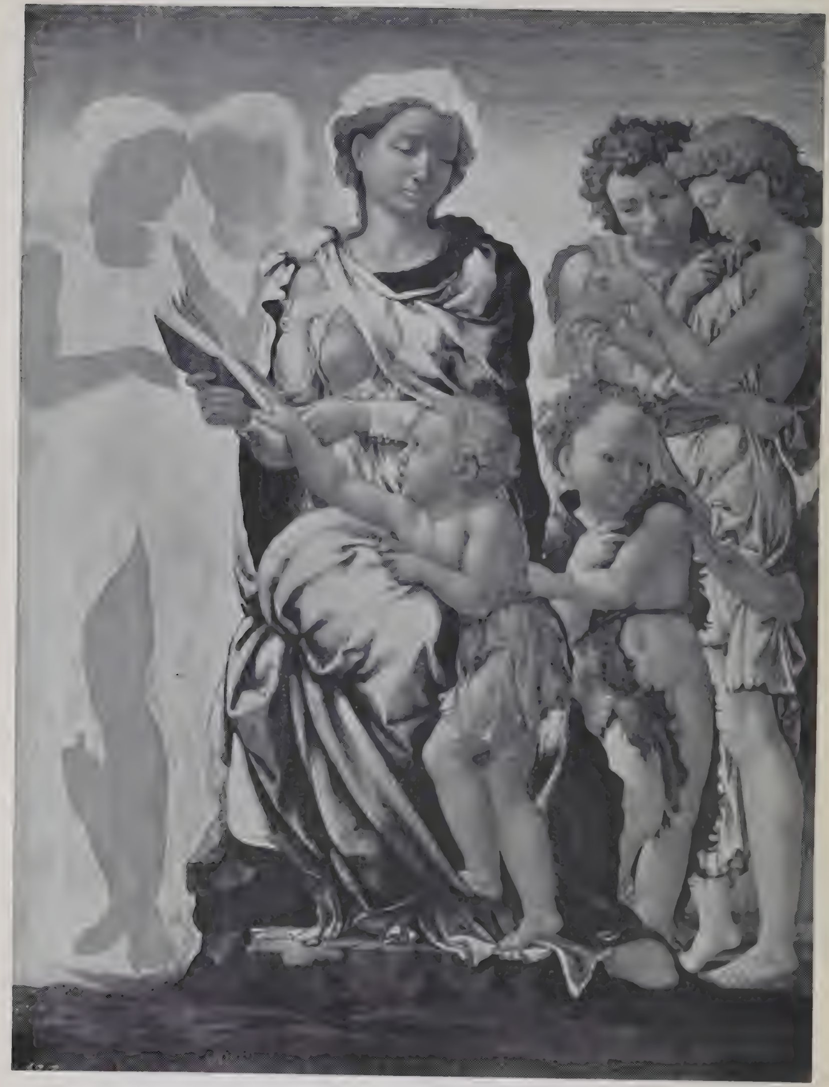
Science again is responsible for the mysterious landscape in our picture, one of several landscapes of the same kind which resemble nothing that we know upon earth. The clue is to be found in Leonardo's geological writings. After much speculation he arrives at the truth about the present physical conformation of Italy, that the Adriatic once came up to the foot of the Alps and Apennines, and that the Lombard and other plains are formed of alluvial soil, borne down by the rivers from the mountains in the course of ages vaster than those known either to man or to theology. But he lived when the storm of the Reformation was just bursting, and to prove his theory openly, to publish the fact of the immensity of geological time, would have been to challenge the Mosaic account of the Creation, and to invite a heretic's fate. So he kept these secrets locked away in the seclusion of his cryptic note-books, and only in the background of his paintings did he venture to show this primeval world. There the seas reach to the foot of the mountains. There the plains are covered by great lakes, and there all is enshrouded in a veil of rain which will flood the rivers and so, after countless ages, will carve out the world as we know it to-day. Time, the infinity of Time, is the message these landscapes whisper. In the case of the *Gioconda* the whisper was so penetrating that it had long been instinctively felt and accepted, although the reason why the lady and her smile seemed to be immortal was not clearly understood. In our *Madonna of the Rocks* we are swept beyond time and place, far away from the orderly reign of Augustus, far from Bethlehem. The Redemption of the World ceases to be a definite historical event at the beginning of the Christian era. It is presented as a great spiritual conception, a part of the divine purpose from the very beginning, as old as the emergence of the earth from Chaos.

I have spoken at length upon this picture because its darkness of tone, and the vague prejudice surviving from past disparagement, may easily lead us to overlook the fact that it is one of the rarest and most impressive treasures at Trafalgar Square. It cannot be understood without constant reference to Leonardo's scientific theories, and these have so complex an influence upon his gifts as a craftsman that no adequate summary of the result can be given in a few words. But those who have had the patience to follow me so far, and are willing to spend a little time in examining the picture closely, undeterred by darkness, by cracking and by a few local repaints, will find enough in the painting of details of hair and flesh and flowers and draperies to be amply rewarded. The drawing of the Madonna's hair for example is incomparable in its minute and wayward beauty. We have to look hard to find these rare excellences, just as we have to think hard to apprehend Leonardo's full significance: he is therefore no favourite with the stickler for pure aesthetics. But when once discovered his sense of form and line proves to be unique. He must be ranked with the very greatest craftsmen, as he ranks with the greatest men of science and inventors. "Truly marvellous and celestial was Leonardo the son of Ser Piero da Vinci," said Vasari long ago. The passage of time, and the increase of our knowledge, add proof after proof, that his high estimate was no more than sober verity.



LEONARDO DA VINCI

THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS



MICHELANGELO
THE MADONNA WITH S. JOHN AND ANGELS

CHAPTER VIII

MICHELANGELO

Leonardo was almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of his talents. In Michelangelo the artist reigned supreme, tempered only by a poetic and religious fervour which gave tenderness to a genius otherwise a little austere, and by that very Florentine characteristic a keen eye for money. This rendered him more strenuous as a man of business and a worker than imaginative artists are wont to be. Sculpture was his profession, architecture in later years his frequent occupation, but his painted decorations in the Sistine Chapel and his drawings are no less important contributories to his fame. Of easel pictures he left but three, and of these the National Gallery has the good fortune to possess two. Both are works of the master's youth, both are unfinished, but one shows us how he started his artistic career, the other foreshadows his greatest achievements, so that those who have yet to visit Italy can really form in London some idea of this master mind, in its growth and its maturity.

Elsewhere[1] I have given reasons for believing that these two pictures were begun during Michelangelo's stay at Bologna, whither he had fled from Florence in 1494, in fright at a friend's prophetic dream. I need not recapitulate these reasons here—merely noting that Michelangelo's painting-master was a Ferrarese—but will deal at once with *The Madonna with S. John and Angels* (809). Michelangelo had been trained as a sculptor from boyhood, and the two extant works by him which are earlier in date than this picture are the reliefs in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence. Of these one is a seated Virgin in low relief in the style of Donatello : the other a bolder relief of the Centaur-Lapith battle evidently inspired by some classical sarcophagus. Our picture, too, is almost a relief in paint, but shows in its opposition of rosy red and orange to black and dark green, in the bands which cross the draperies, in the diminutive hands, in the elegant slenderness of the forearms, that distinct Ferrarese influence of which I have spoken. The black drapery has been partially finished by some feeble hand, but you will find Michelangelo's firm grey brush strokes here and there under the finisher's inky scratches. The same finisher, presumably, has added some meaningless touches to complete the Madonna's hair where it falls upon her neck. These retouches have given critics the excuse for falling foul of the picture in the past, but nowhere else is there any falling off from a very high standard of executive skill, a standard almost miraculous in the case of a young man of twenty making a first experiment with an untried medium.

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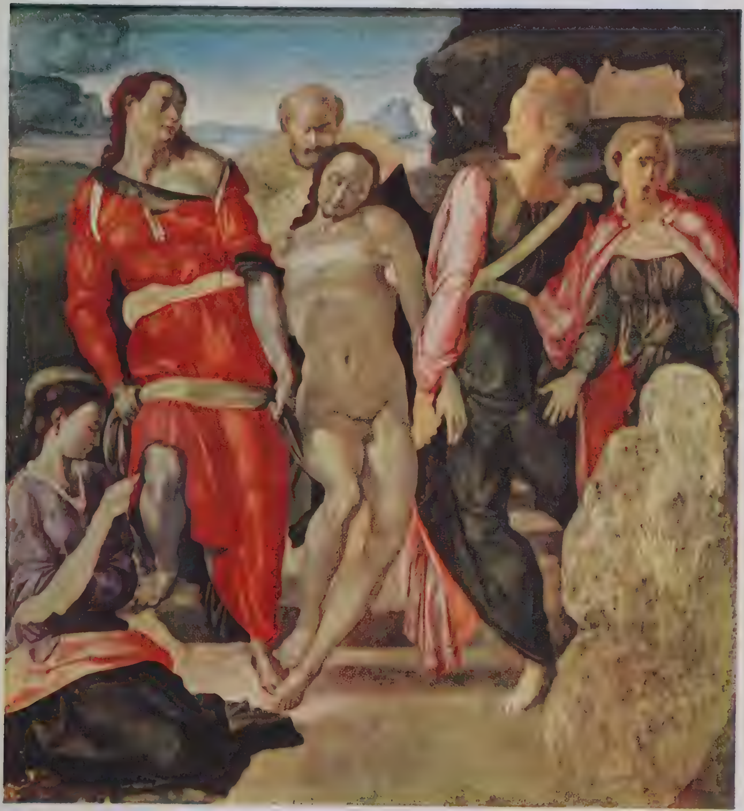
[1] *Burlington Mag.* vol. xi. p. 235 (July 1907).

The design, as I have said, is that of a bas-relief. The figures are outlined upon a flat background, and rendered with but little force of projection, although the modelling within the prescribed scale of tones is perfect of its kind. The figures are also designed to fill a rectangle rather less in height than the panel, leaving a long strip of level ground under the feet and a similar strip above the heads ; the general effect being that of one panel in a series, like those carved by Donatello and Luca della Robbia. In Luca's *Cantoria* at Florence, indeed, you will find an almost identical composition, except that the place of the Madonna and children is taken by a bearded figure holding a musical instrument. Michelangelo's Madonna is a noble creation, having something of the austere monumental character of a figure by Masaccio. The diagonals of her drapery sweeping down from left to right are ingeniously used to repeat and emphasize the motion with which she draws away from the grasp of The Child the scripture which foretells his death. She and the angel next to her on the right are evidently inspired by the same model, who reappears again with less idealization in Michelangelo's *S. Proculus* statue in the church of S. Domenico at Bologna. The features of this statue are identical—making due allowance for wrinkles and a beard—with those of the bronze bust of Michelangelo by Daniele da Volterra ; the square forehead, level brows, broad cheek bones, and nose flattened by Torrigiano's blow are all there. Like so many other artists, Michelangelo in his early days was his own model, and so we may with the help of our picture form a very fair idea of what he looked like as a young man.

Those interested in the mathematics of design will note with how much ingenuity the central diagonals are repeated or foiled by the arms and draperies of the angels, and how the rectangle of the figure mass is divided twice at unequal intervals by horizontals, one at the line of the Madonna's neck, another at her waist. These horizontals are intersected by the verticals on each side of the Madonna's figure, so that the main large rectangle of the design is cut up into smaller rectangles. This Euclidean device was evidently a favourite with Michelangelo. It recurs in our *Entombment*, is used on the Sistine ceiling, and is the architectural foundation (not very stable or happy) for the vast fabric of *The Last Judgment.* Possibly it has something to do with that dark saying of the master's which Hogarth quotes, "A figure should be pyramidal, serpentine and multiplied by one, two and three." It is anyhow evident that in the relative proportions of these quasi-geometrical units Michelangelo found a pleasure analogous to that which the more formal geometry of architecture is calculated to excite. The Florentine intellect was keen to test and analyse much that the more haphazard artist of to-day is content to leave to accident; and if the greatest Florentine of them all chose to brood over the mathematics of design, we may presume that he found the labour profitable.

So much then for the general design of this panel. The colour follows the general principle of Masaccio and Piero, in retaining a certain monumental simplicity. The figures have the appearance and therewith the convincing substance of statues in some smooth brown stone. The unfinished portion to the left shows that Michelangelo worked in the old tempera method, first laying in his flesh tone with terre-verte, then painting the warmer tints on that traditional foundation, as Duccio and Giotto had done two hundred years earlier. The smooth workmanship of the heads and limbs exhibits already the skill of a master, as the draperies (where not retouched) exhibit a master's power and freedom. The head and body of the little S. John are specially notable, for combining extreme breadth and simplicity with the most firm and subtle modelling. Turn from it to our Masaccio, and you will see that the older master's power has been born again. We noticed what a sense of vitality was conveyed by the way in which Botticelli and others drew locks of hair. Here we feel the same stimulus; most of all, I think, in the skin cloak of the infant S. John, where the curling tufts writhe with a freedom and variety of lively motion that is literally flame-like. Michelangelo is still only a boy, without the deep insight into things spiritual which manhood afterwards developed in him. We must therefore be content if a certain austere dignity in the Madonna, a certain ingenuity in the invention and treatment of the theme, and a singular beauty in the three figures on the right are the chief things which this picture has to offer us. The strength and passion and lofty tenderness which we associate with Michelangelo's name do not appear till he is a man of thirty.

The Entombment (790) is a step nearer to the real Michelangelo, in appearance if not in spiritual conviction. Though the general conception is derived from a print by Mantegna, the treatment is that of a follower of the true Florentine tradition, modified as before by certain Ferrarese characteristics. These last are most marked in the type and head-dress of Mary Magdalene who is helping S. John to carry Our Lord's body, and of Salome seated on the ground to the left. Salome's elongated right arm and hand are definitely Ferrarese in style. Once more the geometrical planning of the composition calls for notice. Specially audacious is the division of the picture midway by the line of hands, the head of Salome, and the vaguely blocked-out figure of the Virgin opposite. It is disguised and made the part of a most effective scheme by a skilful variation of the other proportions—by the line of the waistbands of S. John and the Magdalen, and the girth round Our Lord's body, by the long space from the lowest step to the bottom of the picture, compared with the series of three horizontals which cross the similar space at the top, and by the swaying V-shaped diagonals which accentuate the central figure. The ogival type of design thus created has been a favourite with all who wish to render effects of upward movement from Greco to William Blake. In this picture it is used with the frankest symmetry, the figures of S. John and Salome to the left forming a mass which matches almost exactly both in extent and contour, that formed by the three Maries to the right. The swing of all these great rhythmic curves is kept stable, not only by the horizontals already mentioned, but by the strongly marked vertical of the robes of Mary the Mother of James and Mary Magdalene, a vertical which the rocks above



MICHELANGELO
THE ENTOMBMENT

continue. It would be easy to carry analysis further, but I have said enough to indicate how much calculation and science underlie this powerful composition, and knit the varied elements into an unity no less immediately apparent than it is charged with infinite subtleties.

During the time that the Gallery was recovering from the dispersion caused by the War, it was possible to hang the *Entombment* for a month or two with certain masterpieces of the Venetian and other Schools. It emerged from the test triumphantly. That the colour should have held its own in such company was rather surprising. Much of the picture is mere brown monochrome. Dark olive and grey green, a dullish purple, some notes of faded rose-red, a little pale ultramarine in the sky, and one sharp strong mass of orange vermilion on the figure of S. John, are the simple elements from which a forcible and luminous harmony is evolved. It stimulates all the more strongly because it is unexpected, and continues to fascinate because it defies analysis. The effect produced by Venetian colour is largely due to devices of arrangement, contrast and quality of pigment, of which we can more or less comprehend the principles even if we cannot imitate the results. But this *Entombment* is the invention of a most subtle, original and powerful colourist, and were it not that the traditional view of Michelangelo has taken him to be merely a sculptor who painted in disguised monochrome, the extraordinary colour quality of this and other works of his would have been recognized long ago. Being ignorant of what G. F. Watts had said upon the subject, I well remember my surprise on first seeing the Sistine ceiling. "Grey, worn pictures," or words to that effect, was the current description,and I had expected therefore only a dim and possibly dismal monochrome. Instead there was the work of a master colourist, having no less force and depth than the Venetians, where such qualities were called for, but inclining as a rule to more broad and luminous schemes, in which the tones of the flesh, very simply treated, were foiled with equally large and simple masses of orange and lilac and bronze green (much as in our picture), and contrasted, as some great Greek artist might have contrasted them, with noble and aerial ultramarine. The ceiling was not only the greatest piece of design in the world, it was also painted by the world's greatest colourist.

One important source of Michelangelo's power is the extraordinary reserve with which he handles relief and projection. Leonardo, in his efforts to obtain an effect of complete solidity, used the widest scale of tones his palette could give him. Hence the breadth of his masses is everywhere broken up by dark shadows, and a large part of each picture consists of almost impenetrable blackness. Instead of seeking such effects of roundness, Michelangelo, more wisely, keeps to the scale of low relief, not representing solidity, but suggesting it by the completeness of his knowledge, and by the unerring accuracy with which his tones are gradated in the exact proportion required. Leonardo's drawings in silver-point prove that he too could do this with a delicacy as wonderful as Michelangelo's, but in painting his ideal of complete three-dimensional presentation was too much for him.

By employing the scale of bas-relief, and restricting himself to pale tones of umber and similar colours for his flesh tints, Michelangelo was able to keep his figures broad and luminous and in harmony with each other. Hence they invariably make a definite and valuable compositional quantity. The dead body of Christ, the neck, shoulder and arm of S. John in our picture are as convincingly substantial as anything ever painted, yet their full shadows are hardly more in reality than pale half-tones, so subtle and scientific is the modelling. Against these pale tones the positive colours, modelled with equal science and parsimony of shadow, tell with the utmost force. Michelangelo can thus give us the stimulus of the colourist designing with flat masses, together with the stimulus of a complete master of form, and the tremendous power he exercises is due to this unique combination.

To a knowledge of the human body, in action and at rest, much greater than Pollaiuolo's, and infinitely more tender and sympathetic, (as a moment's glance from *The Entombment* to the *S. Sebastian* on the opposite wall will prove), Michelangelo added an imagination which lived in a world peopled by gods and heroes. S. John, the beloved disciple, the mystical dreamer of the Apocalypse, becomes in our picture a Hercules or a Titan for whose mighty limbs even a dead god is but a light burden; Mary Magdalene, his fellow-bearer, is like some Ferrarese Pallas Athene in her resolute effortless movement. Exulting in his power to create these colossal beings, charged with a vitality more than human, Michelangelo peopled the Sistine ceiling with a race of demi-gods, who, later, losing their celestial proportion, degenerate in the *Last Judgment* into a crowd of huddled giants.

Our S. John is the earliest example in Michelangelo's painting of this colossal imagery, which has left an ineffaceable impression upon a world too dull to understand his tenderness. There is undeniably something incongruous in the employment of a figure so robust and dynamic in a scene of which the keynote is sorrow too intense for words. In after years this very subject was to be the one of all subjects which Michelangelo felt most keenly, and of which in sculpture he has left us the most noble and profound realization. It was as a lonely disillusioned old man, tired of the world and clinging to religion as his last refuge, that he carved, with the passion born of sad experience, the *Pietá* in the Duomo at Florence. But at the age of twenty, when our picture was designed, this experience was lacking. His intellect could plan, and his hand could execute the externals of an *Entombment*, but for the deeper thoughts which the theme could inspire, and by which the design might be made significant, he was as yet immature. Our picture is, so to speak, Michelangelo's "Prix de Rome" composition. So it comes about that this most able and powerful painting is in spiritual content infinitely less rich than such a thing as Rembrandt's little etching *Christ carried to the Tomb.* None the less, the vitality of the work is so intense, and its design so subtly unified into a majestic whole, that it remains a masterpiece, even though it lacks something which the full-grown Michelangelo could have given us.

Perhaps from this criticism one figure may be excepted—that of the Virgin—because in its rough "blocking out" there is a certain impressiveness. Like many sculptures which Michelangelo has left us, this dim brooding shrouded phantom gains in mystery by its incompleteness, by the manner in which it is, as it were, still imprisoned in the rock. We are reminded by it that Michelangelo was before all things a sculptor, and that when he used the pen or the brush he used it as a sculptor uses his chisel, to bring out from brute matter some significant or lovely form that lies there buried. Owing to this sculptural vision all his work in the graphic arts conveys a sense of solid mass and volume, which is not conveyed at all, or is conveyed much less easily, by those who instinctively think of form in terms of mere contour, of an outline on paper or canvas, to which substance may be afterwards given by putting other touches near it, to show that it is the edge of something which is not flat. When we remember that Alfred Stevens, the greatest of English draughtsmen, was, like Michelangelo, a sculptor by profession, we may wonder whether some preliminary exercises in sculpture will not one day be regarded as an essential factor in all serious art training.

CHAPTER IX

RAPHAEL

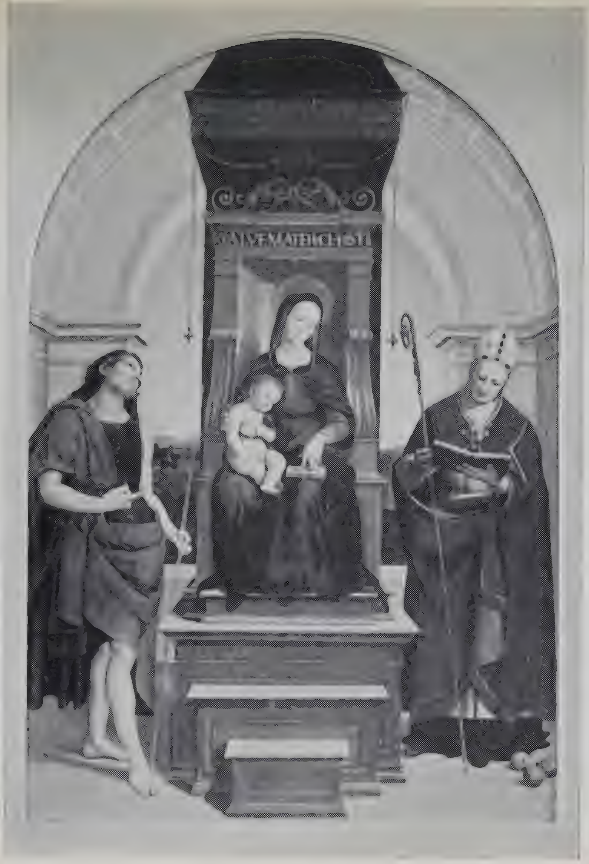
THE traditional collocation of the names of Raphael and Michelangelo, in that it implies some measure of artistic equality, will seem to many to be based upon an entirely false estimate. Charm, delicacy, supreme taste in workmanship and composition, and unequalled power in creating types of beings human and divine which have satisfied the average man for four hundred years—all these qualities we may admit that Raphael possessed. But to name him in the same breath with a supreme creator like Michelangelo—surely that is unjust to the Florentine? If, however, we have the patience to put up with our first disappointment at the inferiority of much of Raphael's work to his immense reputation, if we study his products in sequence, we shall find, as time goes on, that our respect and admiration for him increase in proportion to our knowledge, and that the fame he enjoyed in his own by no means uncritical day was well deserved.

In the first place we must recognize the disadvantage of starting life in Umbria instead of Florence. Leonardo had the ambition and energy and science of

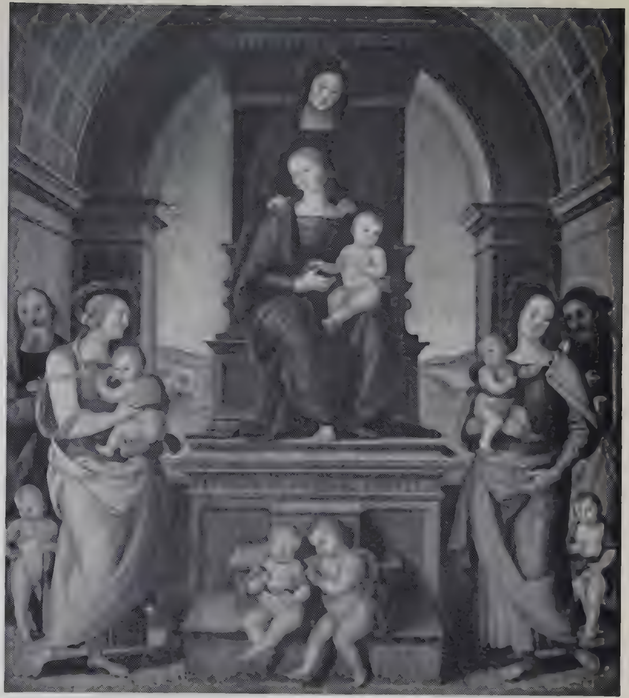
Verrocchio to spur him to effort. Michelangelo was educated in art and letters at the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, to which the whole intellectual life of the Renaissance in Italy was drawn. Raphael did not come under these stirring influences till he was twenty-one. He had to master in some five years of intense effort the science which the others had absorbed in boyhood. Hardly had he put his knowledge to the test than fame and popularity overwhelmed him with work. His health gave way under the strain: the bulk of his painting had to be carried out by assistants, and he died at thirty-seven. If we eliminate from our calculation the work of Raphael's boyhood and youth, and the work of his later years in which assistants play a large part, only some four or five years of mature personal activity remain. Almost without exception the paintings of this brief artistic summer are in fresco, and in Rome, in the place for which they were painted. Our pictures at Trafalgar Square illustrate excellently the master's early development: the style and in some degree the workmanship of his last years can be judged from the Cartoons in the Victoria and Albert Museum. For all that lies between, and it is Raphael's crowning achievement, we must go to Italy.

Our exquisite *Vision of a Knight* (213), perhaps the earliest of all Raphael's extant works, shows him already a complete and charming master in the Umbrian fashion, with more substance in his figures, a more rhythmic flow in the lines of the design, more restraint in the introduction of details and ornament than the rest of his countrymen show. This instinct for rhythm, spacing, and substance, combined with the elimination of all superfluities and perfection of workmanship remains characteristic of Raphael, though he "plays the sedulous ape" to several masters in succession. From Timoteo Viti, under whose influence the *Vision of a Knight* was produced, he turns to Perugino, and imitates him so completely that his *Crucifixion* in the Mond Collection might well pass for that master's own. Coming at length to Florence he sets himself to study the ideas of mass and motion in which the Florentines had been nurtured for two centuries. The predella of *The Procession to Calvary* (2919) is a specimen of these first efforts. The attempt to blend Florentine force with Umbrian suavity has resulted in a hybrid work: the stout figures in vigorous but conventional activity, and some sharper notes in the colouring, do not compensate us for an almost entire absence of the qualities which made the *Vision of a Knight* so delightful.

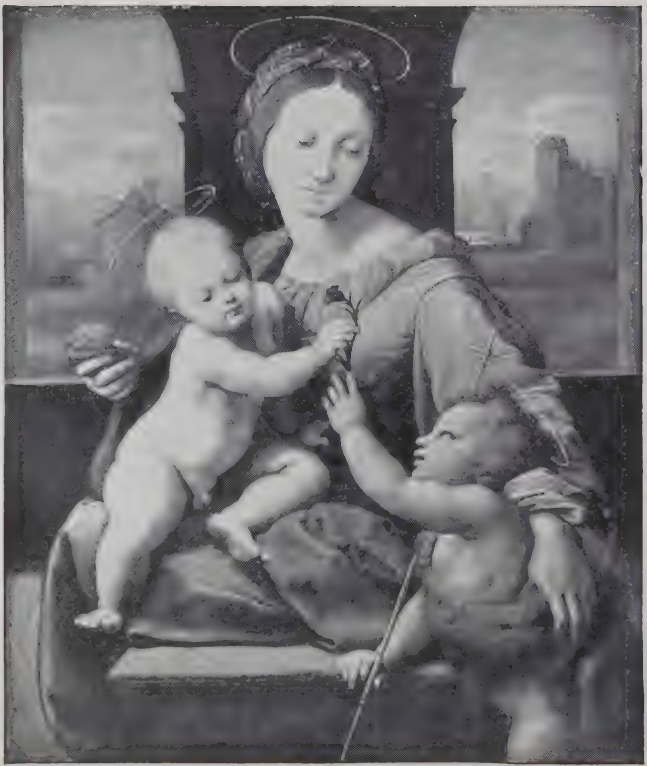
In the *Ansidei Madonna* (1171) painted for Perugia, Raphael returns to the style of Perugino, who some five years before had painted for that city a *Holy Family with St. Anne*, now in the Gallery at Marseilles. Raphael repeats the general plan of this Perugino, using a similar tall canopied throne, set against a similar arch, under a similar coffered roof, with similar glimpses of sky and landscape beyond. But Raphael's sky is more silvery and aerial than Perugino's: its light is reflected under the archway with a more luminous glow; the proportions of the arch are more ample; the throne less heavily built. Perugino's



RAPHAEL: ANSIDEI MADONNA

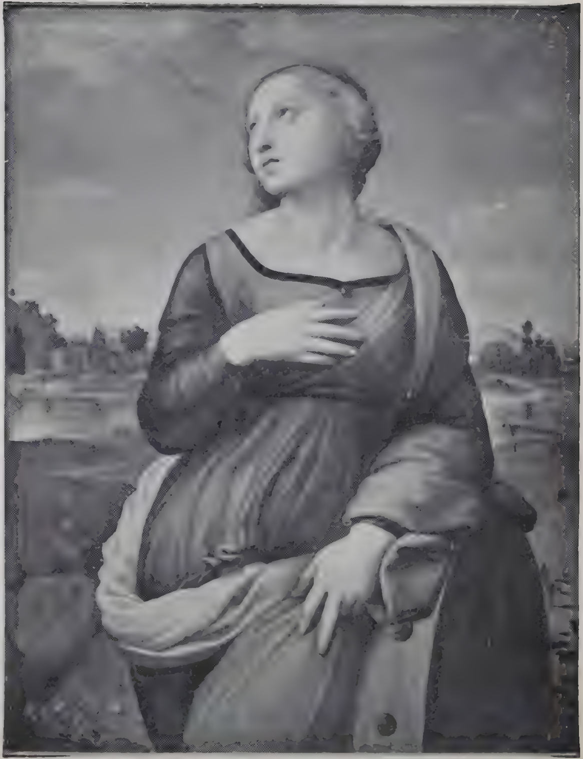


PERUGINO: HOLY FAMILY WITH S. ANNE (MARSEILLES)



MADONNA AND S. JOHN (p. 97)

RAPHAEL



S. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA (p. 96)

picture contains no less than six adults and seven children: Raphael reduces the number to four, with an immense gain in largeness of effect. And to these and other evident compositional refinements are added refinements of execution of no common kind, like the chain of coral which hangs on each side of the throne and breaks so pleasantly the sharpness of its silhouette upon the sky. There is a substance and plausible dignity in the S. Nicholas which indicate what Raphael was learning in Florence: the rather forced and affected S. John Baptist proves that the learning was not all of it quite healthy. The scrupulous perfection of the workmanship is enhanced for us by the fine condition of the picture, which has escaped the repainting to which the majority of well-beloved pictures are doomed. Some slight tendency to crack and blister was revealed when the picture was removed from its frame during the war, but these indications have not grown more serious during the last two years, so we may hope that they represent no real constitutional delicacy.

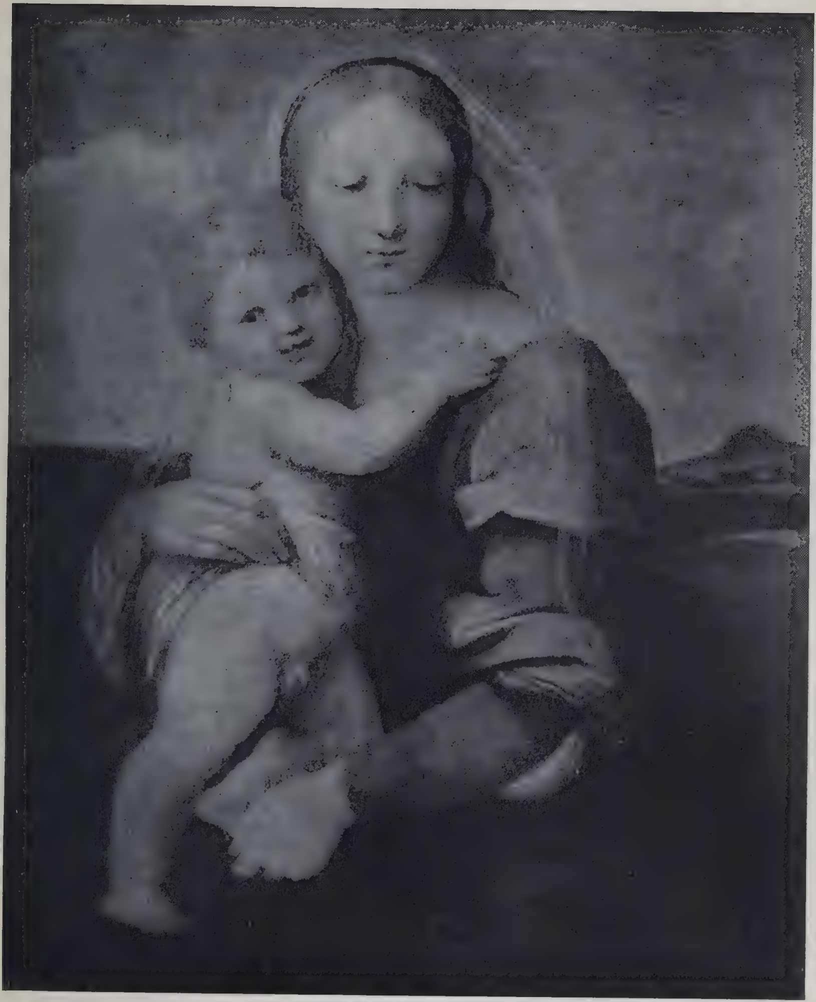
The influence responsible for the mannered S. John Baptist in this picture was Fra Bartolommeo, who ruined his own fine natural talent, and that of many another, by developing a system for constructing the colossal picturesque. He invented the lay figure, and with it artificial poses and ample draperies which have nothing inside them. Raphael's instinct for substance was too sound to permit him to be led wholly astray by his friend, but Fra Bartolommeo's experiments and authority left their mark upon his style.

Our *S. Catherine of Alexandria* (168), for example, is most ingeniously constructed on Fra Bartolommeo's principles. The head turns one way, the body turns another ; one hand comes down and forward, the other points upwards and slightly backwards. The attitude has none of the spontaneity of life, but is that of a model cleverly posed. Had the figure been merely a decorative *grisaille*, like certain little predella panels which Raphael painted about the same time, we could have accepted this artificial balancing of limbs and draperies as appropriate to a piece of formal ornament. But when the lady is nearly as large as life and painted with the most precise naturalism, the artifice is apparent, and not all Raphael's flow of line and scrupulous taste in colour and workmanship can quite reconcile us to it. The landscape, too, with its blotted brown trees is a distinct superfluity. Its broken lines do not really harmonize with the figure, either in point of significance or as decoration.

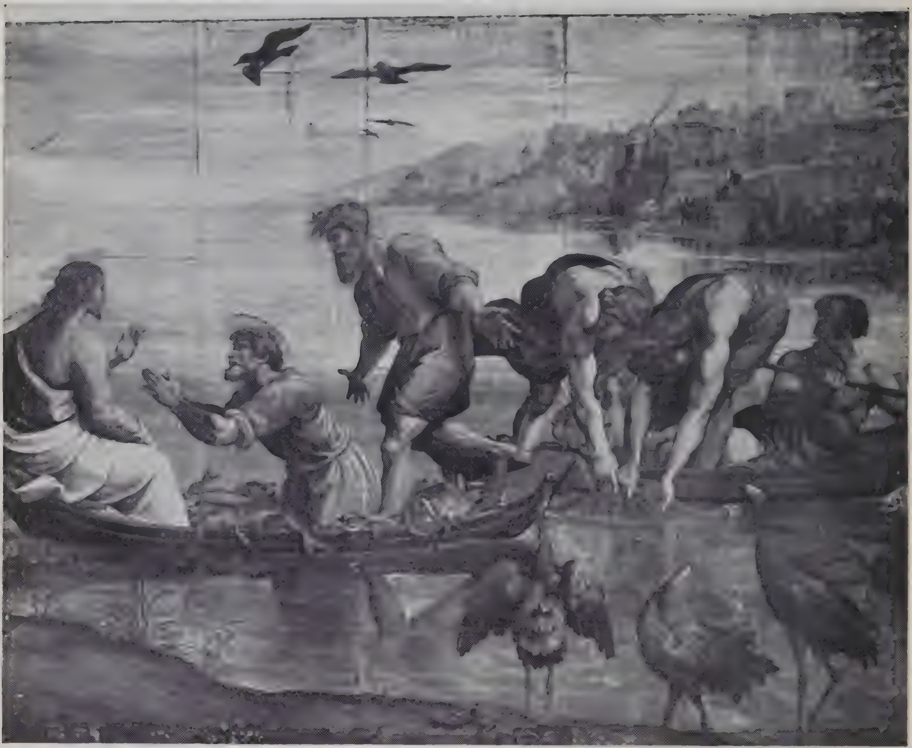
During these Florentine years the work done by Raphael is disappointing. It has neither the freshness of his early painting, nor does it show much sign of the great things he was next to do. When he came to Rome in 1508 he found himself face to face with classical art. This fascinated him. He became an enthusiastic student of the antique, and his enthusiasm quickly gave definite character to the miscellaneous knowledge he had acquired at Florence. His first great painting in the Vatican shows many traces of his early training, but in the next, the *Parnassus*, the noble style which we associate with his name is completely developed, and Raphael suddenly steps forward as a rival even to the great Michelangelo.

Our *Madonna and S. John* (744) belongs to these first Roman years, and the extraordinary difference of its colouring from most of Raphael's other work, has led to the opinion that the execution was entrusted by him to his youthful follower, Giulio Romano. The design is incontestably Raphael's, and Raphael's at his very best. Nowhere has he combined the familiar personages into a more felicitous and rhythmic unity with their surroundings and with each other. The execution is hardly less perfect. The child's little body, and the head of his mother are miracles of tender science; the draperies are no less finely painted than they are planned; the scrupulous attention to form is nowhere relaxed. The group indeed is as convincing in substance as it is large in its general contours, and the landscape is painted with a delicacy of atmosphere and a freshness of effect which recall Correggio. Now Giulio Romano in all the work that is indubitably from his hand proves himself a coarse executant and a harsh colourist. It is exceedingly doubtful whether he came to work with Raphael till several years after this picture was painted; and if he did, he could have been but a mere youth and quite unable to assimilate the supreme refinements of handling which this picture everywhere exhibits. The general scheme of colour is indeed similar to that which Giulio Romano often afterwards employed, but it is used with a science and delicacy which he never possessed or comprehended. Now in the *Parnassus*, where Raphael first appears as an interpreter of antiquity, we find just these same pale lilac-blues and reds and cool greens, and the same hot flesh tones. The Northern character of the landscape suggests a memory of an illumination in some Flemish missal. We may, indeed, think of the little picture as a kind of illumination contemporary with the *Parnassus* (*i.e.* c. 1510), which is exactly the time to which the critics agree in ascribing it.

From the *Madonna of the Tower* (2069) we can form some idea of how Raphael's style was enlarged by executing these great decorative paintings in the Vatican. This canvas has a history of no more than two hundred years. The cartoon resembling it in the British Museum is certainly not by Raphael, and the colouring has suggested to some critics that it may be a copy of Raphael by Baroccio. The picture is undeniably much damaged, and much restored. The heads have been rubbed down, so that the force of the original modelling is gone : the left hand of the Madonna seems to have been left unfinished, the right hand to be restorer's work. Some delicate portions, like the veil, have been almost obliterated. Yet under the remains of old varnish which, embedded in the crevices of the paint and canvas, have reduced the general tone to a gentle golden brown, we find everywhere traces of a colour scheme as strong and definite as that in the 'Garvagh' Raphael (744). The blue of the Madonna's dress is contrasted with positive scarlet, and foiled on the sleeve with Raphael's characteristic lilac, this lilac in turn contrasting with clear greens in the landscape. The sharp band of scarlet crossing the shoulder in its



RAPHAEL: MADONNA OF THE TOWER



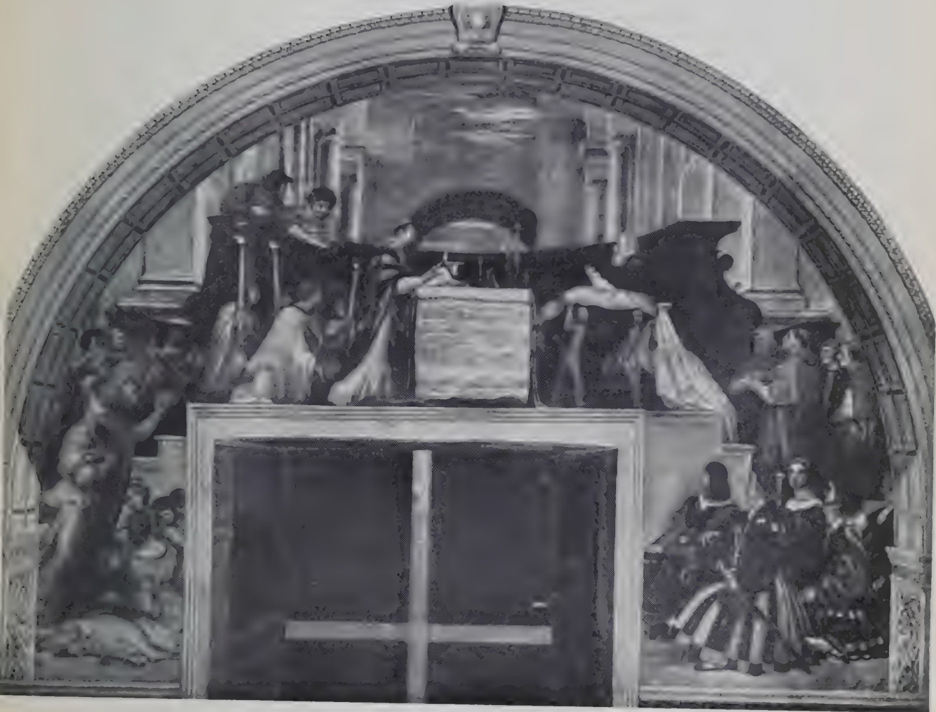
RAPHAEL

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES (p. 101) quality, precision, and daring, is by itself evidence that we have to do with no copyist or pupil. The line of the shoulder above, and the exquisite oval of the Madonna's face proclaim Raphael no less certainly.

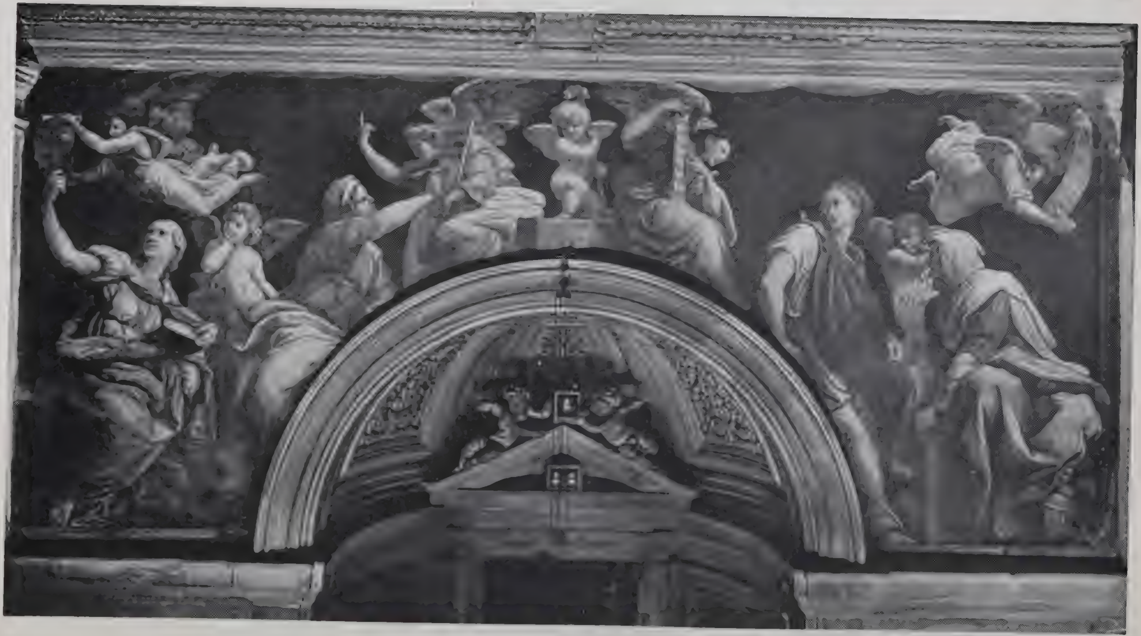
The landscape has sometimes been considered an addition, because it is unlike Raphael's ordinary style, and because certain very old copies of the design have plain backgrounds. Close examination, however, shows no want of continuity in the pigment such as an addition would inevitably reveal. The lines of the country harmonize so perfectly with the rest of the picture that the design would lose much of its charm were this background taken away; while the large simple forms that we find in it are just what we might expect from Raphael coming fresh from contemplation of the Sistine ceiling in 1512. There Michelangelo had revealed for the first time how nobly these bare primeval upheavings of the earth could be utilized to dignify the human figure. Only at this one moment was such generalization possible. Landscape before that moment was packed with details; afterwards it was packed with conventionalities. Only the artist who designed this noble Madonna could have planned these gentle sinuous curves to combine so happily with the contours of her form, and to suggest so convincingly the vast tract of country which she dominates. The masses of the design, and the folds of the drapery are more grand and simple than in any other easel picture by Raphael. In none has he come nearer to the mighty lines and forms of Michelangelo; yet in none is his mood more gracious, his rhythm more subtle. These qualities we can appreciate in any good photographic reproduction, for the camera will usually penetrate through varnishes and surface damage, and reveal much more of the underlying forms than the human eye can see.

The few portraits of this time which Raphael painted with his own hand rank with the greatest of their kind. Unluckily our *Julius II.* (27) cannot be included among them; it is only a contemporary version of an original in the Uffizi. A very fair idea, however, of the large compositions on which Raphael's real fame depends can be gathered from the Cartoons for tapestry in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Though the execution of the Cartoons was confided almost entirely to assistants, we can judge from the designs how his genius expanded when he came to Rome. Relics of his gentle Umbrian beginnings we may still trace perhaps in the wide landscape backgrounds of the *Charge to S. Peter* and the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, but everywhere else we are in a world entirely different from that of the panel paintings in the National Gallery. In a few busy years Raphael created a new style of painting, so entirely congruous in its imagery and its treatment to the ideas of the educated European mind that it has lasted practically unchanged for four centuries. So adequately does it embody for us the dignity which we expect in the painting of sacred subjects, that we overlook the fact that it renders Oriental personages in terms of Greco-Roman portrait-sculpture. The garb and gestures of the philosophers of antiquity have thus become the recognized pictorial language for the Christian religion. And as used by Raphael it is no unworthy language, though it must be confessed that in compositions where these philosophic figures occupy the whole field, the effect to our eyes of so many curled heads and ample draperies may be a little monotonous. The design of the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes* stirs us all the more by reason of its variety. The pleasant lake shore, stretching away to the horizon, with the birds wheeling above, or standing, with a natural grace worthy of Piero di Cosimo, on the bank in front of us, make a perfect foil to the mighty straining Apostles who draw the net, as their bared limbs in turn serve as a foil to the serene figure of Christ to which all the action converges. Note again how the wonderful figure of the blinded Elymas in another cartoon, in which perhaps we can still trace a little of Raphael's own handiwork, gives intense dramatic force to what would otherwise be a mere skilful combination of conventional gestures and ample draperies.

But certain works which Raphael painted at Rome can be praised without any such qualifications, and their place among the greatest achievements of the human mind is assured. I have already mentioned the *Parnassus* as an embodiment of the blitheness of the classical world : his *Sibyls* over the chancel arch in S. Maria della Pace are an equally wonderful creation. Though the actual execution is in places a little heavy compared with Raphael's best work in the Vatican, the design is so thoroughly imbued with the classical spirit that it might well have been the work of some great unknown follower of Apelles, or *mutatis mutandis* be found carved upon some Greek temple pediment. Fancy and power are here blended with a rhythmic grace not less than Correggio's, and a sense of form far more certain. The darkness behind the Sibyls and their attendant genii not only gives them the convincing force and solidity of sculpture, but also lends an air of midnight and mystery to their communings. Nor is it only with antiquity that Raphael achieves supreme success. The famous *Mass of Bolsena* in the Vatican is peopled with figures in contemporary dress, and by common consent the portraits of the men of the papal guard kneeling below are masterpieces. But the noble composition in the upper part of the lunette has never yet, I think, been fully appreciated. It is admittedly one of Raphael's finest designs, and also that in which he attains most completely a Venetian richness in colouring, due no doubt in some measure to hints received from the work of Sebastiano del Piombo, who had just then introduced the methods of Giorgione to Rome. The result is a thing of such dignity and splendour that had it been executed by Titian it would be considered his finest decorative painting. But when we remember that the fresco was finished in 1512, a dozen years or more before Titian's style had anything like the same monumental serenity, we have to recognize that Raphael, in addition to his other immense achievements, was a forerunner of the great Venetians, and on this occasion their equal (if not their superior) in the very province which is commonly thought to be theirs alone.



RAPHAEL: THE MASS OF BOLSENA (VATICAN)



RAPHAEL : THE SIBYLS (S. MARIA DELLA PACE) (p. 101)

No phenomenon in the history of the arts is more marvellous than Raphael's rise to greatness in so many fields, a rise no less wonderful for extent than for swiftness. His rapid growth is the supreme instance of the effect that unremitting study and diligence may produce in a gifted and sensitive mind, so the ambitious student of to-day can have no more encouraging stimulus for his own labours than a thorough knowledge of Raphael's best work in Rome, followed by a no less thorough study of the series of his easel pictures in the National Gallery. In them the industrious apprenticeship which preceded the flowering of his genius can be clearly traced. Indeed, unless they are so studied and so regarded, they can give us little or no idea of the qualities for which the name of Raphael stands.

We have seen how the supremacy of the Florentine painters during the fifteenth century was determined in a large measure by their preoccupation with ideas of mass and volume and movement. These ideas, especially when applied to the presentation of that most powerful and varied instrument of artistic expression the human body, are the means by which expression is rendered substantial and convincing. In sculpture these ideas are almost inevitably suggested by the solidity of the materials employed, and even lack of creative power cannot quite annihilate this initial advantage of the sculptor over the painter. So in Florence sculpture was always in advance of painting, and the genius of Donatello, anticipating so much that was to be done in later centuries, did but accentuate a precedence which was generally admitted. The city was enriched by countless monuments in marble or bronze or humbler material, and painters, even when they were not themselves sculptors too, were surrounded by examples of the successful treatment of solid form, and by men who had mastered it. It was natural that painting should benefit by this plastic environment, and that the Florentine painters should instinctively view their subjects with a sculptor's feeling for three-dimensional substance, which painters born elsewhere could only acquire, and that less easily, by serving an apprenticeship in Florence.

Leonardo and Michelangelo thus solved the problems of form more quickly and easily than Raphael could do. Raphael, too, came to Florence when the example of Fra Bartolommeo was already corrupting the fine fifteenth-century tradition, and so got far less good there than he might have done had he been born twenty years earlier. But Rome taught him where Florence failed. He proved a born antiquary, and the remains of Greco-Roman art, which excavations in Rome were then bringing to light, gave his genius the exact stimulus which it needed. If Michelangelo did much to rouse Raphael's ambition, it was upon classical art that his most personal and felicitous inventions were based. Unluckily for Raphael this Greco-Roman work (as we now see, having real Greek things with which to compare it) was but a copy, a polished and generalized copy. It lacked the emphasis and accent, as well as the exquisite delicacy of the originals which it imitated, and these defects were necessarily transferred by Raphael to his own painting. So long as these Greco-Roman copies were thought to represent the supreme art of the ancient world, so long could Raphael's use of them seem irreproachable. Now that we know something of Phidias and Praxiteles and others of the greater Greeks, the derivative statues in the Vatican and elsewhere are seen with different and far less favourable eyes. Raphael's paintings must in some degree share that disfavour. Like his great contemporaries he founds his art upon sculpture, but the sculpture was not quite first rate. It was indeed inferior in force and accent and naturalness to the best Florentine work, despite its imposing outward show. Much of this disadvantage Raphael's genius overcame, but there remains here and there a hint of insipidity (like that which we feel when the pious Aeneas occupies the stage in Virgil), to remind us that Greece was unknown to him.

CHAPTER X

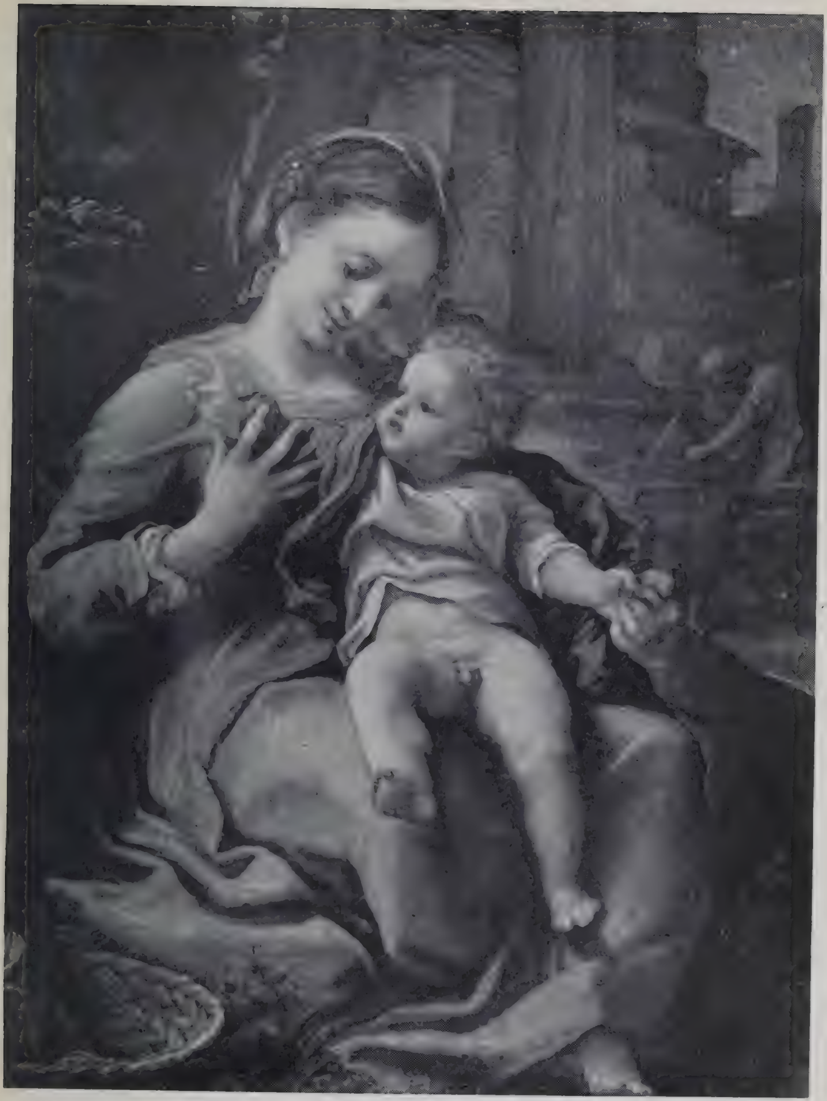
CORREGGIO

With Raphael we may consider one great and nearly contemporary figure. Correggio's beginnings were remote from any of the main currents of artistic energy which were moving through Italy in his day, and he remained a provincial all his life. Neither his anonymous early teaching, nor casual influences from Mantegna, the Ferrarese and the Venetians were sufficient to give him a firm hold upon form, and it is doubtful whether he had knowledge of Raphael or Michelangelo except at second-hand. Yet the force of his native genius was such that, after a period of varied and often unsuccessful experiment, he produced work which raised him to a place among the great masters, and rendered him hardly inferior to any of them in his influence with posterity.

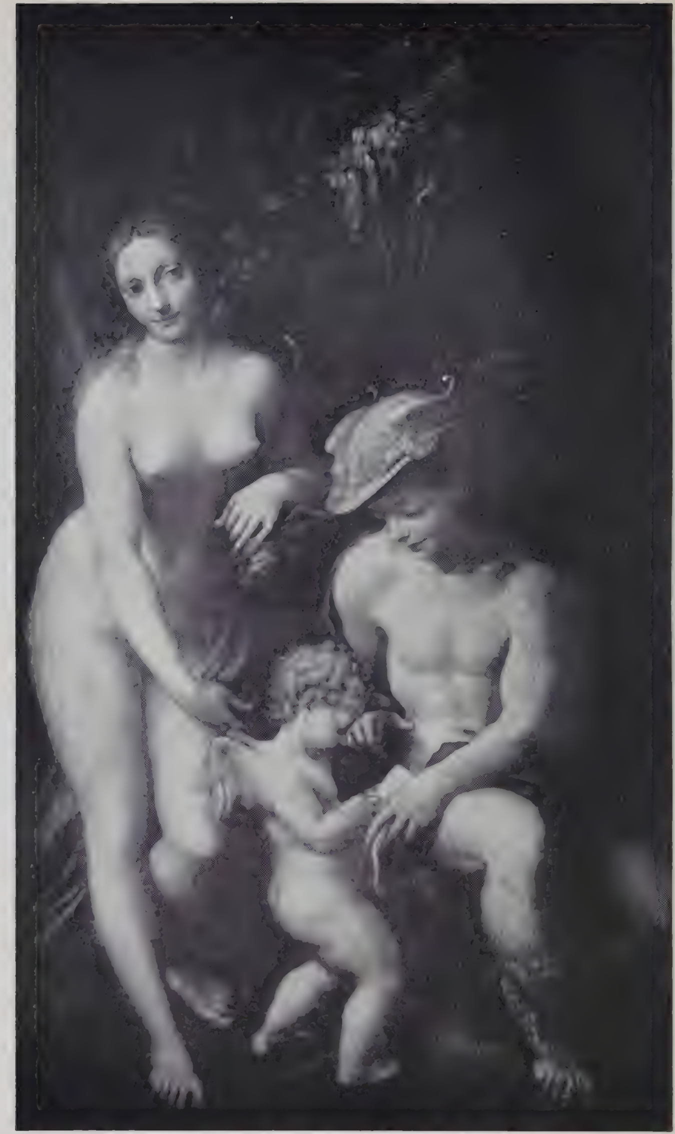
Correggio, like Raphael, owes much of his repute to his pictorial eloquence, but whereas Raphael's eloquence is based on a rhythmic co-ordination of elements in which a dignified scholarship and an impeccable sense of harmony, balance, and proportion come first, the eloquence of Correggio is that of the born orator, the embellishment of the forms of speech in current use by an evident wish to please and to delight. Such plausible, nay even florid rhetoric may none the less satisfy many to whom any deeper or more intellectual appeal would be made in vain. Correggio is not one who attempts to pierce to the innermost heart of things as Leonardo or Michelangelo did, or to expound them with the serene logic of Raphael. He is content to persuade by presenting their outward attractiveness to us, usually through the medium of women's and children's figures, the medium which he himself found most attractive and uses most lovingly. Great power, originality and ingenuity as a decorator, with a most rare and subtle mastery of colour and pigment, render him as notable a figure among his fellow craftsmen as his charm and sunny temper have made him attractive to the public.

As a perfect example of this attractiveness on a small scale we may turn to our *Madonna of the Basket* (23). In this rendering of the familiar subject we find a humanity and playfulness quite unknown to previous art, an appeal to all who like the sight of pretty young mothers playing with their babies. Here we have left far behind the stately jewelled Queens of Heaven who appear in Byzantine mosaics, we have left the grave and austere goddesses of Michelangelo, and the calm divinely nurtured maidens of Raphael, we are come to earth and to the homes of men. The Child wriggles lustily like a real human baby, the mother is fair with a fairness which too is altogether human. Never before have skin and flesh been painted with such an eye for their softness, their texture and for the pulse of life beating underneath. The Virgin's right hand is an epitome of Correggio's mastery of flesh painting. Even more wonderful is the arm of S. Catherine in a famous altarpiece at Parma which, as we see it through a sleeve of transparent gauze, has the quality of life itself, and as a feat of sheer perfect painting is without parallel even to-day.

In Correggio's day painting in oil was still, for the Italians, a comparatively new craft, and many of the habits acquired during centuries of painting in tempera still hung about its practice. Even the greatest masters started with cartoons and paintings in monochrome, on which the colouring was superimposed by a series of gradual and elaborate processes, so that the result was a kind of richly toned drawing. The sculpturesque tradition of the Florentines naturally favoured this method of firm contours, of forms precisely and sometimes rigidly predetermined. Correggio after a time recognized that oil paint in itself might have a pleasant substance and consistency when used with far more freedom and far more body than was customary, nay that only by such use of it could he escape from the thinness or hardness of the current style, and attain the softness of texture and gradation which he desired. Thereby he discovers modern oil-painting. This picture, so far as its technique and the quality of paint are concerned, might well be the work of some master craftsman of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, instead of being just four hundred



CORREGGIO
MADONNA OF THE BASKET



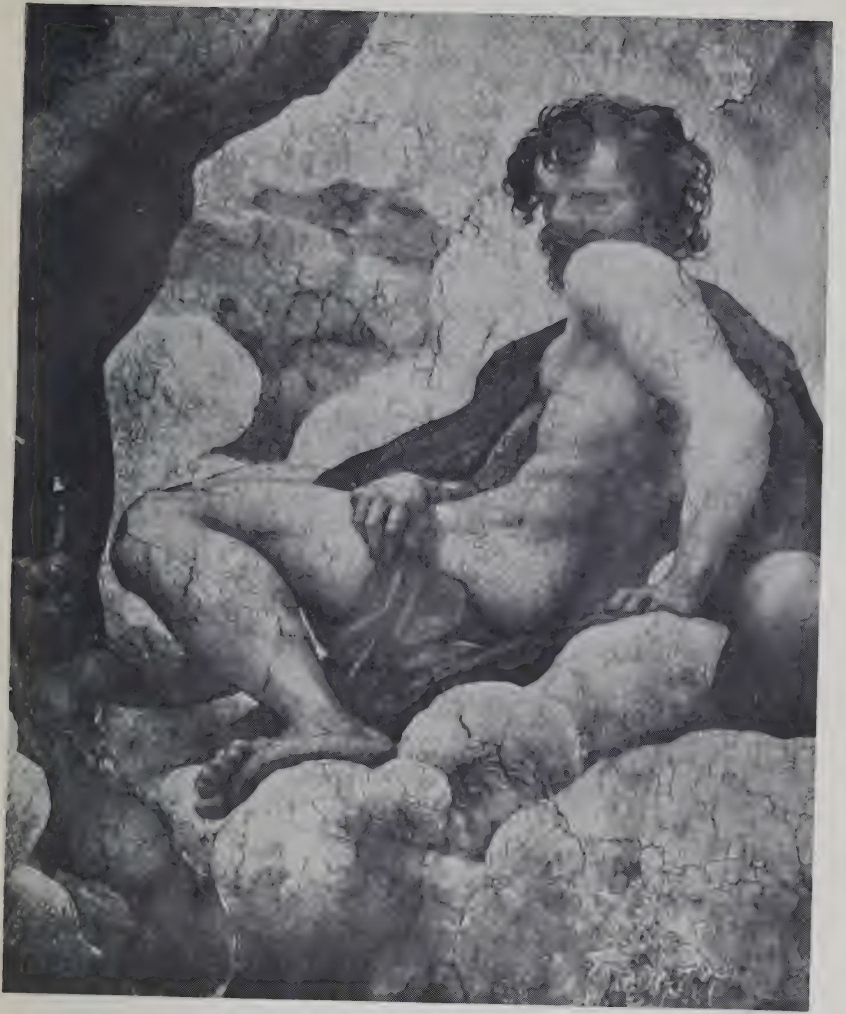
CORREGGIO

MERCURY INSTRUCTING CUPID BEFORE VENUS

years old. The masterly mosaic of firm rich pigment and the pearl grey atmosphere enveloping it suggest a more tender Chardin, a more serene and exquisite Millet—and yet the painter is one whom Vasari places immediately before Piero di Cosimo !

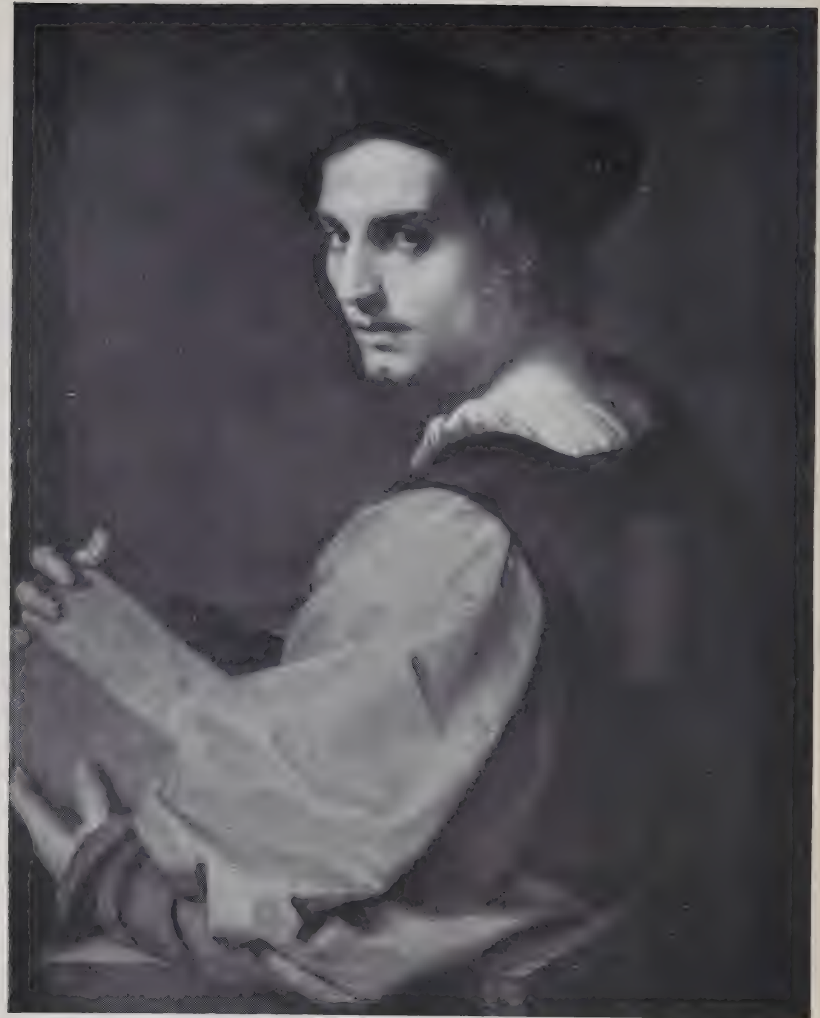
No less anticipatory of comparatively modern times is the *Mercury instructing Cupid before Venus* (10). Without any stretch of the imagination we could think of it as a picture transferred in the nineties from the Luxembourg to the Louvre. There is indeed something in Correggio's temper which is singularly like one side of the French temper during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, particularly in his preference for feminine charm rather than for masculine strength. His draperies very rarely fall into the massive and formal folds which all his contemporaries affected, but are loose and billowy with the amplitude of flying skirts, of floating scarves and veils, and often have a shimmer upon them as if the material were silk. In virtue of this femininity Correggio is perhaps the most successful interpreter of Paganism in its sensuous aspect, just as his altarpieces became models for the painters of the Catholic Reaction, who were quick to profit by a style which, while serving ostensibly for religious edification, suggested other attractions by no means spiritual. There is a naturalness and happiness in Correggio's pagan paintings which makes the painting of similar themes, even by men like Titian, seem a little gross and deliberate, and being the product of his later years, they were produced when his subtlety as a colourist was fully developed. The general silvery tone of our *Mercury and Cupid* is perhaps an even greater accomplishment than the exquisite palpitation of more positive hues in Cupid's wing or Mercury's head-piece. Ruskin noted long ago the amazing economy with which pure white is used in the painting of the wing: the economy of definite colour all over the picture is no less notable. Hardly five per cent. of the surface is occupied by any pigment to which we can give a name: the rest is all made up of browns and greys. Much of the silvery and luminous effect is doubtless due to the contrast of these tones with the dark background, and its sparing touches of green. This depth of tone is not unusual with Correggio, and so his example, like Leonardo's, did much to divert the course of painting from the pleasant brightness of the old tempera tradition, and to bring about that general darkening of pictures which in the following century became so disastrous. Correggio's method, as this picture indicates, was akin to sculpture in the round or in very high relief, and the sculpture so suggested is sometimes very poor sculpture. *The Magdalen* (2512) will serve as an example, and indicates how uncertain was Correggio's hold upon form.

The *Christ presented to the People* (15) is technically much less unhappy. Yet it is no masterpiece, and shows how Correggio had to fall back upon current formulae when brought face to face with feelings alien to his natural sunny temper. Here he sinks to being a capable and plausible illustrator, fundamentally indifferent, and as incapable of sympathizing with the sorrows of Our Lord and his Mother as of presenting an adequate Pilate, or of painting a rough soldier. His presentation of strong emotion, whether by facial expression or bodily gesture, always leaves that sense of artificiality which we associate with the theatre. Theatrical too are his flamboyant draperies, even his smiling faces (that of our Venus, for example) if not quite theatrical, are at least conscious of a spectator and bent upon pleasing him. So in his most amazing and ambitious technical achievement, the *Assumption* in the Cathedral at Parma, where he handles perspective with unparalleled audacity, facility, and license, the effect is like the final transformation scene in some gorgeous opera house, where a hundred pretty faces smile invitation to the audience, a hundred pretty figures are liberally displayed. The two *Groups of Heads* (7 and 37) which hang at present over the Catalogue Stall in the Gallery, though they are but copies, will give some idea of Correggio's style on the heroic scale. The Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista at Parma, for which the destroyed originals were painted in fresco, still contains one work by Correggio which must be mentioned here, for, with the *Assumption* previously described, it represents the part of Correggio's painting which corresponds to that done by Michelangelo and Raphael in the Vatican. His biographers seem practically assured that Correggio never visited Rome. Yet it seems to me little short of a miracle that, without actually seeing the Vatican, he should have been suddenly inspired to throw over the petty graces of his earlier manner, and assume the largeness of style and power of co-ordinating a host of huge figures that these church decorations reveal. The *Ascension* in the dome of S. Giovanni Evangelista is almost overpowering in its first effect. The circle of gigantic Apostles reclining among the clouds far above us is impressive, even menacing, in aspect. In consequence we overlook the relatively insignificant, if ingenious, figure of Our Lord which occupies the centre of the dome, so entirely do these dark Titanic shapes hold the attention. Rude, brawny, nude, and dishevelled they are indeed Titans who have scaled Olympus, and its merry genii frolic in attendance upon them. To think of them as Apostles is absurd. They are creatures of a Paganism more primeval and remote even than Michelangelo's *Adam*. After seeing them, and such masterpieces as the *Io*, the *Antiope*, and our *Mercury teaching Cupid*, we may regret that Correggio's genius was not more often employed on tasks where his instinctive comprehension of the Pagan spirit could have free play. But he brought even to his devotional paintings such a sense of feminine charm, such exquisite refinement of colour, and pigment and craftsmanship, such a happy temper, such an evident desire to please, that even the artifice he employs to cover his indifference becomes acceptable, like the smile of a popular actress playing to a full house.



CORREGGIO

S. PHILIP : DETAIL, S. GIOVANNI EVANGELISTA, PARMA



ANDREA DEL SARTO

A SCULPTOR (p 114)

CHAPTER XI

LATER PAINTERS OF CENTRAL ITALY

DURING the time that these four great masters, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Correggio were changing the whole course of painting in Central Italy, and creating there a centre of influence which was soon to spread over all civilized Europe, other painters of some repute flourished or served their apprenticeship. Of these Fra Bartolommeo has already been mentioned as a bad influence upon Raphael, and need not be discussed again.

Next comes FRANCIABIGIO, a mind far less ambitious and ingenious, rarely moving beyond the technical ideals of the fifteenth century, but with a personal gift to which perhaps full justice has never been done. Like his contemporary Giorgione, Franciabigio was attracted by the power of portraiture to present more than the mere momentary aspect of a face, to interpret indeed the innermost thought of the sitter and hint thereby even at his past history. Let us admit that the range of these portraits is narrow, that their execution shows no conspicuous power or character, that the sense of form is uncertain, and that the design is the conventional picturesque and no more. The fact remains that the portraits are personal and, in their degree, even impressive. Each seems charged with some secret, some reminiscence, some regret, as in our *Young Man* (1035), or some tragedy; and since we value such revelations when we meet them elsewhere, in second-rate Venetian painters, for instance, Franciabigio too may claim to be remembered.

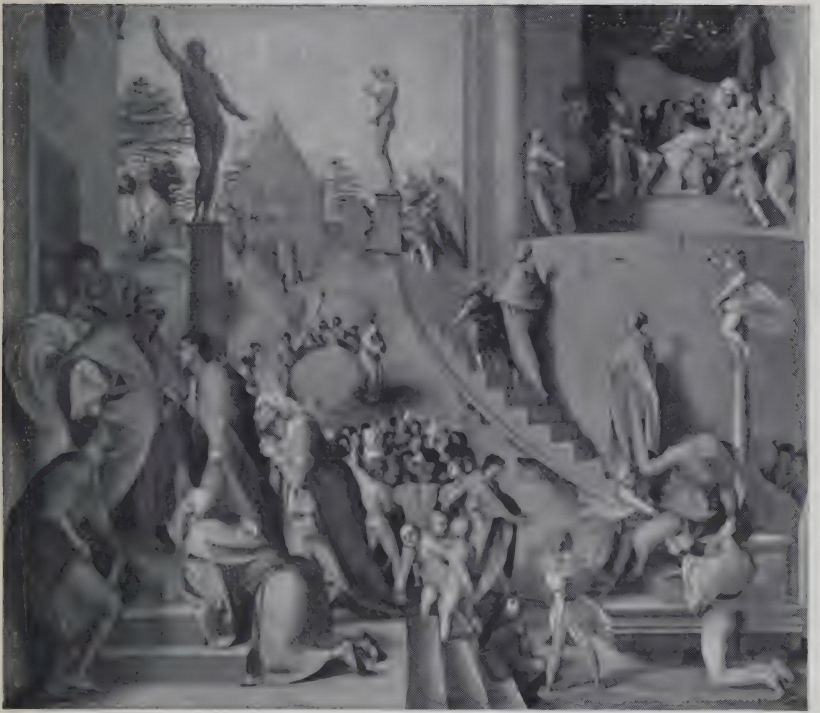
His friend Andrea del SARTO is in need of no such apology. Andrea possessed great skill and facility of draughtsmanship, good taste in colour, a keen eye for the graceful balance of lines and masses, with a fertile fancy in combining them. But the sum of all these merits is not a great artist. Lacking the intense intellectual preoccupations which lie behind the creations of a Leonardo, a Michelangelo, or a Raphael, Andrea was satisfied with the appearance of grandeur, and like Fra Bartolommeo seems to have thought that large contours and swelling draperies were the substance of great painting, and not merely part of its wardrobe. So when we submit even his most famous compositions to the test of a few moments' study, we find that behind all their imposing show of majesty or beauty there is really little or nothing to keep us there. Vasari notes that all his Madonnas and fair women have a look of the beautiful wife whom he adored, and who wrecked his worldly prospects. This portrait element is perhaps the feature which in his subject pieces retains an attraction longest for the spectator, and it is as a painter of occasional portraits that he claims a place with the greatest. Our *Sculptor*

(690) is justly one of the most popular works in the Gallery; it is also one of the painter's masterpieces. The planning of the masses of light and darkness, the proportion of background to figure, is no less felicitous than with Raphael. The sense of solid form is hardly inferior. It is a sculptor's portrait and might have been painted by a sculptor, so brusque and square are the cutting strokes of the brush which model the sleeve. The strong yet subtle marking of the planes of the head again suggests sculptor's work. How soft and generalized does Franciabigio's modelling appear by comparison? The painting of the little folds of the shirt, the unquiet searching look of the eyes, and the broad quiet scheme of brown and greenish grey, recall Giorgione and Titian. If the *Sculptor* is above Andrea's usual standard, our *Madonna* (17) is undeniably somewhat below it. Indeed it has often been thought to be merely a copy of a picture in the Hermitage at Petrograd; but a comparison of photographs, and a close examination of our version will show this opinion to be a mistake. The Russian picture is definitely inferior in workmanship, and ours, though much damaged, is the original. We can still trace Andrea's firm touch, especially in the unfinished hand of S. Elizabeth, and in the trees which strike so crisply against the twilight. The mother, like the children, has no little personal charm, though her fine eyes mask, as usual, a vacant brain. The colour, much darkened by time and old repairs, has a pleasant Venetian richness, the flow of the lines is adequate, the sense of form though drowsy is not absent. When

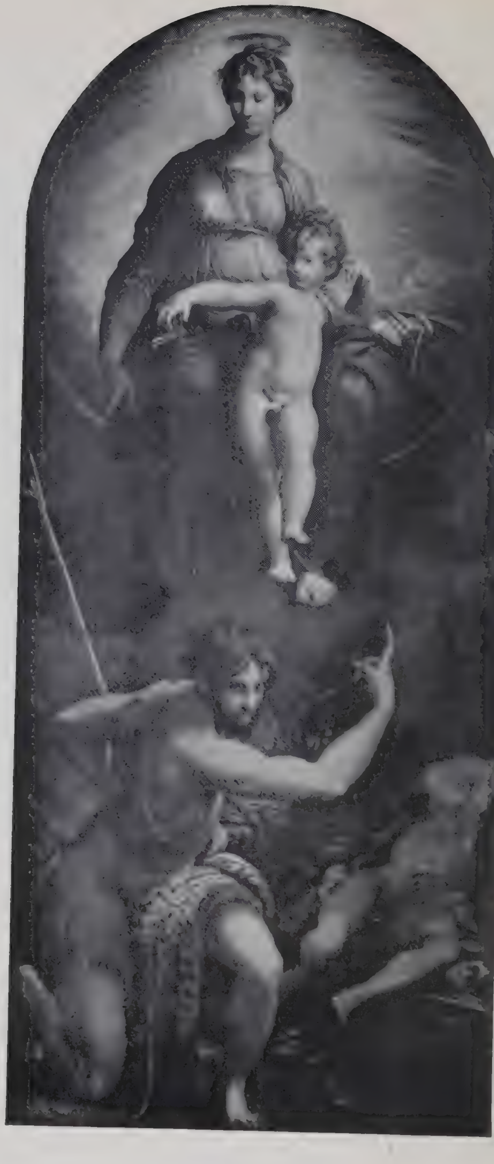
originally painted it must have been a sound picture, yet rather dull and ordinary compared with the best achievements of the alert Florentine genius. Ordinary perhaps is the best epithet for Andrea's intellect; his technical gifts were more than ordinary.

PONTORMO'S drawings, a few portraits and one remarkable fresco, show that his natural gifts were hardly inferior to Andrea's. But our *Joseph in Egypt* (1131), an early work, extolled by Vasari as Pontormo's masterpiece, is eloquent of the mannerisms and perverted ingenuity which in the sixteenth century brought Florentine art to decay. Here and there admirable passages occur; the boys in the foreground, for instance. But tricks like drawing the eye socket by means of an oval with a dot in the middle for an eyeball, the elongation of the figures, their diminished extremities, the huddling together in one composition of people who for want of considered spatial relations (what could be more absurd than the staircase?) are either giants or pigmies, and more important than all, the loss both of largeness of design, and of lucidity, even as mere illustration, these are fundamental defects which no executive dexterity can conceal or excuse.

Vasari is generally a good critic. We may pause a moment, therefore, to consider why he should in this instance have praised a faulty picture. Reading his words carefully, " how masterly was Jacopo in giving liveliness to heads, in grouping figures in varying attitudes, and in beauty of invention," and again, " it was rightly regarded by all craftsmen as the most beautiful picture which Pontormo ever executed," we see that



PONTORMO: JOSEPH IN EGYPT



PARMIGIANO

VISION OF S. JEROME (p. 121)

the admiration was wholly technical. Whether these figures unite into some convincing and substantial group, whether their activities are controlled by some significant rhythm of lines and tones and colours, whether indeed they have any significance at all, except for the man who is willing to unravel the various episodes tangled together within the panel, Vasari never stops to inquire. His remark that the picture would have been still more excellent had it been done on a larger scale, may perhaps cover some slight uneasiness about the general effect, but this uneasiness was evidently more than compensated by his appreciation of Pontormo's technical ability. The high seriousness of thought with which the Florentines of the fifteenth century had approached their work had vanished, and with it that essentially sound and healthy comradeship with fine sculpture which kept Florentine painting from so many vices. Translate this Pontormo into sculpture, and you will recognize how mean in effect the composition really is.

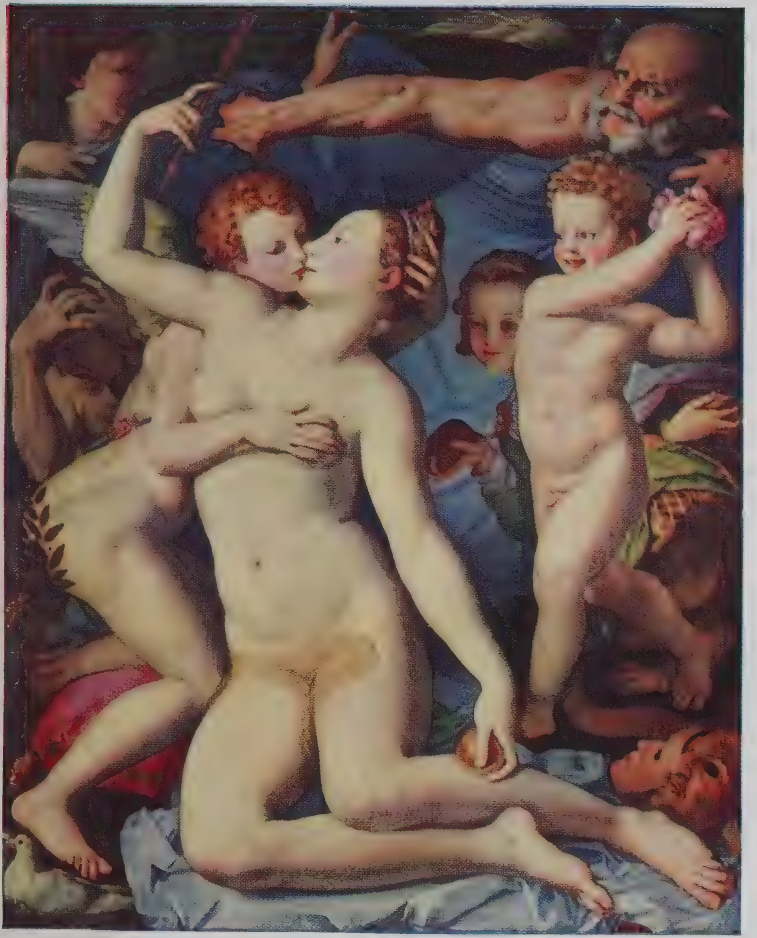
The example of Michelangelo is commonly made responsible for the decadence of painting in the sixteenth century, but the responsibility is far from being his alone. Fra Bartolommeo I believe to have been a far more deleterious influence, by encouraging painters to study poses on the lay figure instead of the living model, and to pay more attention to the sweep of a robe than to the significance of the form underneath it. The scientific mind of Florence was thus diverted from research among living forms to ingenuity in handling mere "properties," and the result was inevitable collapse. It is true that gigantic nudes, whenever they reappear in later painting, are usually echoes of Michelangelo, but in most other cases where his evil influence is alleged, it will be found, on examination, that the real culprit was Fra Bartolommeo.

We possess however two pictures, in addition to Venusti's contemptible triflings, in which Michelangelo's style is followed rather closely. The *Dream of Human Life* (8) is based upon a drawing by Michelangelo himself, at Weimar, and the painter was evidently a not unskilled practitioner, who was intimately associated with the master about the time that the *Last Judgment* was painted. The exaggerated proportions of the Byronic figure grasping the globe, and the treatment of the minor groups in the background, as well as the general conception, make this clear. The picture, indeed, has so much of the Michelangelesque spirit (it must be remembered that the mature Michelangelo was a very different being from the painter of the Sistine Ceiling), as to deserve more study than has been given to it hitherto. If it were the picture which Condivi painted from Michelangelo's design, and which Michelangelo afterwards retouched for him, the curious blend of inspiration and heaviness which it displays would be intelligible. The much discussed *Leda and the Swan* (1868) is certainly not by the master's own hand, and has been recently attributed, with some show of reason, to the Florentine Rosso who worked in France for Francis I. Nevertheless the largeness and audacity of the design are Michelangelo's without doubt: and the resemblance of the *Leda* to the

" *Night* " of the Laurentian Sacristy, indicates that the date must be about 1530, and the place of invention almost certainly Florence.

Pontormo's pupil BRONZINO, in his *Venus, Cupid Folly and Time* (651), has left us a picture which compensates for the absence of any capital specimen of those cold, able, elaborate and dignified portraits by which his name is perpetuated elsewhere. This allegorical composition, which like so many other Italian pictures of the time, was secured for Francis I. of France, remains " a thing of singular beauty " as Vasari termed it. The design, recapturing much of the old sculpturesque Florentine simplicity, in alliance with no little subtlety of formal planning, is so well adapted to the picture space, and to the somewhat elaborate train of ideas which it embodies, that it is natural to wonder if it is wholly Bronzino's. Elsewhere, at least, he does not show the same creative genius. Yet if the design was borrowed, I do not think any original has been discovered or suggested. We may find a good many details which are clearly inspired by Pontormo, the head of Envy to the left is taken straight from Leonardo's " Battle of the Standard," and the head of Venus in some way recalls or anticipates Diane de Poitiers and the School of Fontainebleau, but that is all. The fluent rhythms of the centre part of the composition are ingeniously stabilized by the outstretched arm of Time overhead and the horizontals below. The figure of Folly supplies a vertical support just where support is needed. The pyramidal group of Venus and Cupid has the precise spatial predominance over the other masses that an eye exigent in the matter of proportion would demand. The execution shows the same academic science, the forms being delineated with the sharpness of things wrought in polished metal or marble. Even the colour takes on something of this metallic quality, as if, instead of common paint, it had become translucent enamel. And there can be no question of the stimulating effect with which these spaces of ultramarine and pale rose and violet, of apple-green and clear brown produce in their audacious harmony with each other, or in contrast with the pallid flesh-tones. Here in fact we see for the last time that ideal of the coloured relief, which in one form or another had inspired the greatest painters of Quattrocento Florence, frankly and fully realized by one whose employers were Medicean Dukes and the French King. The old high earnestness of purpose, the old devoutness is gone. The artist no longer works for the Church or the State, he is become a retainer at a court, the servant of materialism and luxury: yet he brings to this service the fine tradition of a more serious age, and so has produced something which not only holds its own in the company of the great dead, but like them continues to attract and to stimulate.

With this picture then the great epoch of Florentine painting comes to an end. Yet the next two centuries in Central and Southern Italy remained continuously prolific. Every great Continental Gallery, together with thousands of Churches and private Collections, are full of their imposing products. The National Gallery



BRONZINO
VENUS, CUPID, FOLLY AND TIME

is alone in allotting only one room to them, and that a small one. The cause is simple. During the eighteenth century the work of this time was admired and collected in England no less than on the Continent. At the time, some sixty years ago, when the formation of the National Gallery began in real earnest this admiration was waning, so the purchase of works of the late Cinquecento and Seicento came to a stop. A few heavy compositions represent the taste of the Gallery's founders: subsequent accretions to that rather dismal nucleus have been casual and few. Yet in this long period of disrepute there lived, as we are now beginning to see, painters who deserve to be remembered, and when the pendulum of fashion has swung back a little farther in that direction, this section of the Gallery may begin to wear a happier look. Meanwhile the examples already accessible, though rarely the most interesting of their kind, will give some idea of the changes in aims and ideals by which the period was marked.

PARMIGIANO comes first in date, indeed his huge *Vision of S. Jerome* (33) was actually painted in 1527, that is to say, before Bronzino's allegory. It is an early work, and so, while showing the influences by which the painter was formed, does not fully illustrate the qualities which he afterwards developed and by which he is remembered. To begin with, S. John's giant proportions recall Michelangelo and Correggio, as his elaborate gesture recalls the posture-making Fra Bartolommeo. Ingenious foreshortening, possibly remembered from Correggio, reduces poor S. Jerome to an unpleasing tangle in the background. The immense height of the canvas in proportion to its width, and the figures of the Madonna and Child are the only signs of what was to become Parmigiano's favourite device, the making of forms supernaturally tall and slender.

Pontormo, as we have seen, had used a similar exaggeration, but did so without any consistency, or full recognition of its possibilities. Parmigiano was not only attracted by the elegance of tall figures and by the long sweeping lines of their draperies. He saw that upon these lines when repeated and echoed by similar lines, a new style of composition might be founded. This emphasis of graceful elongation, this mannered elegance, might indeed involve some loss of spiritual or substantial content: it might not possess the same robust vitality as the ampler forms of Michelangelo. Yet it could well be made the vehicle of a true rhythmic congruity, which, coupled with the painter's natural eye for beauty and character (Parmigiano has left us several masterly portraits), would produce excellent and attractive compositions. Since this elegant mannerism of Parmigiano's has had a notable influence upon subsequent art (the female portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds may be instanced) we must pause to consider it.

I have used the phrase "rhythmic congruity" to suggest that where form is rendered by any definite convention, whether it be the graceful elongation of a Parmigiano, or the geometry which was fashionable a few years ago, the logic of pure design demands that this convention shall be employed from one end of the picture to the other. The component parts of the design will then have natural bonds of unity which enable them to be joined together easily and harmoniously. But in painting we are seldom or never concerned with pure design alone, whatever theoretical criticism may say to the contrary. We have perpetually to deal with forms which ought to have a significance beyond that of mere pattern, a significance which cannot be expressed without some sort of reference to natural appearances. These appearances are manifest to us chiefly, if not wholly, by their difference from each other. So, in choosing the symbols by which we are to express our meaning, we have constantly to debate whether we shall disregard those differences, and build up our design with similar units, at the cost of significance, or whether, by emphasizing the differences, we are to obtain significance at the cost of rhythmic unity in design. An Oriental carpet will illustrate the former procedure: for an example of the latter Frith's *Derby Day* might be quoted.

In itself therefore Mannerism, the employment of a rhythmic symbol in the place of unemphasized naturalism, is not necessarily a bad thing. Where, as with Parmigiano or Sir Joshua, it is allied with a real perception of human grace and personality, it may be neither insipid nor vacuous: where, as with Greco or William Blake, it is inspired by real creative enthusiasm, and deals with a visionary world in which the substantial forms of common clay can naturally be thought of as changed and transfigured, a mannerism may actually seem to be charged with a double portion of the spirit, and to bring the supernatural before us with a fullness of conviction which no other treatment could carry. The real danger of a mannerism is that it may make design too easy; that some convenient symbolism of curves or loops (as with so many of the later Italian draughtsmen), or of geometrical forms (as with some painters of to-day), may appear to save the artist from the trouble of the real hard thinking which is required to extract the rhythm from natural appearances without losing their significance.[1] Relieved from that exacting intellectual gymnastic, the artist's mind is bound to grow flabby. He is content with idly recombining symbols which fall naturally into harmony with each other and, becoming satisfied with that harmony, fails at last to see that his symbols have lost all content and significance. It was the perception of this peril which excited the first reaction against Mannerism, and gave rise in the sixteenth century to the foundation of the Eclectic School at Bologna, and of the Naturalist School by Caravaggio.

Our portrait of *A Cardinal* (1048) attributed to Scipio Pulzone, and the *Bearded Man* (932), indicate that where painting remained in contact with real life it preserved some force and character, though the former may seem cold and laboured, and the latter, for all its air of sombre menace and mystery, has no deep insight behind it. Yet either of these is more satisfying than such things as the *Holy Family* (29), one of several versions of a picture by BAROCCIO. Baroccio was a clever draughtsman, who diluted the suavity of his models, Raphael and Correggio, into a softness and prettiness which made him a favourite in the eighteenth century. Even Reynolds couples him with Correggio. But our much repaired picture has lost any crispness which it may once have possessed, and is so dull in tone that even the painter's characteristic taste in colour (" his figures look as if they fed upon roses "), the one really personal thing about him, can only be guessed at. Indeed, to pass from it, even to the Carracci, is a relief.

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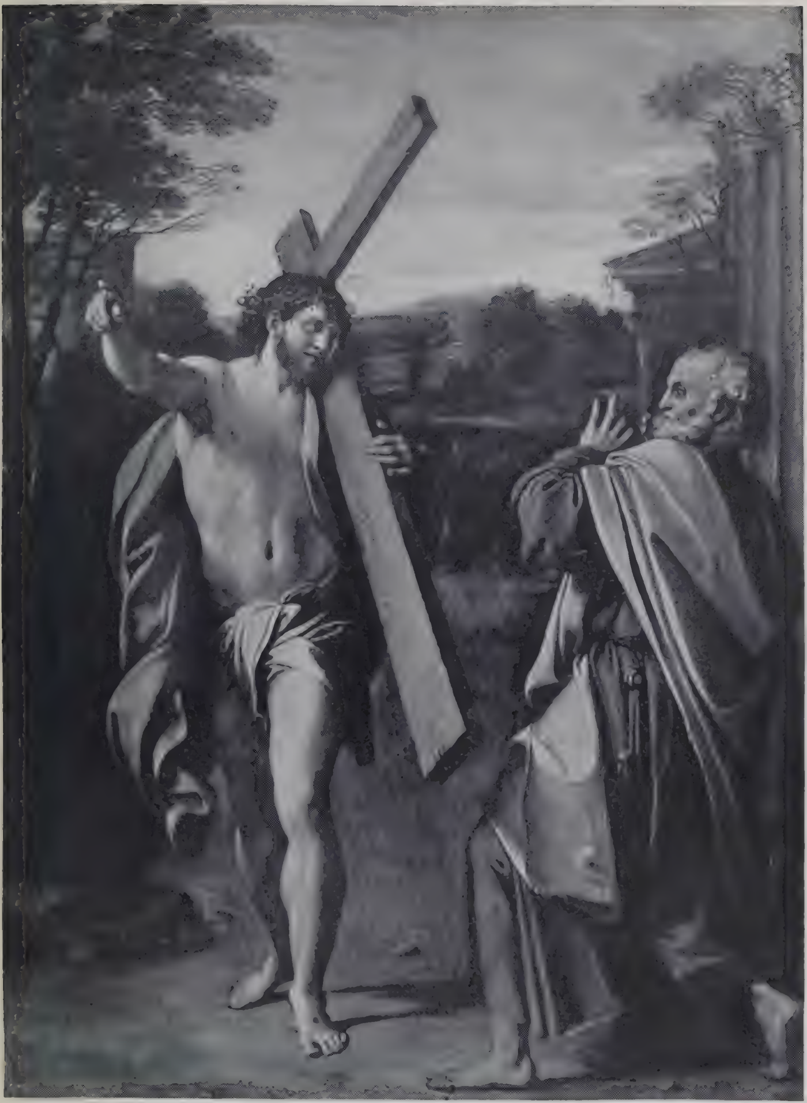
[1] The choice of appropriate artistic symbols is one of the most difficult problems which the painter of to-day has to face, especially in connexion with landscape. Some further thoughts on the subject will be found in *The Science of Picture Making*, pp. 41-44.

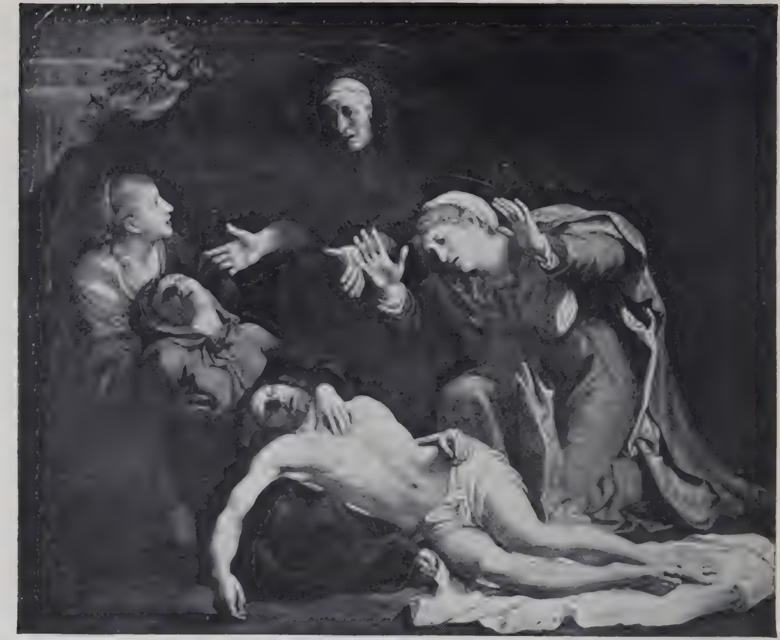
We have already discussed the aims and the perils of the Eclectic theory in connexion with Francia. The CARRACCI, although they could draw upon much more rich and varied material than Francia, being able —in theory—to unite the excellences of Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio and the Venetians, with those of antique sculpture, achieved but a moderate and intermittent success. Of the three cousins, Annibale Carracci alone is tolerably well represented at Trafalgar Square, and his *Dead Christ* (2923) is one of his most famous works. It is indeed carefully planned, tactfully coloured and tolerably painted. But these technical merits are quite insufficient to compensate us for the loss of all emphasis and accent. The design is sound, but has no definite character to surprise the attention and to retain it; the colour and execution are also featureless. Even as a psychological rendering of the scene it fails, because the expression of the faces and the gestures are all conventional, things we have seen elsewhere a thousand times. *Christ appearing to S. Peter* (9) illustrates a theme which has not often been handled in art. The omission is somewhat unaccountable, unless there was a feeling that the legend of the flight of S. Peter from persecution did not show the Apostle's character to advantage. Few legends of the Church have possibilities so dramatic or so picturesque. Annibale Carracci, perhaps from want of compositions by former masters to borrow from, handles his subject with unusual freshness. S. Peter, it is true, is a mere academic " property " ; the brawny limbs and muscular torso of Christ are quaintly inappropriate to a disembodied spirit. Yet the whole picture is firmly and crisply executed, and is bathed in a cool and limpid atmosphere which comes upon us as a pleasant surprise. Indeed the dewy morning landscape in which the legendary meeting is set, has always appeared to me to be the best thing of its kind in this generally rather depressing period, and to prove how great Annibale's natural capacity for landscape was. There is an unexpected freshness too, and no little humour, in his *Silenus gathering Grapes* (93) and *Bacchus playing to Silenus* (94). Clearly Annibale was one of the many whose pleasant native talents have been overwhelmed by theory and the supposed necessity for doing everything in the Grand Style.

The Grand Style indeed was fast becoming tedious, and discredited. No skill or learning or academic theorizing could conceal the fact that if Mannerism was empty, Eclecticism was insipid. So the Naturalists came into being with CARAVAGGIO as their chief. He was the first of the gallant succession of artistic rebels : the men who, time after time, have taught others to

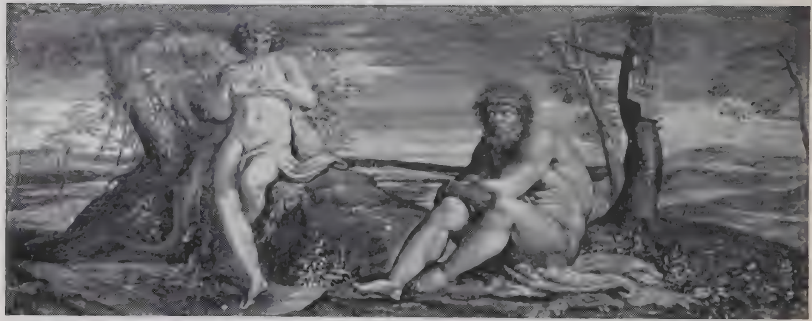


ANNIBALE CARRACCI

CHRIST APPEARING TO S. PETER



ANNIBALE CARRACCI: THE DEAD CHRIST (p. 125)

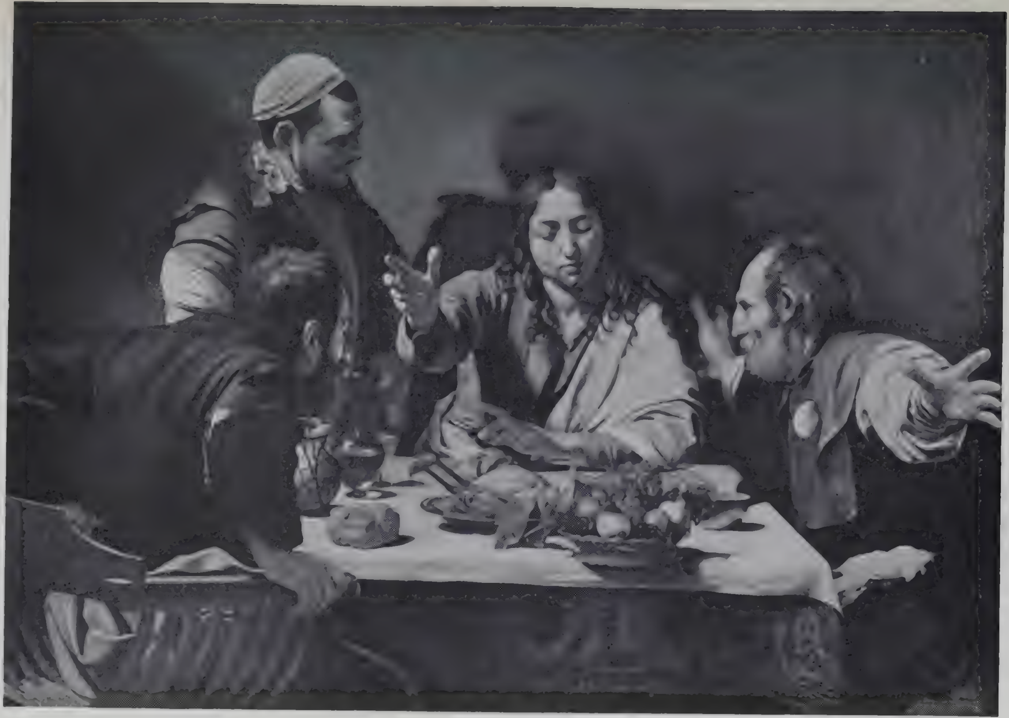


ANNIBALE CARRACCI: BACCHUS PLAYING TO SILENUS look upon art and nature with fresh eyes. The Eclectics had sought for refinement of type, till their types had lost all character. Caravaggio deliberately chose models with no refinement, and used all his powers to accentuate their roughness. The Eclectics had studied propriety of gesture, till gesture had lost with them all emotional significance. Caravaggio's gestures have the violence of melodrama. The Eclectics studied how their forms and masses might be most suavely and harmoniously blended. Caravaggio was a foe to all suavity, and sought the most abrupt and savage contrasts of strong illumination and impenetrable blackness.

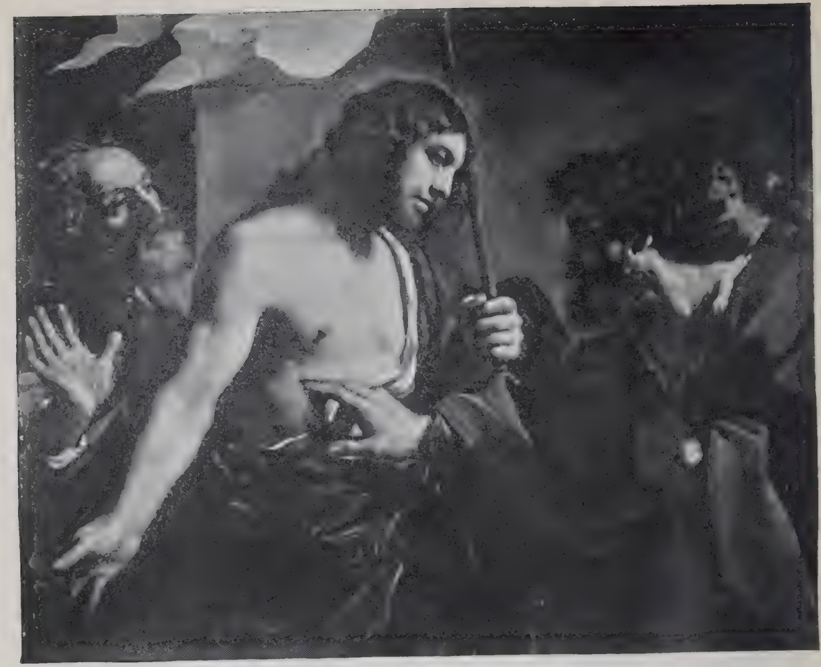
It would be unfair to regard this craving for sensationalism in Caravaggio as other than the natural result of forces which had for some time been in operation. The earlier Italian painters had no need to be sensational. The problems they had to face were sufficiently difficult to absorb all their surplus energy. But when the craft of painting was mastered by the great men who lived at the end of the fifteenth century, the next generation seemed to have no outlet for its talent, except by imitating those great examples or adapting them to contemporary needs. The vast mass of skilful but inane religious painting, like the hardly less conventional repetitions of classical subjects which were turned out by the artists of the middle of the fifteenth century, could not fail in time to produce a violent reaction. Had Caravaggio not lived, sensationalism would have been invented all the same. Wherever art has degenerated into tameness and prettiness, new Caravaggios will arise after a time, unless the national spirit be so wholly dead as to be unable to resent boredom. The sensational pictures of our modern exhibitions are thus a sign of national vitality: it is time for the patriot to get anxious when he finds himself surrounded by universal good taste.

Caravaggio's *Christ at Emmaus* (172) is so typical a specimen of this too dramatic art, that without any effort of the imagination we can think of it as painted in Italy or Spain during the seventeenth century or, in the nineteenth, as raising a storm of protest at the Royal Academy and being the hit of the year in the Salon. Indeed this painting by Caravaggio, with its fierce contrasts of light and shadow, its violent gestures, its insistence on realistic detail, such as the torn jacket of the disciple to the left, is found wanting not from any technical defect, but because all this force and fury are employed upon a theme to which the artist is fundamentally indifferent. Caravaggio always seems to be lashing himself into taking an interest in things which did not really interest him. Everything has to be made startling and stimulating because the painter himself is bored with religion, and even with life as he finds it.

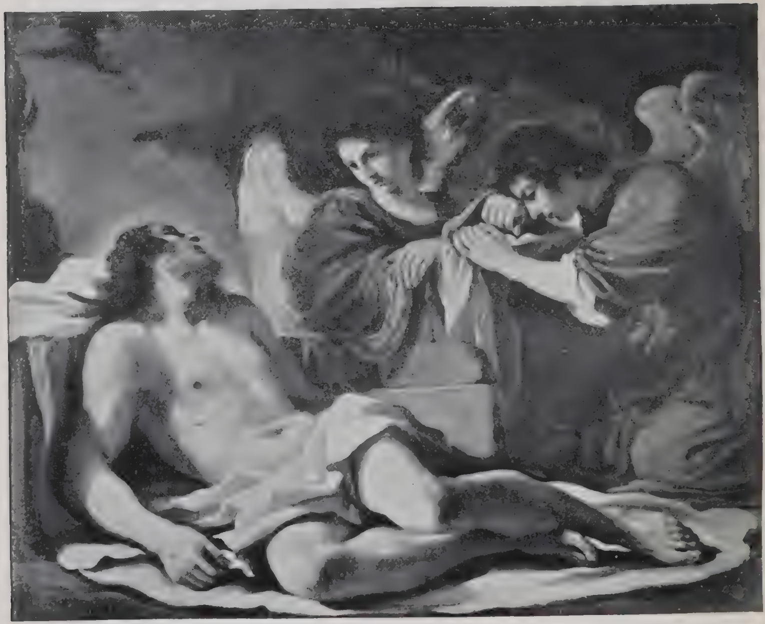
But the vigour of Caravaggio's self-flagellation touched other and more sincere spirits. Ribera, Zurbaran and Velazquez in Spain feel its effect in turn. Honthorst carries it back to Holland, and there in a few years it reaches Rembrandt, to be turned by him from base metal into pure gold. This very subject, the Supper at Emmaus, has been treated by Rembrandt in painting and etching and drawing, with a not dissimilar use of



CARAVAGGIO : CHRIST AT EMMAUS



GUERCINO: THE INCREDULITY OF S. THOMAS (p. 130)



GUERCINO: ANGELS WEEPING OVER THE DEAD CHRIST (p. 130) light and shade, of sudden gesture and realistic detail—but with him it is always so fulfilled with intense conviction of the verity and significance of the Bible story as to be lifted out of the world of painted drama into that of inspired vision. With Caravaggio it remains only painted drama and, like all other painted dramas, will be found in the end to be the work of one gifted with executive power and force of character, but to whom the creative insight of the true artist has been altogether denied. Yet, though the stimulus of sensationalism may be almost wholly factitious it remains a stimulus still. Insipidity, its opposite, provides no stimulus at all, and of the two extremes is thus the more despicable.

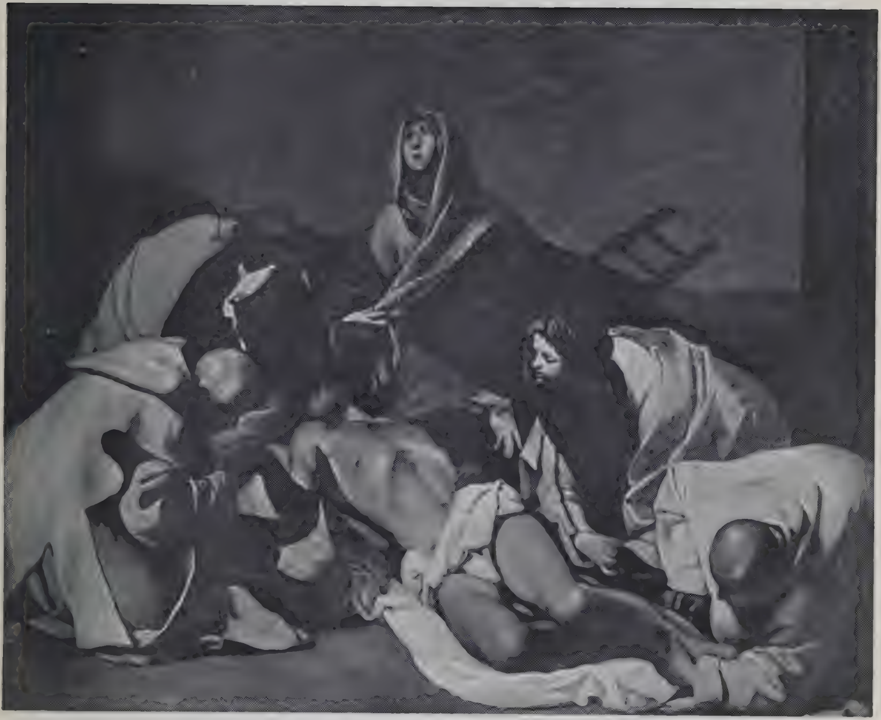
In GUIDO Reni the melodrama of Caravaggio is softened by sentiment, allied not infrequently with a taste for cool colour, and refined by a rare virtuosity of brush-work, so the result has a certain operatic grace. Our well-known *Ecce Homo* (271) and *Magdalen* (177) illustrate these qualities, his ability with the brush in particular. Their rhetorical sentimentality will no longer appeal to most of us, yet it does express so completely the spirit of the Counter-Reformation that we can understand and make allowances for Guido's long continued popularity. A larger picture, *Lot and his Daughters leaving Sodom* (193), hardly less tedious than the average work of the Carracci, and the elaborate and tinselly *Coronation of the Virgin* (214), show how Guido's peculiar gifts were strained by any effort at complicated design. Now and then he succeeded with such things, but he was more uniformly happy when treating single figures. Then, in the presence of a model, his virtuosity had free scope, and in another age or in different circumstances Guido might have become one of the world's most skilful portrait painters.

As it is he is less interesting to us than GUERCINO. Guercino blended much of Caravaggio's force with the tactful science of the Carracci, and possessed in addition a feeling for deep rich colour. He is thus even more eclectic than the Eclectics themselves, but his native powers were great, and saved him for many years from all danger of insipidity. At the last, however, he fell under Guido's influence, and in attempting to add that painter's suavity to what he already possessed became no less vapid than his fellows. Our two paintings luckily belong to his best time, indeed the *Incredulity of S. Thomas* (3216) is among Guercino's finest designs. There is a reminiscence of the sculpturesque dignity of the quattrocento in the conception. The figures are set against the background with something of the dignity and simplicity which we find in a well planned relief, while the flash of the white banner above (Mantegna might have used it just so) gives a note of unexpected vivacity, to what might otherwise have seemed, with all its force and ability, to be a conventional composition. The silvery tone of Christ's head and body is gradated with a subtlety and sympathy quite unusual at the time, and is foiled most dexterously by the draperies of deep red and intense greenish blue. The *Angels weeping over the Dead Christ* (22) is another richly coloured and most capably designed work. Indeed Guercino here approaches more nearly than any other to the eclectic ideal of reinforcing the sense of form which we associate with Florence and Rome by the sense of rich colour which we associate with Venice. The general resemblance in tone and style to the painting of Reynolds will be noticed. Sir Joshua does not say much about Guercino in his "Discourses," but it is clear that, consciously or unconsciously, he learned much from him. Guercino's drawings were highly prized in eighteenth century England. Bartolozzi's engravings made them common property, so that of the various influences upon our national school of painting at that epoch none was perhaps more universal than Guercino's.

One other picture calls for special notice, namely *Mourning over the Dead Christ* (3401). Originally ascribed to Géricault, and often regarded as an early work by Ribot, this admirable little painting has since been recognized as a version, with some variations, of a large picture by Massimo STANZIONI, in the Church of San Martino at Naples. The excellence of this picture, so the legend goes, excited the jealousy of Ribera, and its present damaged condition is said to be due to that painter's malice. Whether the story be true or not, our version has a power, a grandeur and a sincerity which we do not meet elsewhere in this period. Stanzioni like Guercino was an eclectic who came under the influence of Caravaggio and his following. Yet, as our little picture shows, he had individual qualities of his own which were strong enough to bend even the sensationalism of the Naturalists to his purpose. If his expression of passionate grief appears somewhat overcharged, it is still genuine passion which makes these shrouded figures bow to the earth over the body of Our Lord, and sets them apart in a desolate world with only a dark expanse of thundery twilight behind them. The notes of red and yellow tell against this darkness with the bitterness of real tragedy, the forms could not well be more convincing and substantial, the spacing of the design has a large majesty which is rare in any epoch.

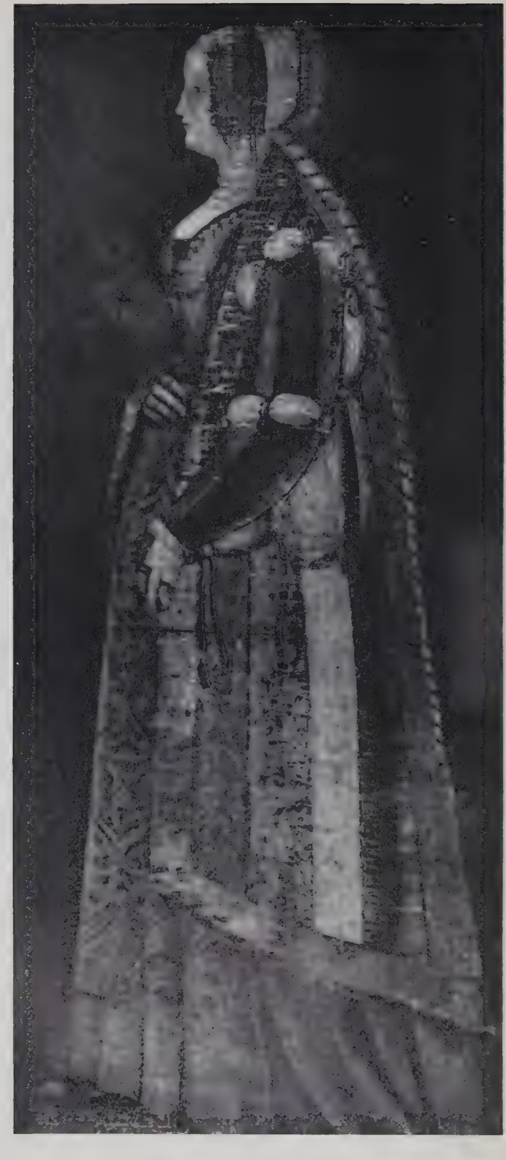
After considering this powerful work it is hard to be patient with men like the popular Florentine Carlo Dolci, although there is often a certain corrupt attractiveness in his colouring. SASSOFERRATO, Dolci's Roman contemporary, is a much more considerable artist, concealing under his waxen pigment no little sense of form, colour and design. Our *Madonna in Prayer* (200) has been popularized in countless reproductions, and is still the inspiration of countless devotional statuettes. The image-makers might have a worse model. The figure and draperies are disposed with consummate skill, the tones of white and red and strong blue are balanced and contrasted with a craft of which Sassoferrato alone had the secret, and though his is an art of coloured plaster rather than of any more noble material, we must admit him to be a master in it.

SALVATOR Rosa remains to be discussed. Like Caravaggio, when art all round him had become complacent and insipid, he headed a new rebellion. He was the first to utilize the picturesque qualities of ruin and decay, to paint crags and shattered buildings,



STANZIONI

MOURNING OVER THE DEAD CHRIST



A. DA PREDIS (?)

BONA OF SAVOY (p. 136)

storm-swept trees and rolling clouds, his wild landscapes being peopled with figures no less wild. This preference for the formidable and menacing aspect of nature left a profound impression upon the painting of his day, an impression which has lasted to our own time. He is the pioneer of romantic art, but his successors have gone so far beyond him that his name no longer carries its ancient authority. To eyes accustomed to modern landscape, with its more scrupulous observance of natural phenomena and its more lively tone, our *Mercury and the Woodman* (84) will seem a dull and heavy product. We must remember, however, that in Salvator's time, landscape as an independent art was something of a novelty; at least its peculiar problems and difficulties had not been methodically explored. Indeed they were hardly realized. Experiments had been made in various directions, sometimes with fair success, far more frequently with none at all. This is not the moment to discuss so large a subject as the conditions which a good landscape should fulfil. But it was a notable invention to see that nature was not always kind and placid, that with all her amenities she had terrors too, and since that discovery has become one of the most potent factors in our modern intellectual outlook, the discoverer does not deserve to be wholly forgotten.

CHAPTER XII

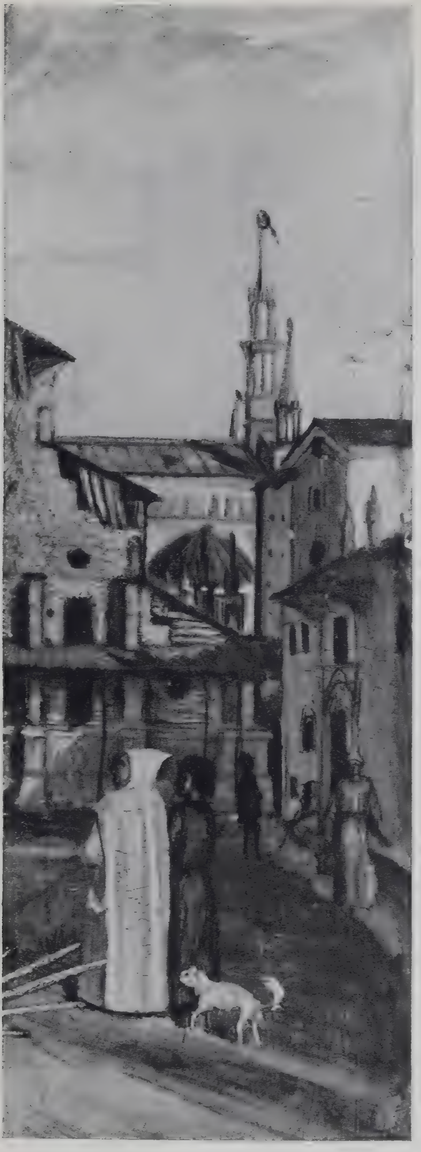
THE LOMBARD SCHOOL

In the world of criticism the Lombard School has occupied a prominent place for some twenty or thirty years. The cause of this prominence is largely accidental. Morelli, the founder of modern critical methods, was a North Italian, and in the classic writings by which he made his reputation the painters of his native district were dissected, as was natural, with affectionate minuteness. Also the coming of Leonardo da Vinci to Milan, and his establishment there as the centre of a group of pupils and followers, provided a double series of problems for critics. In the first place they could set themselves to the task of disentangling Leonardo's pupils and followers from each other; no easy inquiry in such a company of imitators. Leonardo himself was a still more serious problem. Around that great name had gathered a mass of pictorial accretions, and even to-day there is no final agreement as to how much of these accretions can be regarded as assistants' work. So discussion still follows the Milanese, although the actual aesthetic value of their art may now seem comparatively small.

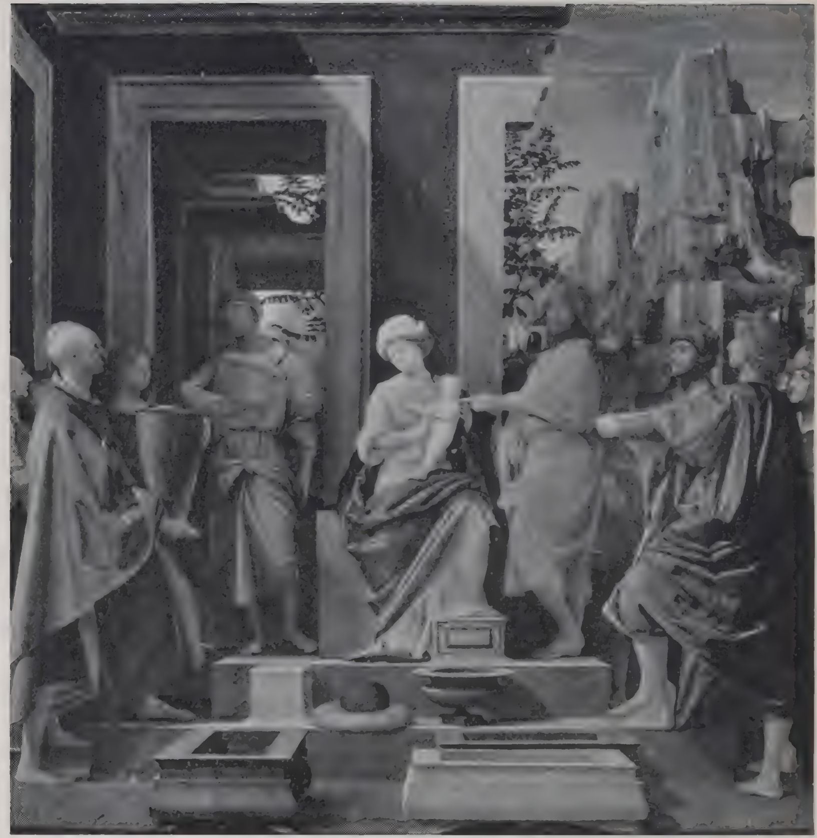
The Brescian, Vincenzo FOPPA, was the first of several visitors to Lombardy who stirred the native talent to activity. Foppa, a man of wide experience, is represented at Trafalgar Square by his masterpiece the *Adoration of the Kings* (729). Its rich decorative effect, the skill with which the deep tones of blue and gold and crimson are foiled with silvery grey, and, in particular, the majestic tranquillity of the Madonna (recalling Giovanni Bellini, as the Oriental trappings recall his brother Gentile), are things to be remembered. But the painting, if majestic in appearance, is also heavy in tone and essentially lifeless. The kings and their retinue are but finely dressed dummies, with no more animation in their bodies than in their features. Not all the embossed gilding (borrowed from Gentile da Fabriano), nor the imposing architecture (borrowed from Bramante), nor the high hills behind (borrowed from the Paduans), can rid the air of languor. We are once more in the presence of an eclectic, who has drawn upon all the sources open to him. He possesses moreover a real sense of colour, and can invest the familiar figure of the Madonna with real dignity and charm, yet the effort of welding these varied elements into a single coherent work of art has proved too much for his powers. Foppa's picture is the work of a learned and talented painter who is rather tired, and is growing very old.

Foppa's Milanese follower, Ambrogio BORGOGNONE, inherited his master's good qualities, strengthened a little, it may be, by the firm style of another Milanese painter, Zenale. The result, within its narrow range, is felicitous. Borgognone's large altarpiece *The Marriage of the Two SS. Catherine* (298) well deserves a place of honour, even in the presence of Leonardo da Vinci. His shy, pallid and rather melancholy personages, who hardly dare to lift their eyelids, are painted with so much crispness of touch, with a sense of form so delicate, and with such artful opposition of red and blue and yellow and white and black, as to make the picture one to which we can turn again and again with pleasure. The same qualities are to be found in his smaller *Madonna* (1410). The two little silvery landscapes in the background deserve special notice for their rendering of aerial tone and pellucid atmosphere. The native influences upon Borgognone can be judged in some measure from the interesting portrait *Bona of Savoy* (2251), to the charm of which the injuries of time have possibly added. In its present state this design in crumbling black and red and white has the monumental simplicity, the decorative completeness, and almost the actual texture of some fine ancient oriental painting. If, as the present attribution suggests, we are to regard this portrait as an early work by Ambrogio da Predis, we must regret that this Milanese should ever have strayed from the stately formal tradition of his youth to become Leonardo's partner.

The monumental character of the portrait may be ascribed to the influence of the famous architect, Bramante, whose coming to Milan left its traces not only in architecture but in certain decorative paintings, containing figures more massive and heroic than any which had till then been seen in Lombardy. Had



BORGOGNONE
MADONNA (LANDSCAPE DETAIL)



BRAMANTINO

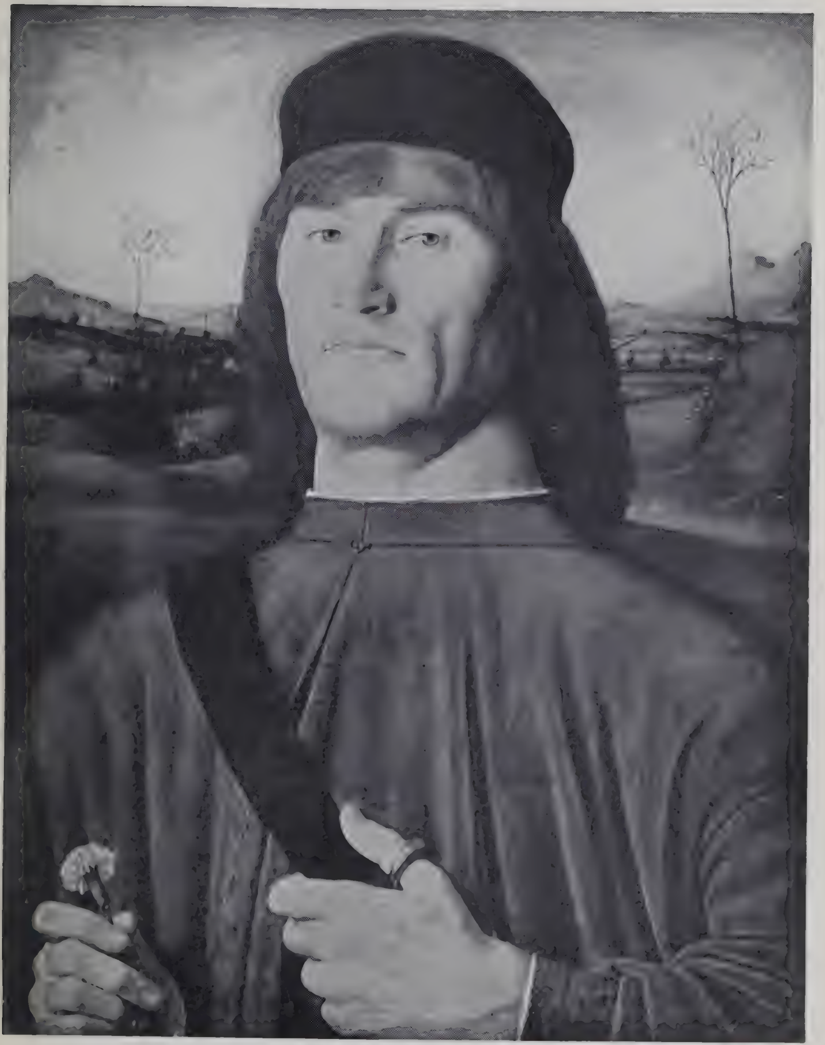
ADORATION OF THE KINGS

Bramante painted more often it is evident that he would have ranked as highly in that art as he does in architecture, and would deserve a place with Piero della Francesca and Luca Signorelli. His Milanese pupil BRAMANTINO joined enough of his master's large vision to his own fanciful and whimsical talent to become an artist who, if he never quite rises to greatness, never fails to be interesting. Our *Adoration of the Kings* (3073) is one of the most attractive pictures in the Milanese room. The painter seems to be playing a game with geometry, quite in the modern fashion, not only in the balanced diagonals of the figures and draperies, but in the insistence upon rectangular forms everywhere, from the boxes in the foreground to the limestone crags in the distance. The action is perhaps more vigorous than really significant. Yet the design is so happily unified, the touch so crisp, the colour so rich and so personal, with its odd dull greens and browns and blues and reds, to which the architecture makes an admirable foil, that we must give Bramantino a high place among the Milanese. His few extant works in other collections more than warrant this conclusion. They are planned with singular breadth and grandeur, show a fine sense of form, and are enlivened by a pleasant caprice which adds savour to their technical merits.

The next great visitor to Milan was Leonardo da Vinci, who drew into his orbit the local artists of more than one generation. Leonardo's partner, Ambrogio da PREDIS, has earned immortality from his share in the altarpiece of which our *Madonna of the Rocks* (1093) formed the central part. We have already seen that his share, if any, in this particular picture, must have been insignificant, so we need only glance once more at the coarse and metallic *Angels* (1661 and 1662), the wings for the altarpiece, and at his feeble little portrait (1665), to confirm our previous impression.

There are many periods in the history of painting when adoring mediocrity is so fascinated by some great personage that it abandons any little individual talent it may possess, in the effort to identify itself with the adored one. Of all these ecstasies of self-immolation that occasioned by Leonardo's coming to Milan is the most remarkable. The painters who ruined themselves under the influence of Michelangelo and Raphael were not slavish copyists. They combined admiration with some show of independent taste, though the taste was usually bad taste. But the so-called "School of Leonardo da Vinci," with but few exceptions, is a school of slavish and literal copyists, so slavish and so literal that its products—although the work of many different hands, passed current for some three not very critical centuries as Leonardo's own. That impressionable youth should have succumbed thus completely to Leonardo's spell is not wonderful; for he was, and still remains, one of the greatest and most fascinating of men. But Leonardo's attraction was so potent that it drew into his train experienced and successful painters, whose style seemed already formed, whose powers and individuality were incontestable.

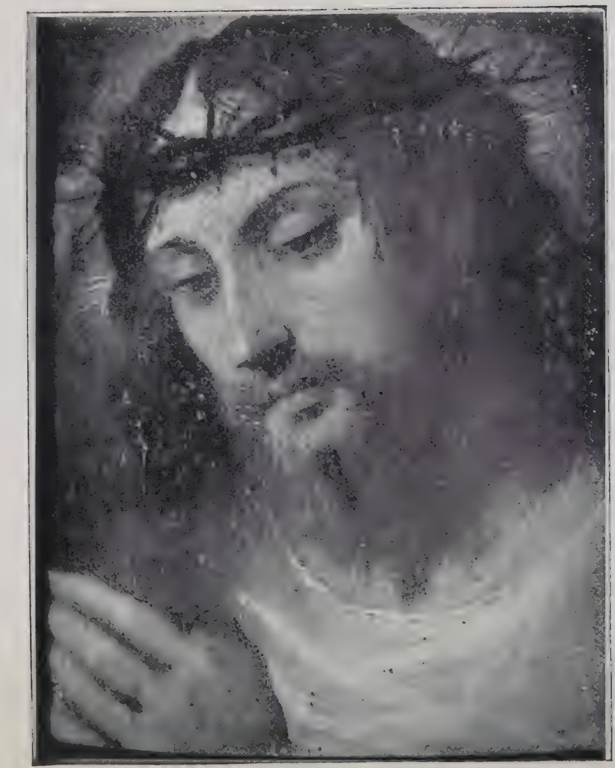
Andrea SOLARIO, for example, was by training a Venetian, and there, under the influence of Antonello



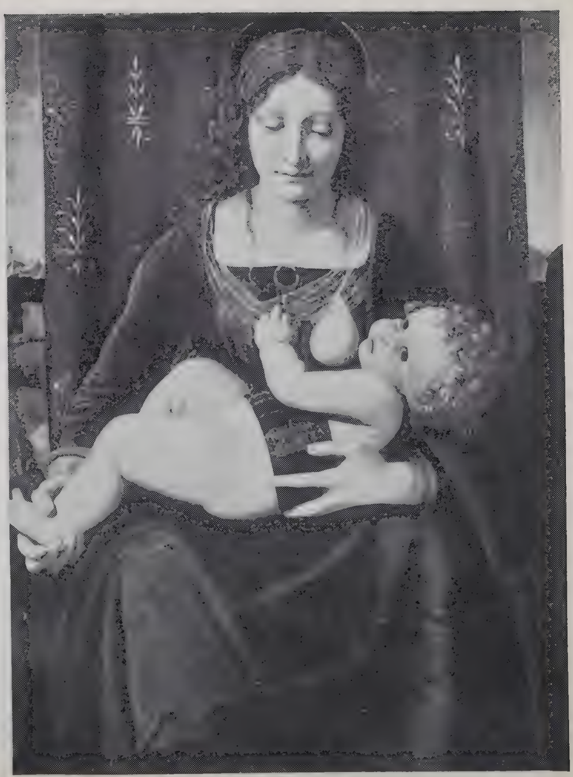
SOLARIO

VENETIAN SENATOR

Pl. 56



SODOMA : HEAD OF CHRIST (p. 140)



BOLTRAFFIO : MADONNA

da Messina, he became a masterly portrait-painter, as his *Venetian Senator* (923) will sufficiently indicate. In no portrait that we have hitherto studied is the draughtsmanship more minutely searching, in none is there such wealth of jewelled colour, by none is character more relentlessly and more grandly revealed. Whether we place it, in imagination, with the Venetians from whom it is directly derived, or with the Flemings its more remote ancestors, it still remains a master's work. Only a Holbein could make it seem wanting in solidity. But Solario, on returning to Milan, quickly fell under the influence of Leonardo and his circle. The stolidity and metallic finish of the *Giovanni Cristoforo Longono* (734) are but a prelude to a later mannerism in which Solario's fine gifts are all but dissipated.

His contemporary BOLTRAFFIO was a man of less original talent, but a certain massive stability about his early portraits points a like stability of temper. So Boltraffio seems always to yield a little reluctantly to Leonardo's fascination and to retain some personal vision, especially in portraiture. Our *Madonna* (728) is perhaps the best of his religious pictures, being planned with a pleasant large simplicity. Rich crimson and dark green and dark blue blend in it harmoniously; both Mother and Child are attractive. The planning may not show a sense of proportion like Raphael's; Raphael would never have allowed all that space to run to waste at the bottom. But imagine the panel shortened below by some eight inches and you will see how the design gains in compactness. Nor is the smooth waxen surface, made none the more pleasant by the stipplings of a most accomplished restoration, likely to delight those who have seen more vigorous or more sensitive brushwork. Still, in a period of inane mannerism, the picture is a creditable exception, and, with the little *Narcissus* (2673), represents Boltraffio well. In this latter work Boltraffio drops his customary heaviness of tone and touch, so his *Narcissus*, garlanded with myrtle and musing by the water side, is an invention which might seem to have its origin not with Leonardo but with Giorgione.

LUINI'S early frescoes have rare spirit and charm : SODOMA was one of the most able and accomplished of the painters of his time. Both under Leonardo's influence lost every trace of their natural talent and became feeble, futile copyists. It is incredible that the polished surfaces, hard colours and soft formless modelling of Luini's *Christ teaching* (18) should come from the same hand that painted the frescoes in the Brera at Milan, or that the Sodoma who painted the *Head of Christ* (1337) in so large and dignified a manner, should be the author of pictures as pretty and contemptible as any which the minor Milanese produced. Yet so it is. Instead of founding a living school of art in Milan, Leonardo left only a society of copyists, where Luini and Sodoma are distinguishable from men like Cesare da Sesto, Gian Pedrini and Marco d'Oggiono, chiefly because these latter had no creditable past to compensate in some measure for their inglorious present.

Not one of them seems to have realized that Leonardo's work was the result of incessant study of form in learned and critical Florence—that the beauty which he revealed in paintings like the *Madonna of the Rocks* was the product of a stern science and an insatiable spiritual curiosity. His followers one and all made no effort to understand form as he understood it, to labour as he laboured, to inquire as he inquired. They shirk the hard work of creative design, but repeat over and over again with little modification the same familiar compositions. They avoid all subjects which called for research and knowledge of the human figure, and rely for their effects upon facial expression. So they have none of that power to stimulate us by mass and movement which is the peculiar excellence of the Florentines. Even the face is so badly painted by them that it becomes irritating or even disgusting. The play of the features, on which Leonardo lavished his most subtle and elaborate science, was reduced by his followers to a convenient formula, and the smile which Leonardo could catch while half formed and still unconscious, with movement as the very essence of its charm, was repeated as a fixed and sugary grimace.

The Milanese " School of Leonardo," in short, does not on purely artistic grounds deserve the space devoted to it here. But it does deserve attention on other grounds—as an awful example. Again and again, right up to our own day, we meet with painters and groups of painters who are not content to express themselves. Whether moved by genuine admiration of some dominant personality, or influenced by the more prosaic idea of profiting by his success, these painters mimic the types, the gestures, and the technical methods of another, instead of relying upon their own more modest gifts. By thus accepting their art ready made, as it were, they undoubtedly avoid many of the initial difficulties of those who have to fight their way unaided, and if they have some talent they may soon come to producing colourable imitations of their model. There however they stop. Their art, having no foundation of independent study and creative effort, is incapable of progressing beyond the narrow limits within which it started. They repeat themselves, and the repetitions after a time lose not only all novelty, but even such traces of character as they may at first have possessed. We all despise the post-Vincian School of Milan; but do we always remember how dangerously close an analogy it presents to what we see around us? Will not the more intelligent among the enthusiasts who range themselves to-day under the banner of this or that well-advertised reputation, discover at last that their idol's temple is become a prison, and that by confining themselves to its narrow circuit they have lost touch with the great and various universe outside? A few may be strong enough to break away, to face the accusations of apostasy levelled at them, and after a struggle may resume their natural growth. But the majority will continue to wander round their narrow self-chosen precincts; the more sensitive spirits ceasing in course of time from all creative effort in sheer discontent with their work, while the coarser temperaments will blunder on, turning out mere empty *simulacra* of an art that once was genuine, just as did Marco d'Oggiono and his fellows in Milan four hundred years ago.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ORIGINS OF VENETIAN PAINTING

THE Venetian School during the sixteenth century enjoyed the pre-eminence which in the fifteenth had been accorded to the Florentine. It has exercised a no less potent influence ever since upon painting all over Europe. This pre-eminence and this influence cannot be attributed, as in the case of the Florentines, to some particular local characteristic, some racial habit of mind which, when brought to bear upon the painter's problem, succeeds in mastering it by continuous and logical application. Ripe Venetian painting is rather the resultant of a number of different forces, acting at uncertain intervals and in various directions upon a national temper which, though practical, was in its essence malleable rather than independent, more ready to assimilate than to create. But this readiness to assimilate was always controlled by a much finer aesthetic sense, and by much nobler civic ideals, than was the case with their neighbours the Milanese. The Milanese were hardly less wealthy and no less pleasure-loving. Yet they were deprived of the incitement to new artistic efforts which came to

Venice from her commerce with the East, of the patriotic pride in which the unconquered Republic might legitimately indulge, and of any admixture of old Greek, Oriental and maritime blood to refine the sub-Alpine stock from which Northern Italy derived its racial vigour.

Our wonderful collection of paintings of Venice and the allied territories during the fifteenth century enables us to trace very fairly the course of the various artistic currents which united shortly after the year 1500. These tributary streams are in themselves so interesting and attractive that to-day they arouse no less admiration and study than the great main river of Venetian art in the sixteenth century aroused in our grandfathers.

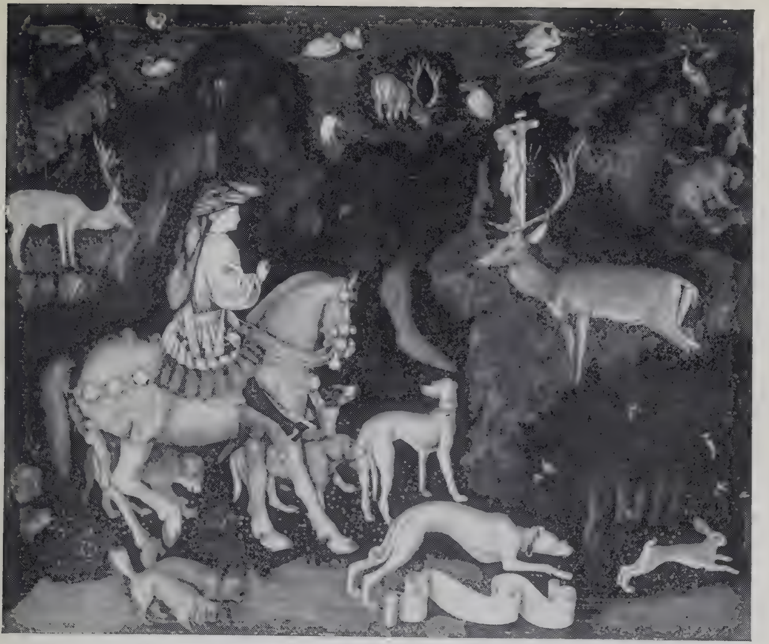
A new life was given to the feeble native tradition of painting in Venice, by the coming of Gentile da Fabriano from Florence, and of Pisanello from Verona, to decorate the Ducal Palace, about the year 1410. Though Gentile does not rank among the great Florentines, though he lacked altogether their interest in perspective and in the scientific study of form and movement, he was a born decorator, a master of jewelled colour and embossed gilding, and gifted with a keen eye for what was fair and attractive in nature. This eager but unscientific naturalism was far more strongly ingrained in the temper of Gentile's colleague, Antonio Pisano, called PISANELLO. Our famous and popular *Vision of S. Eustace* (1436) is an early work by this master. But the design is not a master's design at all. It is the invention of a clever and happy child, telling the familiar story with little regard for the scientific construction and disposition of forms and masses, for the rudiments of perspective, in fact for any of the pictorial unities as then understood. Having got his S. Eustace and the stag set opposite to each other, Pisanello has filled up the rest of the picture space, almost at haphazard, with the various animals and birds which he liked to draw. Could Pisanello have got the idea of the design from some Eastern source? When first painted it must have looked still more like a miniature in an Oriental manuscript than it does to-day. The verdigris greens of the grass and foliage have blackened, the lake also has lost its original azurite blue, but these changes do not sensibly affect the design, which must always have been much as we see it now.

If, however, the *Vision of S. Eustace* surprises us by being so entirely different in general appearance from all other paintings of the time, it attracts us too by its delight in the character of birds and beasts, and by the miniature-like delicacy with which that character is rendered. Nor is this minuteness a mere surface polish. It is allied to so much real feeling for solid form and movement, as to attain, if unconsciously, to the sculpturesque ideal, and to remind us that Pisanello in one branch of Italian sculpture was to become supreme. It is curious however that in his medals he should prove himself to be one of the world's grandest designers, adapting his forms and lettering to the enclosing circle with an unequalled breadth and avoidance of all superfluous detail, while in this panel and in the nearly contemporary fresco of *S. George* at

Verona, he seems innocent of design, and bent upon introducing into his picture as many quaint and charming incidents as the surface will contain.

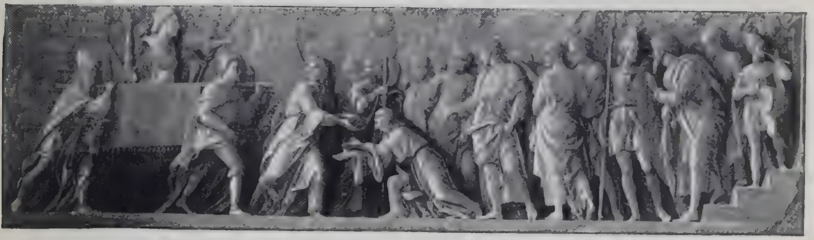
In *S. Anthony and S. George* (776), a later work, we find a simpler planning, and a similar delight in naturalistic detail. We may notice too the painter's emancipation from current hagiology. He has made S. Anthony a more formidable figure than the dainty S. George, with his broad-brimmed hat and silver armour and fur-trimmed cloak, while the dragon has taken refuge behind S. George's legs, being evidently rather afraid of S. Anthony's pig. The picture has been much repainted, but even repaint cannot hide the fact that the Madonna in the sky is a figure to which the two saints below seem as indifferent as was the artist.

The achievement of Pisanello in proving to those about him that art could be independent of ecclesiastical influence, and could find an infinity of motives in contemporary life, was not forgotten at his death. In Venice JACOPO BELLINI put forth a profusion of designs in which the accepted religious themes were embroidered and enlarged till they frequently became mere incidents, quite subordinate to the crowds of lively figures, the well-tilled fields, the rocky hillsides, the bold architectural perspectives or the fragments of Roman sculpture which make a setting for them. But this pleasant unscientific naturalism was too flimsy a foundation for such a mighty edifice as Venetian art was soon to become. Venice herself could provide no sufficient intellectual base. Her practical spirit left all



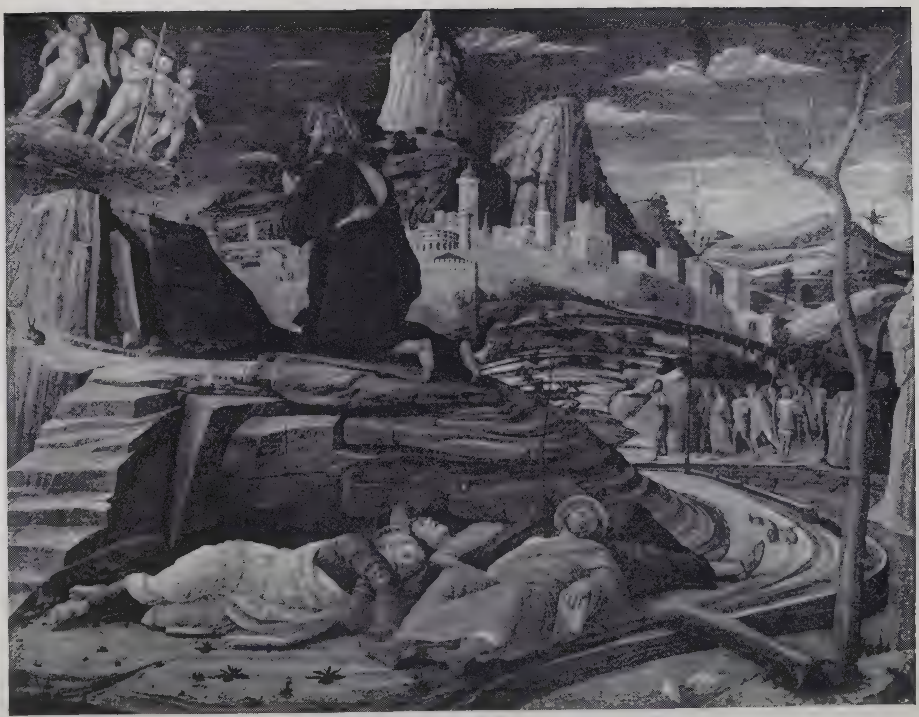
PISANELLO

THE VISION OF S. EUSTACE



MANTEGNA

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIPIO (p. 149)



MANTEGNA

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

speculative thinking to her neighbour Padua, the seat of a famous university and the birthplace of a school of painting, which in its aims and its influence was for a time hardly less important than the Florentine. Its founder, the almost mythical Squarcione, was himself only a mediocre painter, but he taught or influenced many men far more able than himself.

Of all these Paduans Andrea MANTEGNA is the greatest. We can learn from his *Agony in the Garden* (1417) what the influences were which helped to form his remarkable genius. Externally that of his father-in-law Jacopo Bellini is predominant. From the rocky pinnacles in the background, with the towers of a great city beneath, to the foreground with its stunted tree, its birds in the water and rabbits playing on the road, the picture resembles closely the compositions by Jacopo Bellini which have already been mentioned. But the spirit and treatment are quite unlike Jacopo's. Jacopo grouped these elements with an innocent delight in them for their own sake, and was not seriously concerned either with their precise relation to each other and to the general plan of the picture, or with that scrupulous study of form and movement which would make them convincing as well as attractive. Mantegna, as we see, was not so quickly satisfied. Like his master Squarcione, he was strongly influenced by Donatello. Indeed the works which this great sculptor left behind him at Padua, gave to all the North Italian Artists who came in contact with them something of the dignity and substance of the Florentine tradition, so that this tradition becomes, as it were, the backbone of the best work done in Venice and the neighbourhood during the next hundred years.

Mantegna, by temperament, was peculiarly susceptible to such influences, and gave himself up wholeheartedly to the sculpturesque ideal, conceiving all his forms as things cut sharply, rigidly and cleanly out of some fine-textured rock, and yet made bright with full scarlet, and clear ultramarine, and yellow and purple, and olive green and rosy red. Our picture shows him, too, as a master of formal composition—the simple pyramidal arrangement which emphasizes the central figure being adroitly balanced by the winding watercourse, which leads the eye inwards to the crowd issuing from the city with Judas at their head. Again we may dwell upon the skill of eye and hand which follows with unerring precision the most difficult and unexpected variations of form and contour in the recumbent figures. But these powers as a colourist, a designer and draughtsman are inspired with a stern intensity of feeling which makes this picture hardly less full of austere significance than it is rich in decorative effect. By comparison the similar piece painted about the same time (1459) by Mantegna's brother-in-law, Giovanni Bellini, seems the work of a novice, albeit a novice gifted beyond his fellows.

Mantegna in short, so far as natural talent goes, was among the most gifted of painters. That he did not rise quite to supreme rank must be ascribed in part to circumstance, and in part to a slight excess of one element in his intellectual complex. Circumstances did not compel him to perpetual contact with contemporary life.

His masterful genius was left free to brood over its own imaginings, so that his range of vision narrowed. On the rare occasions when he emerges from these broodings and condescends to portraiture he proves himself as great as we might expect, but these condescensions were too rare. His passion for knowledge spent itself almost entirely upon the relics of classical antiquity then being discovered all about him; until, like many a scholar of autocratic temper, he became something of a pedant in his outlook upon life, forgetting that archaeology is, after all, only life at second-hand. In consequence he failed to see that the forms of Greco-Roman sculpture, however imposing, were really neither so significant and subtle in themselves, nor so various and universal a medium for artistic expression, as the men and women whom he saw every day. Thus, while possessing a firm grasp of the sculpturesque ideal in painting, he deprives himself of half his advantage by associating that ideal with relics of classical art, which were (as we now know far better than he could ever do) not by any means even the best of their kind.

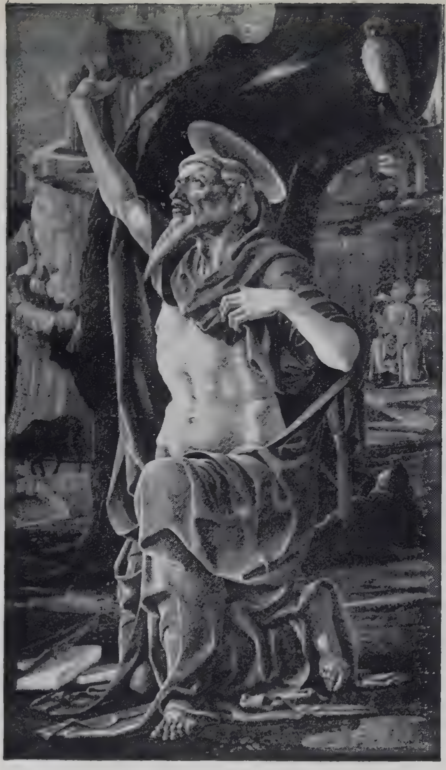
Yet, with all these disadvantages, how noble is the effect of the later works in which Mantegna gives full play to his antiquarianism. At Hampton Court, in the famous cartoons of *The Triumph of Caesar*, we may see the change in progress and, in spite of damages and repaints, enjoy the majestic splendour of that long procession with its captives and trophies and trumpets. In our *Triumph of Scipio* (902) and *Samson and Delilah* (1145) the change is complete. We have no longer to do with the world of living men, but with a world carved in low relief on grey stone, set against a marble background. Only a grim and unrelenting logic could have imposed such self-limitations, could have so deliberately shut out all the life and colour in which normal humanity delights. It is as if some modern man of letters, at the top of his fame, suddenly confined himself to writing in the language and metre of Lucan. Yet so powerful is Mantegna's genius, that we can return again and again to these fictive reliefs, and find in them new beauties of passionate expression, of masterly execution, of material, of solid form and of a rhythmic play of line. These fascinate all the more because we can feel them without any interruption from those naturalistic prepossessions which are apt to intrude when the treatment is more realistic. Somewhat dry beauties, perhaps, but none the less notable and memorable, both for their own sake and for the lesson they may have for future painters. I am, indeed, rather surprised that no young artist, as yet, has turned to Mantegna for the solution of some of his difficulties, considering what infinite vitality and character underlie his marmoreal calm.

The painters who were trained at Padua in Mantegna's time were numerous, but we need to discuss only a few of the most considerable among them. Of these the Ferrarese group, headed by Tura and Cossa, first calls for mention. Cosimo TURA carries to an extreme the sculpturesque theory of painting, but to an extreme very different from Mantegna's. He is not concerned with antiquarianism, he does not think of his subjects in terms of consuls and lictors and legionaries, but is a provincial, whose mind turns to rough sunburned peasant girls, to the gnarled limbs and corded muscles of an old farm-hand, to the ruddy fruits of the earth, to curious sea-shells or to fishes with their goggle eyes and fins and spines. When he paints enthroned Madonnas, as in No. 772, he makes a parade of his science and learning, but can never control the exuberance of his own fancy, loading every part of his picture with odd and curious embellishments, and rejoicing in colours no less odd and curious, such as apple-green foiled with bright milky blue and magenta, like some very modern *cretonnes*. His forms seem often to be those of cut steel rather than of sculpture in any known material. Note the throne in the *Allegorical Figure* (3070). The whole picture of *S. Jerome* (773) might be ground out with infinite labour from some dull reluctant stone. The very rocks in the picture seem to writhe with the Saint's tortured frenzy. Though we may not be attracted by Tura we cannot treat him lightly. His grotesque contortion is clearly no amusing trick but the outcome of a passionate sincerity, and the forms everywhere are realized with a completeness and definition which command respect.

Francesco COSSA had no less power than Tura, and a wider outlook. He could be grim and gaunt and grand, but he could be graceful, almost playful, too, and could view the festivities of a Court with a keen eye for their lively motion and rich colouring. In our *S. Hyacinth, Dominican* (597) Cossa's fancy is kept under reasonable control. A certain hieratic majesty subdues the element of strangeness which we notice here and there, in the fantastic rocks and buildings of the background for example, while the crystalline purity and force of the colour make the panel notable, even in a room where there is fine colour in plenty. We may be thankful to possess this admirable work, even though it does not completely represent Cossa's many-sided genius, for his extant paintings are much more rare than the wide influence which exerted for some twenty-five years would lead us to expect.

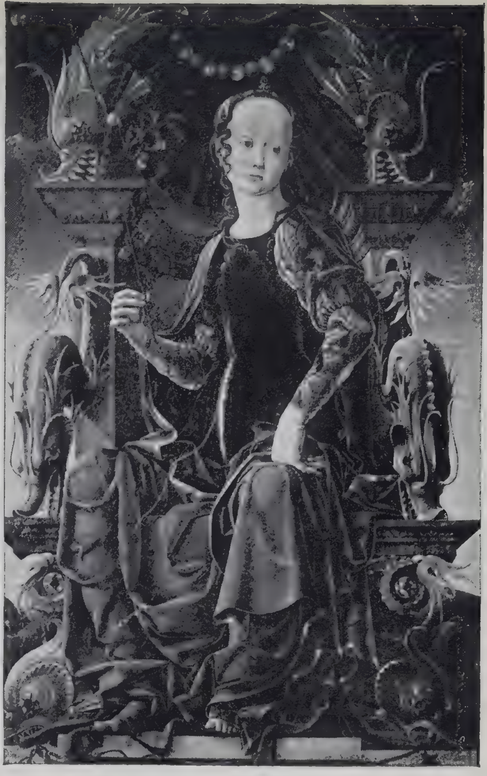
Two delicate little pictures by Marco Zoppo, the Bolognese follower of Tura and Squarcione, further illustrate the excellent effect of Paduan discipline upon craftsmanship. The forms in *The Dead Christ* (590) have, it is true, the gnarled mannerism of Tura, but the mannerism is combined with so much genuine and serious feeling, so rare a sense of lovely colour, and such command of form that we cannot withhold our respect and admiration.

Ercole ROBERTI, the next considerable artist of the Ferrarese School, is not an easy painter to appreciate, owing to the variety of the works which criticism has ascribed to him. That he was a close follower of Cossa in his most austere and Squarcionesque phase seems unquestionable. Two of the little pictures which bear his name in the National Gallery (Nos. 1217 and 1411) have an equally close connexion with the entirely different school of art founded at Venice by Jacopo Bellini. Later works attributed to him come near to the style of younger artists, Lorenzo Costa, Ercole Grandi, and Mazzolino. This is not the place to discuss these really difficult problems of style, but

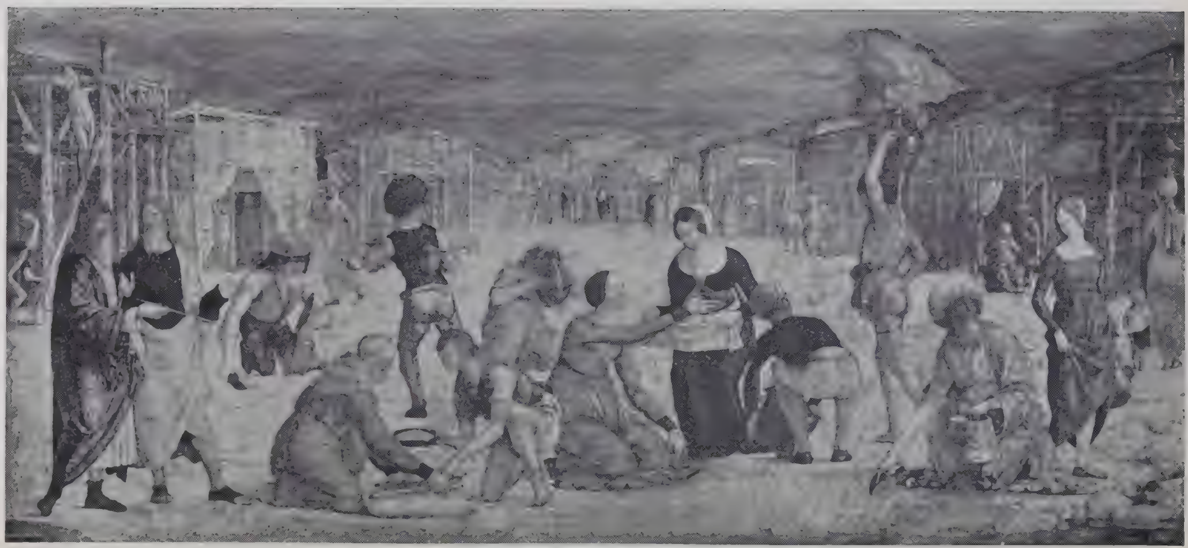


S. JEROME

TURA



ALLEGORICAL FIGURE



ROBERTI : THE ISRAELITES GATHERING MANNA the reputation of Ercole Roberti, and the practical certainty that he was trained in the rigorous school of Tura and Cossa, give us grounds for presuming that of the works in question those are most likely to be his in which the sense of line and form is strongest. Where that sense is feeble (and not before) we can venture to follow up connexions with men whose training was less severe, and whose hold upon technique we know to have been less firm.

For example, let us consider *The Israelites gathering Manna* (1217). As we have seen, this is entirely in Jacopo Bellini's manner, from the group of active figures in the foreground to the structure of the booths which make an amphitheatre for the scene. But Jacopo, that pioneer of naturalism, in whom we now recognize one of the most potent influences upon Venetian painting, could never have drawn forms so full and convincing as those which Roberti creates here. It is true that in the search for lively rhythm of line much of the solid sculptural quality of Tura and Cossa has been lost, but the lines themselves have a grace and fluency and spirit, combined with firmness, which argue training as well as talent in the artist. Indeed, considering the time and place, it would hardly be too much to say genius rather than talent. This quality of line is enhanced by real invention in the gestures of the groups and figures, and an unusual splendour of colour. The broad opposition of deep enamelled blue to glowing gold is delightfully varied by notes of green and vermilion, of black and salmon pink. We can estimate the quality of this deservedly popular work by comparison with the tempera painting (3103) of the same subject from the Layard Collection, ascribed to Lorenzo COSTA. Here, too, we find many pleasant passages, but the figures are mere dolls with the limbs of lay figures, and faces evidently derived from Roberti's faces but with far less animation in them. Still more lifeless are the figures in Costa's altarpiece (629), painted when he was working with Francia at Bologna, and echoing that master's suave eclecticism. The imposing altarpiece *Madonna with Saints* (1119), attributed to Ercole Grandi, is equally devoid of real significance, though some reminiscence of Ercole Roberti's vigour survives in the little groups which decorate the throne.

When, after making these comparisons, we return to consider the remaining works in the Gallery which bear Roberti's name, we shall see at once that the little diptych representing *The Adoration of the Shepherds* and *The Dead Christ* (1411) is much superior in execution to the work of Costa and Grandi. It shows the same direct influence of Jacopo Bellini that we find in Roberti's *Israelites gathering Manna* : the sense of form, though less robust, is by no means absent, while the colour scheme, based upon muted tones of lemon yellow and brown, is so fresh, luminous and original as to anticipate Correggio. So close indeed is the parallel that it is not fantastic to think the little painting may be a youthful work of Francesco Bianchi-Ferrari, the refined and graceful painter who seems to have been one of Correggio's teachers as well as Roberti's pupil. It is at any rate far too fine in quality to be the work of any common studio assistant, and if we feel that it cannot be Roberti's own, Bianchi-Ferrari is the one artist whose name can reasonably be substituted.

In *The Last Supper* (1127) the painting is hard and bright with an almost Flemish precision, but the figures have much of the force and character of those in *The Israelites gathering Manna*. We may accept it, then, as Roberti's own, and incidentally notice that it was from paintings of this kind that his eclectic pupil, Mazzolino, derived his chief inspiration. *A Concert* (2486) may also be regarded as an example of Roberti's later style. Though the handling is rather coarse, it is also robust and firm. The forms have just Roberti's measure of solidity; there is, too, a certain liveliness in their characterization which points to him. It is not a great picture, but then Roberti is not quite a great master: indeed we have perhaps given him already more attention than, on his own account, he merits. It is high time to return to the School of Squarcione.

Gregorio Schiavone, although by no means the first of Squarcione's pupils, was an admirable painter. Gregorio's activities were limited to the making of altarpieces, and these show no departure from the accepted type. The little panel representing *Christ in His tomb between two Angels*, at the top of our altarpiece No. 630, is a thing of singular beauty, and might well be mistaken for a work by the more famous Carlo CRIVELLI. Since the National Gallery possesses the finest extant collection of Crivelli's paintings, and these are no less splendid in effect than masterly in execution, we may pause to consider them in some detail.

At first sight it is remarkable that a painter of so much skill, character and magnificence should be an isolated figure, with no school or successors. The fact that Crivelli settled, not in Venice but at Ascoli, apart from the main current of artistic progress, may count for something. The actual nature of his painting counts for still more. The firmness of his contours, his elaborate gilding, his love of precise and infinite detail, all called for a technical procedure at once scrupulous and immensely elaborate. But the contemporary movements in art were all in the direction of breadth and freedom, so that when complete liberation came with Giorgione and Titian, the rising generation in Venice seized eagerly upon the new method, and the older harder styles of painting were laid aside for ever.

This demoded primitive Crivelli is nevertheless one of the most delightful among artists. The great "*Demidoff*" *altarpiece* (788), with its barbaric embellishment of gold and jewels, recalls Byzantium and the sumptuous ceremonial of the Eastern church.[1] Murano, with its arts of glass working and mosaic, was the headquarters of this Byzantine tradition, and there Crivelli was educated, under Antonio Vivarini (*see* Nos. 768 and 1284), in the famous school which for many years rivalled that of Jacopo Bellini at Venice. The decorative splendours of this hieratic art were never forgotten by Crivelli; from first to last he paints in terms of gold and jewels and enamel. Side by side with this passion for rich material, went a passion for form, as form was understood in the school of Squarcione, defined by firm contours and modelled with the suave refinement of a bas-relief, but relieved by a delightful fluency of rhythmic line, by admirable taste in colour and by uncommon character and fancy.

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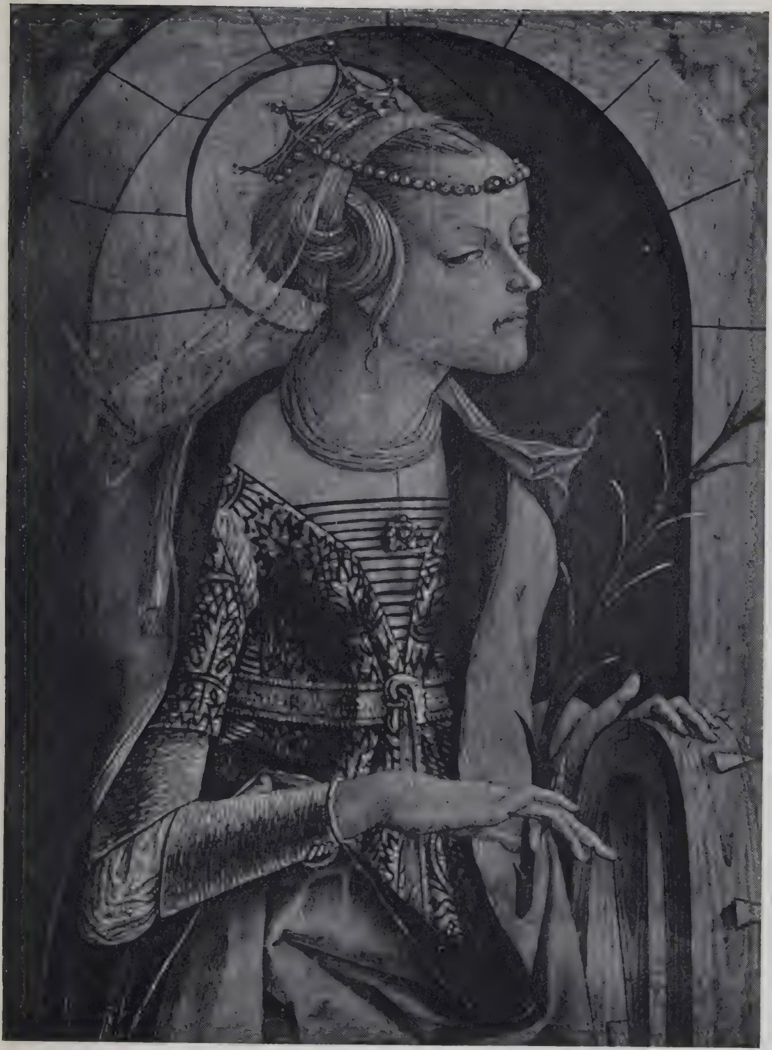
[1] The frame is Florentine work of the year 1852.

It might almost seem that Fortune was too lavish towards Crivelli. His genius tends to be overwhelmed by the very multitude of his gifts, so many a design by him falls short of complete effectiveness from the innumerable distractions which his skill and inventiveness provide. The very richness of the materials in which he works, the very profusion of his sculpturesque detail, the splendour of his gilding, so dazzle the eye that neither the large relation of the forms to each other, nor the fine quality of the forms themselves, nor the vivid beauty of the colour, can be grasped all at once. To our own age, with ideals so different from Crivelli's, so intent upon the study of pure form and direct expression, this objection will naturally make a very strong appeal. It is evident that almost all the painting of to-day which is most highly praised by our *cognoscenti* would become wofully suspect if richness of material, wealth of fancy and superb elaboration of craftsmanship were found, either separately or in combination, to be anything more than relics of dethroned aristocracy or exploded superstition.

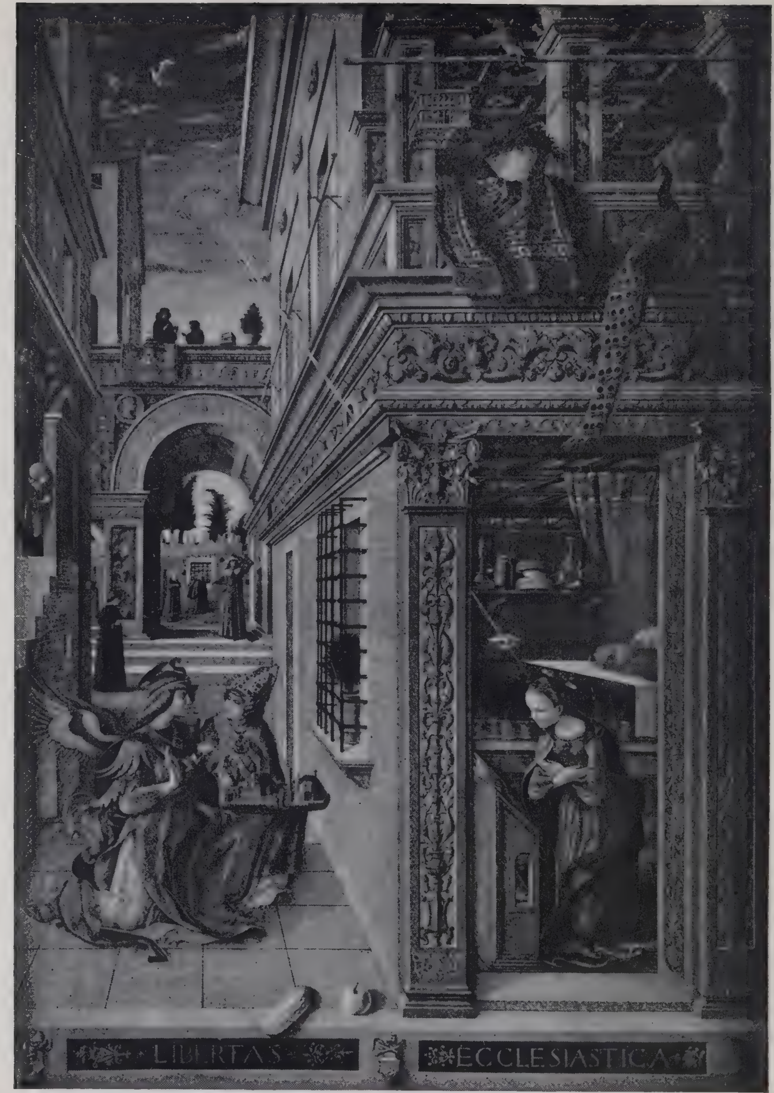
Yet when the eye of our artistic censors is turned away for a moment we can, perhaps a little furtively, find much to enjoy in Crivelli's painting. In the *Madonna Enthroned* (724), for example, it is pleasant to see the painter (quite in the modern way) so intent upon avoiding the insipid and the conventional that he endows his holy personages with almost too much temperament. S. Catherine, in the *predella*, has the sidelong shrewish look of some actress 'in character,' while S. Sebastian above is a fop as treacherous and cynical as any Renaissance Court could produce. In their spirit and freedom the *predella* panels are perhaps the best things of their kind in the Gallery, and indicate no less definitely than his *Annunciation* (739) what Crivelli's talent as an illustrator might have achieved had his lot been cast elsewhere.

How powerful, and how pathetic too, is the *Dead Christ* (602), in which motives inherited from Donatello are invested with the most exquisite colour. Again we cannot help asking ourselves why Crivelli does not take a place with the greatest. Let us consider the *Annunciation*, perhaps his masterpiece. All that the science of the day could do to make the picture substantial and convincing has been done. The perspective compels us to feel that the architecture is large and real, that the people are solid and set in their proper spatial relation to the buildings and to each other. If the Madonna's figure be somewhat conventional, that of the angel is formidable in its passionless austerity. Even the demure S. Emidius is very much on the alert, and we need the presence of the little girl who peeps round the stair top, and the gentlemen carelessly strolling behind, to restore tranquillity. The same precise realization is devoted to things inanimate, as if some cunning goldsmith had worked with infinite labour over all this palace court, while the whole is further enriched with fine colour, in which gold and scarlet and deep blue are



CARLO CRIVELLI

S. CATHERINE (DETAIL FROM THE MADONNA ENTHRONED)


LIBERTAS
ECCLESIASTICA

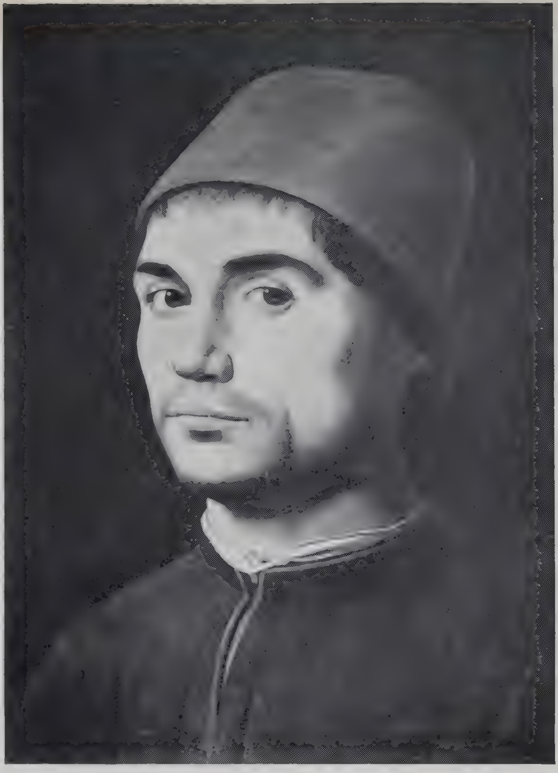
CARLO CRIVELLI
THE ANNUNCIATION

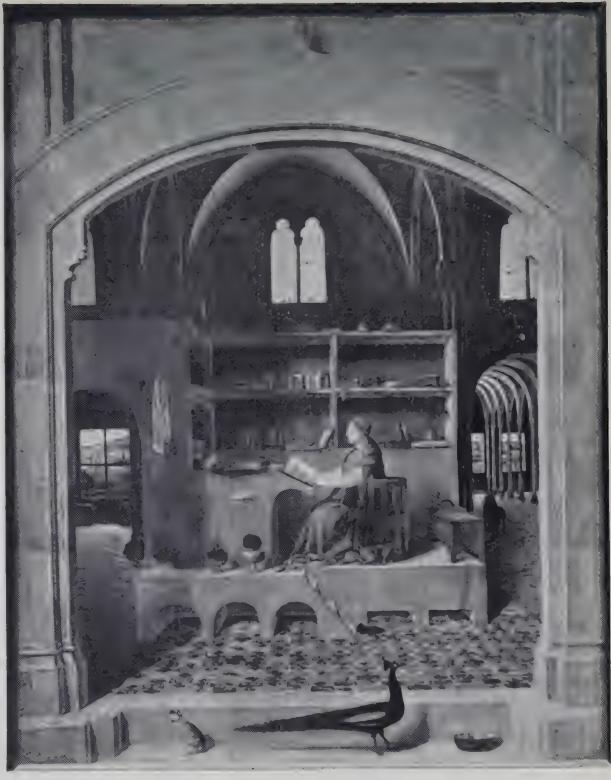
the dominant notes. Thus while there is much to stimulate our attention, there is also an infinity of precious things to hold it. Yet with so many vital qualities, the general effect is less emphatic than it ought to be. The composition is divided vertically into two halves, of almost equal interest, and so defies the principle of unity, as it defies the principle of repose by being crowded with small glittering trifles. The art which was to bring about the fusion of details and the harmonious balancing of large masses of colour was just then being born in Venice. It was inevitable that its broad and effective splendours should prevail over the older fashion, and that for the moment, in the hands of a few men of genius, this new art should produce marvellous results. But when it had once ceased to be a novelty, this breadth soon became a cloak for emptiness, and Carlo Crivelli, if he may have to yield precedence to some half-dozen or more of his Venetian successors, remains a far more stimulating and attractive figure than all the rest of them.

We have seen that the elements of early Venetian art were not all indigenous, but were borrowed from Padua, from Verona and from the East. The factor which finally determined the character of Venetian painting was also an importation, this time from Sicily. Though Vasari states that ANTONELLO da Messina learned the Flemish technique of oil-painting by a journey to the Netherlands, it now seems more probable that he was taught in Italy by Flemish artists working for the court of Naples. Our *Salvator Mundi* (673) dated 1465, Antonello's earliest signed work, proves how thoroughly he mastered the science of painting in oil, for in workmanship, as in conception, it is entirely Flemish. The *S. Jerome in his Study* (1418) shows a still greater accomplishment, and is not unworthy of the name of Van Eyck, by which, in the past, it has been baptized more than once. The firm, enamelled surface, the atmospheric fusion of tones and lighting, no less than the sound drawing and fascinating minuteness of detail, may well have created some sensation in the artistic world of Venice, accustomed to the rigid linear abstractions of the Paduans, to capricious decoration with jewels and to embossed gilding. It was soon recognized that such breadth of effect and naturalistic illumination could not be obtained with the tempera process then in use, for its tones, obtained by hatching, had neither the force nor the softness of gradation which could be obtained with oil paint. Nevertheless for many years the Venetians were unwilling to sacrifice the luminosity which is characteristic of the tempera method, so the best Venetian pictures continued till after the close of the fifteenth century to be started in tempera, and then completed with a thin painting in oil.

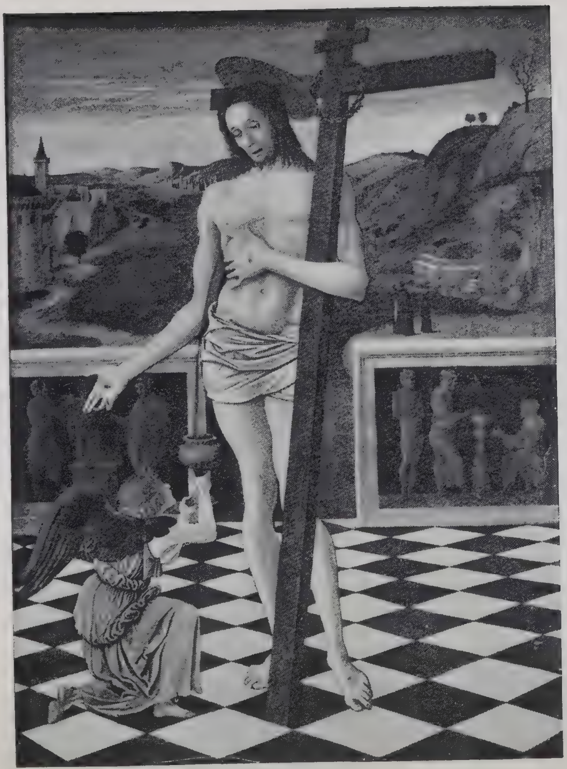
Meanwhile if Antonello had benefited Venice by indicating the lines on which Venetian painting was to attain world-wide fame, Venice in return did much for Antonello. The completeness with which he had mastered the Flemish technique, so that, working in comparative isolation, far away from Flanders, he was able to challenge the famous masters of the Netherlands in their own special field, proves Antonello to have been

Pl. 63

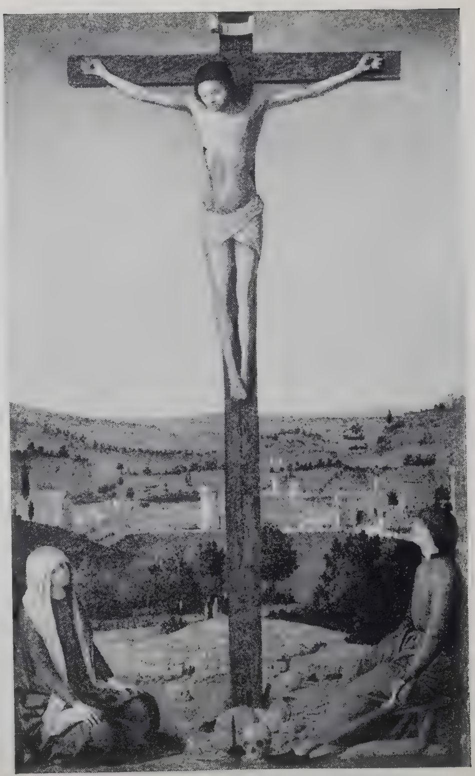




SELF-PORTRAIT ? (p. 161)   ANTONELLO DA MESSINA   S. JEROME IN HIS STUDY



GIOV. BELLINI : BLOOD OF THE REDEEMER (p. 164)



ANTONELLO : THE CRUCIFIXION

a man of no common genius. Coming to Venice, he recognized in Giovanni Bellini an artist of finer gifts than any he had hitherto followed, and setting himself once more to become a learner, he produced a series of portraits, small indeed in scale, but large in style, and keen, almost truculent, in characterization. Our *Self-portrait?* (1141) is a typical specimen; solid and substantial without being heavy, finished everywhere with the completeness of a miniature, yet broad and powerful in effect from the subtle fusion of the details with the larger masses. The rich, simple colour, and the intense, uncompromising vitality of the sitter need no comment. Here, in short, we find an Italian who is a fully equipped and perfect master of the art of painting in oil, at a time when even the greatest artists around him were still makers of coloured drawings, for such, by comparison, the works of Mantegna, Crivelli and the young Bellini, must be considered. It was natural that the more receptive spirits in Venice should learn from their Sicilian visitor, and the change which came over Venetian painting after 1480 must be ascribed in a great measure to Antonello's example.

Antonello, as we have seen, was influenced by the large style and spiritual intensity of Giovanni Bellini. To that inspiration we must ascribe that little masterpiece *The Crucifixion* (1166), painted in 1477, and perhaps the painter's last work. Here the almost metallic sharpness of his earlier touch is exchanged for a more subtle fusion of the adjacent tones, so that each element of the picture blends with the serene atmosphere in which the tragedy is enveloped. Yet this fusion is not marred by any blurring of the details or uncertainty in the forms, nor does it degenerate into softness. On the contrary, the design is one of the very noblest in the whole range of Italian art in its austere rhythm, its mathematical grandeur. The shaft of the cross rises in the centre, bisecting the cup-like shape formed by the two seated figures and the walls and towers of Jerusalem. The ledge bearing the cartellino provides a formal base, the swelling lines of the hills carry the rounded forms into the distance, while the Saviour on the Cross seems lifted aloft to the very zenith. The spiritual intensity of the conception, the abandonment to despair of S. John and the Virgin, and the vast tranquil expanses of light and air above, are familiar to all. Yet in a big gallery, surrounded by so many fine works executed upon a much larger scale, such little panels may seem after all to be things of secondary importance. If we can think of them for a moment as hanging among our exquisite early Netherlandish paintings, we shall see that Antonello could hold his own there, and even in that distinguished company would be numbered with the elect.

CHAPTER XIV

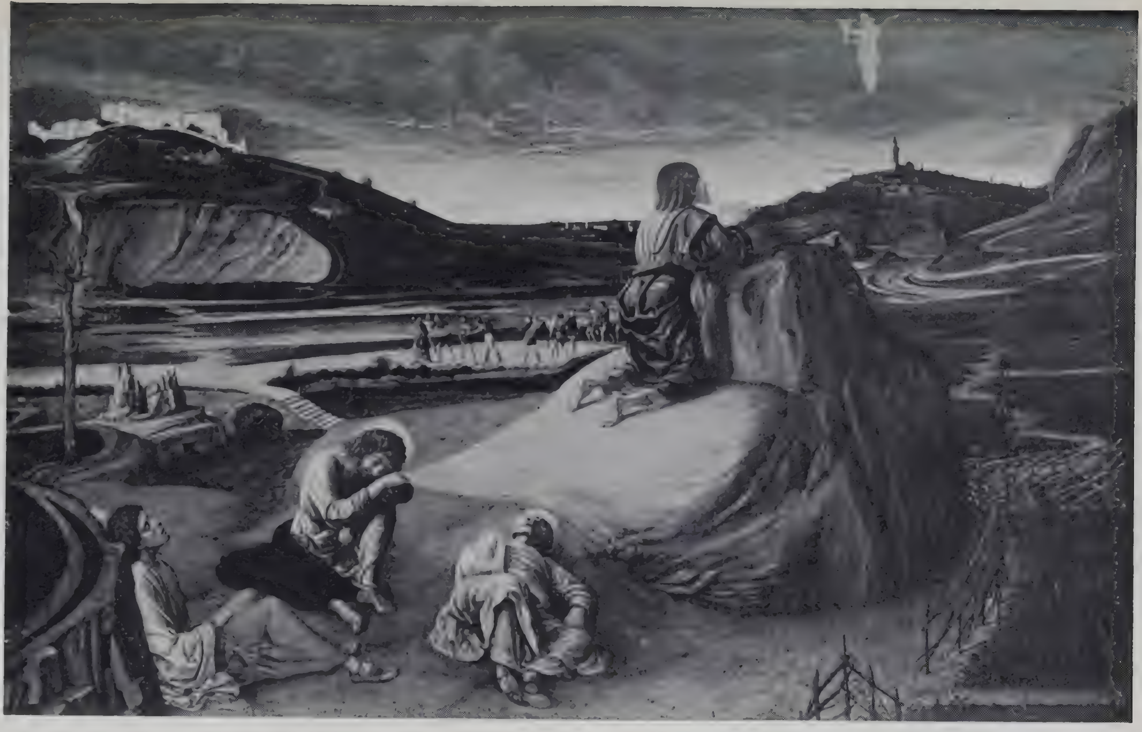
FROM BELLINI TO GIORGIONE

We can estimate the influence of Antonello upon his own countrymen in Sicily by the anonymous *Virgin with Angels* (2618) of the School of Messina, a charming picture in which Antonello's solidity of modelling is blended with the half-Moorish type of face and the stiffness of contour which we find in certain phases of early Spanish work. His influence, even more direct, upon Venice is shown in the two portraits (2509 and 3121) by Alvise VIVARINI, a younger member of the School of Murano, who is occasionally thought to have been a personage hardly less important than the brothers Bellini. Since the finest characteristics of Alvise's art appear to be derived from Antonello, while his surviving works indicate a restricted range of subject-matter and treatment, the predominance more commonly given to the brothers Bellini is probably justified. Nevertheless the tiny *Portrait of a Youth* (2509) could, in its way, hardly be bettered. No Venetian portrait is modelled with more vigour and with a more accurate eye for solid form. Had Alvise's other work always or frequently attained a similar standard he would deserve a place with Antonello and the Bellini among the founders of Venetian painting.

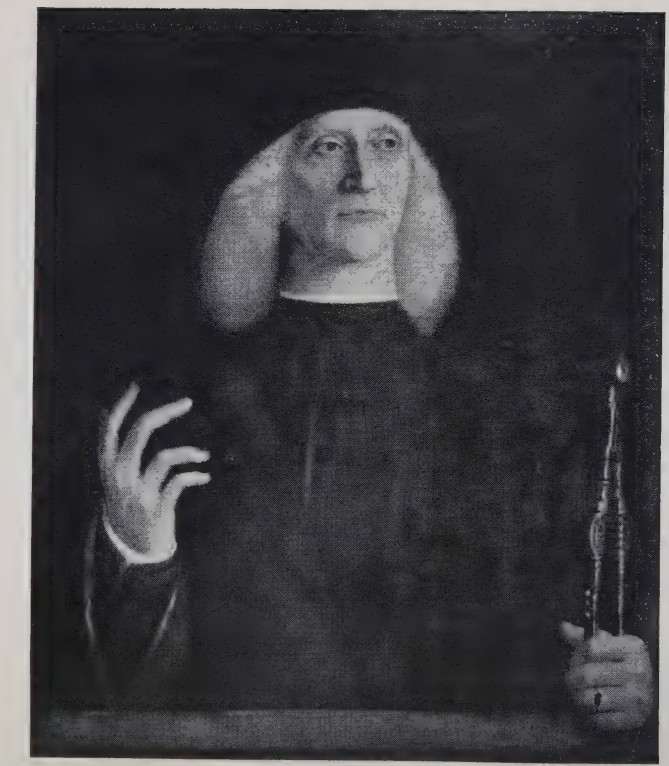
Two most interesting pictures, *The Agony in the Garden* (726) and *The Blood of the Redeemer* (1233) throw light upon the early development of GIOVANNI BELLINI. *The Blood of the Redeemer* is designed with the somewhat arid archaism of form characteristic of the Paduans, and the existence at Milan of a very similar design by Crivelli is almost conclusive proof of their common and contemporaneous origin. The classical reliefs, in Bellini's picture, embodying the idea of sacrifice, would be further proof, if proof were needed, of his Paduan training. But even in this early picture Giovanni's personality does much to assuage these rather pedantic austerities. The perspective of the marble pavement, the sharp light that falls upon the stone balustrade, carry us quickly to the shadowed country beyond, with its range of low hills leading the eye far away into the quiet light of evening, where one solitary campanile pierces the extreme horizon. The space and tranquillity of twilight echo the pathos of the main subject, and serve, like a strain of music, as a consolation for its sorrows. In after life Bellini's mastery of landscape grows with increasing experience. His feeling for the sympathy between man and the spirit of nature is never forgotten, and, indeed, reaches its climax in what is his last wholly authentic work, his altarpiece in S. Giovanni Crisostomo.

The same sentiment dominates *The Agony in the Garden*. As we have seen, this is evidently contem-

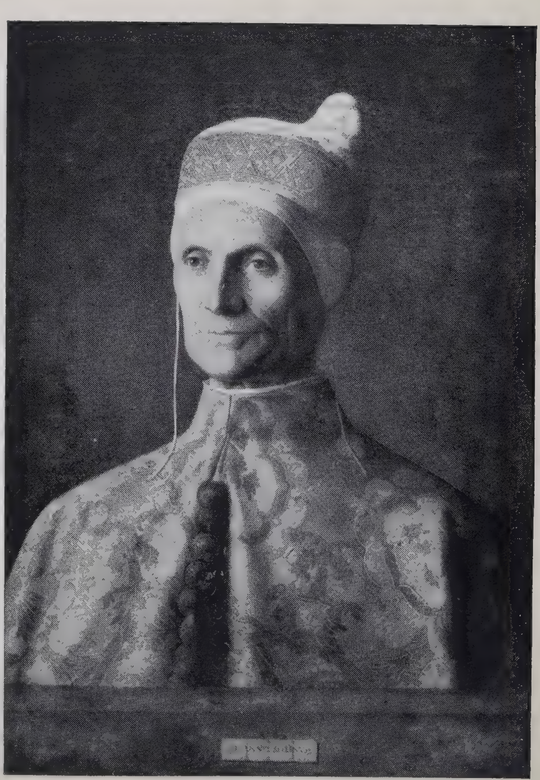
Pl. 65



GIOVANNI BELLINI: THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN



GENTILE BELLINI: A MATHEMATICIAN (p. 170)

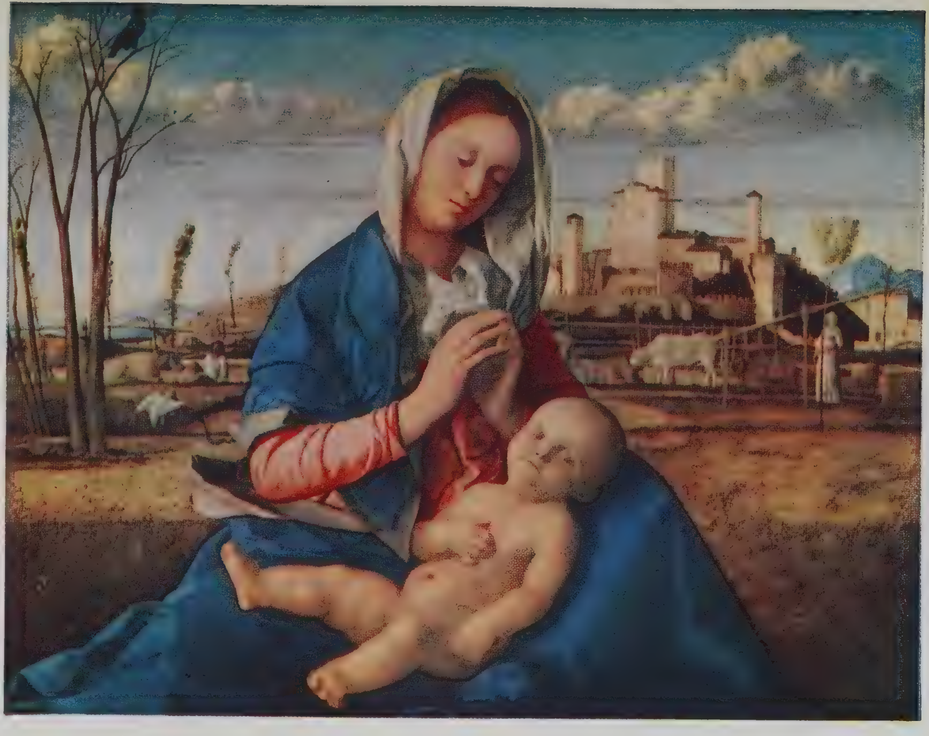


GIOVANNI BELLINI: DOGE LOREDANO (p. 167) porary with the similar picture by Bellini's brother-in-law, Mantegna (1417), which hangs on a neighbouring wall. Though the two pictures outwardly resemble one another not a little, the essential differences between them mark already the widely divergent courses which the two young men were destined to follow, almost from this very moment. In some ways Bellini is a much less experienced and accomplished artist. Though his figures are expressive enough, they are not convincing. Neither the forms nor their relation to the ground on which they rest have been perfectly grasped, nor is the little *putto* in the sky offering the Cup of the Passion quite fortunately conceived. Instead of Mantegna's walled city, we look out upon a wide plain with hills rising at its extremity against the growing light of dawn, just as we may catch a glimpse of such places now, on waking after a long night journey. The scientific realist may ask how the flush of light on the buildings which crown the hill to the left can be reconciled either with the apparent coming of sunrise almost directly behind, or with the subdued tone and colour (rendered with the most exquisite truth to nature) of the hill to the right, crowned with a circular tower. The modern critic may sweep away all this associated imagery as so much irrelevant sentimentalism. Yet the fact remains that this characteristic of Bellini's art makes a powerful appeal to our humanity on what is surely not altogether an ignoble side. Though it may have no part in pure aesthetics, this sympathy between man and nature remains a persistent feature in the great art of the world. It passes from Bellini to Titian, and from Titian to

Poussin, who (*horresco referens*) employs it most freely to work upon our emotions.

Intensity of feeling, then, is the characteristic of Giovanni Bellini's early manhood. To this phase succeeds another, of even wider artistic import, in which breadth and splendour of colour become the painter's aim. The visit of Antonello to Venice contributed to this change. From him Bellini learned not only to invest his figures with a new solidity and fullness of form but also, by utilizing Antonello's methods of working in oil, to obtain a fusion of tones and brilliancy of colour which were unattainable with the old tempera technique. To do this he did not adopt Antonello's method in its entirety. By continuing to start his pictures in tempera, Giovanni retained the precision of formal design to which he had been accustomed. Then, upon this firm, pale tempera foundation, he built up his pictures with rich glazes of oil colour, luminous and translucent, yet admitting the most delicate gradations required for solid modelling and atmospheric effect.

In the National Gallery we can understand this change better by studying *The Madonna of the Meadow* (599), though it is probably by some skilful member of Giovanni's studio following, than from any painting which is certainly from the master's own hand. If, on examination, we find that the principal figures are less substantial and solid than we could wish, if the draperies seem to have no definite relation to the underlying forms, if the Madonna's face proves to be a soft and rather shapeless mask, the colour at least is wholly satisfying. Such glowing blues and rosy reds have been



GIOVANNI BELLINI (SCHOOL): MADONNA OF THE MEADOW

seen nowhere else in art, and the landscape behind is full of real hazy sunlight which envelops the little hill-town with its white towers, and diffuses pleasantly across the level fields below, upon the figures and birds and cattle and timbered fences. The plan of the picture, a central pyramid contrasted with a series of horizontals and verticals, has a large and airy simplicity, and all the panel is bathed in such a silver radiance, diversified by so much lively observation, and pitched in a key of such refined splendour that the effect is irresistible.

Of the pictures undeniably by Giovanni, the *Madonna* (280) and *The Death of S. Peter Martyr* (812),[1] a late work, are unfortunately among his less inspired productions. But his unique portrait, *Doge Loredano* (189), in its richness of colour, its wise and kindly dignity, and its fine craftsmanship, is worthy of its great popularity, although in modelling and characterization it does not equal the work done in the same field by Giovanni's brother, Gentile. Giovanni's fame both as a painter and teacher has thus at Trafalgar Square to be sustained, in some measure, by the work of his numerous pupils, studio helpers and followers. Among these the painter of the *Madonna* (2901) must be counted with the strongest, for this massive figure in deep red which rises so grandly against the sky is a thing not easily forgotten, and but for a certain crudity might well be given to the master. A connexion seems possible with the Vicentines, Montagna or Giovanni Buonconsiglio, the painter of the dark but impressive head of *S. John Baptist* (3076), and of a superb *Pieta* in the Vicenza Gallery.

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[1] Though this, like No. 599, has often been attributed to Basaiti, the workmanship is identical with that of the famous *Bacchanal* formerly at Alnwick, and the painting must therefore be Giovanni's own, at the very end of his life. The *Bacchanal* by the way is signed "Joannes Bellinus invictus fecit," a fine saying for a painter nearly ninety years old.

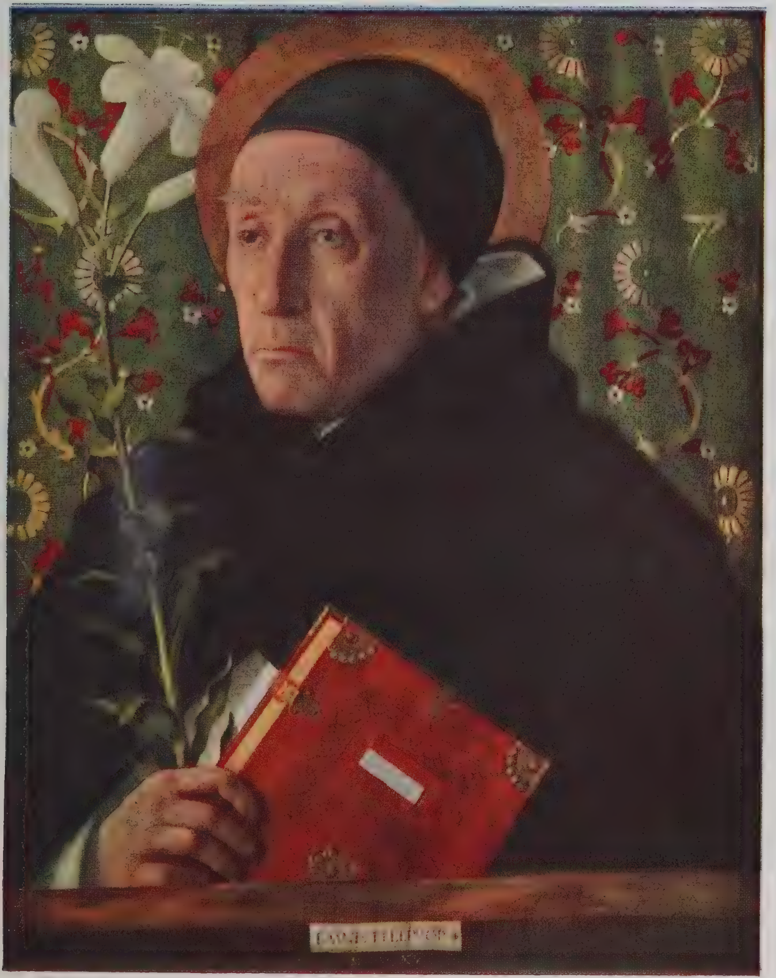
Before speaking of Giovanni Bellini's following we must consider his brother Gentile. Of GENTILE BELLINI'S few surviving works the Gallery possesses four, and of these the most curious, though not the best, is the portrait of the *Sultan Mohammed* (3099). Gentile was sent to Constantinople in 1479, and remained there for more than a year, the visit leaving a permanent impression upon his work. The unusual, but not very happy, architectural setting of the Sultan's portrait is apparently an adaptation from the style of oriental manuscripts, and the miniature-like finish of such parts of the original work as remain visible may be ascribed to the same influence. Unfortunately, the head of the portrait has been so terribly damaged in the past that very little of Gentile's painting survives, though such passages as the delicate curve of the aquiline nose indicate how fine the work must once have been. The sombre *Adoration of the Magi* (3098) which, like the Mohammed II, was one of the treasures of the Layard Bequest, reflects Gentile's contact with the East, not only in the oriental dresses of many of the figures, but even in their impassive and contemplative air. They stand like mystics or visionaries, their minds occupied with thoughts far away from the actual scene before them. The group of the Madonna with the figures round her is of singular beauty, but the effect of the picture as a whole is marred by the heavy tone of the background and the sky. Indeed the tones of Gentile lack the peculiar glow and luminosity for which Giovanni and his studio are famous, yet Gentile's repute in his day was no less than his brother's.

While Giovanni's temper led him to the painting of devotional pictures, Gentile was much occupied in rendering semi-historical ceremonies and the pageants in which the Venetians took particular pleasure. In this branch of art he had a worthy follower in Vittore CARPACCIO; a favourite with all visitors to Venice, but not quite adequately represented here. *S. Ursula leaving her Father* (3085) gives a very fair idea of Carpaccio's general style, as the *Death and Assumption of the Virgin* (3077) illustrates the earliest phase of his art, in close contact with that of Lazzaro Bastiani, a phase to which we shall return later in connexion with Giorgione's beginnings. In Carpaccio's mature painting the anecdotic art of Jacopo Bellini survives right into the sixteenth century. He uses the current tradition of painting soundly, and a fine tradition it is. We may also admit that he often has a delightful freshness of conception, but neither in design nor in colour does Carpaccio show the large creative power which we expect from a great man. As an illustrator he has few equals when a large space has to be covered with pleasant imagery, and when the subject does not call for any deep feeling or searching insight.

Gentile Bellini's pageant-painting involved a large amount of portraiture. It was for his skill as a portrait painter that he was chosen by the Venetians to visit the court of Mohammed, and time is slowly confirming the judgment of his contemporaries. If it were not rather low in tone I think that our *Mathematician* (1213) would long ago have been recognized as one of the finest of Venetian portraits. Nothing could be more simple more dignified, more severe in its rejection of all unessentials, more noble and refined in colour and characterization. Gentile here seems to pierce beneath externals, and reach to his sitter's inmost thought, profound and remote though it be. The same piercing insight, allied with a more vivid scheme of colour, is seen in *Fra Teodoro da Urbino as S. Dominic* (1440). Close examination indicates that this was painted by Gentile as a portrait of the Fra Teodoro of Urbino whose name can still be dimly discerned on the parapet beneath. After Gentile's death in 1507 the picture must have been taken to Giovanni Bellini's studio and there, in 1515, the form of the skull-cap was enlarged, the name on the parapet painted over, the *cartellino* of Giovanni added, and the picture presumably sold as a S. Dominic.

Gentile's technical method deserves a note. Unlike Giovanni, whose smaller works are almost always painted upon panel and owe thereto their smooth enamelled surfaces, Gentile preferred to work upon canvas, and to retain, even when working in oil, the pleasant granular texture, which we find in tempera painting on linen. The two portraits just mentioned illustrate this method admirably, the background of No. 1440, in particular, having a fresh and painter-like quality of colour and pigment which deserves to be remembered by the prac-

PL. 68

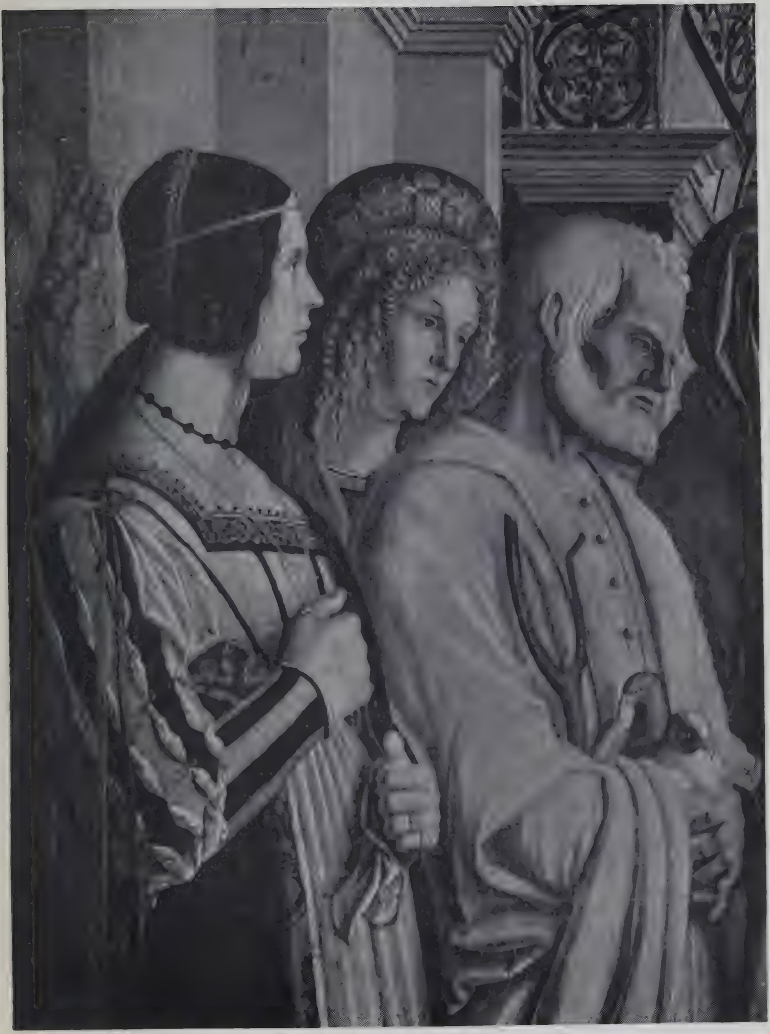


GENTILE BELLINI
FRA TEODORO AS S. DOMINIC

tising artist of to-day. The method in which the heads are painted is also notable, since they are done like a drawing in body colour. One simple tone is spread for all the shadows, and upon this lights and half-tones are laid in opaque white, with infinite delicacy. By this monochromatic treatment Gentile obtains a sculpturesque result which adds much to the dignity and significance of his rendering of character, and which brings him nearer than any of his other Venetian contemporaries to the great Florentines.

Though associated for a time with Giovanni Bellini, as an assistant in decorating the Ducal Palace, and showing points of contact with Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio, Marco MARZIALE, the painter of two large altarpieces (803 and 804), is an independent and rather puzzling character. Unlike almost all the other Venetians he clearly sought inspirations outside Venice. Instead of following in the prevalent Bellini fashion, he borrowed in turn from the Lombards, the Umbrians, the Bolognese, and possibly from works by Dürer or Cranach. *The Circumcision* (803), his masterpiece, was painted at Cremona, when Marziale was clearly under the influence of his Lombard neighbours. The firm contours and the admirable painting of profile portraits, which are characteristic of the School of Butinone and Zenale and are well shown in the early work of Ambrogio da Predis (2251), are here most happily allied with a truly Venetian feeling for enamelled pigment and rich colour. The beauty, variety and interest of the patterned stuffs in this picture have long been famous, but full justice has never yet been done to the odd pleasant oppositions of indigo blue and orange, of cold grey and glowing gold, with which the customary Venetian palette of green and rosy red and ultramarine is here so audaciously enriched. The portraits of the donor and his family, in attendance at the ceremony, have a freshness, a substance and an unaffected reality which make them curiously modern. The lady standing to the left, for example, is a person we might have met any day these thirty years, among those who take life rather seriously. Nothing else that Marco Marziale has left us has so much substance, so much vitality or so fine a decorative quality. Our other large *Madonna with Saints* (804), painted seven years later, is dull both in colour and characterization; his paintings elsewhere have a certain quaintness due to their stubby figures and square Teutonic physiognomies—but only in this *Circumcision* does the artist seem for one moment to have been genuinely inspired.

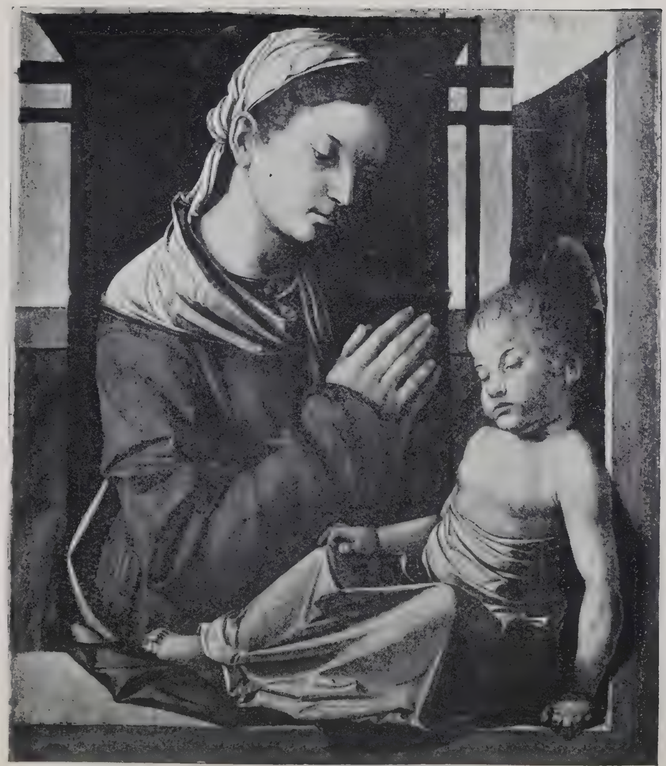
Among Giovanni Bellini's actual pupils the first place must be given to CIMA, the foreman of his studio, who is abundantly represented in the Gallery. His large *Incredulity of S. Thomas* (816), though it gives a good general idea of Bellinesque church painting, has neither the charm nor the vigour of his smaller panels. Though a little sharp and hard in the contours, his *Madonnas*, such as Nos. 300, 634, and 2506, and his little subject-pieces, such as *S. Jerome in the Desert* (1120), combine a miniature-like finish with extraordinary force of glowing colour. The *Ecce Homo* (1310) indicates Cima's tragic power, indeed it has the poignancy and force of a great master, while the *David*



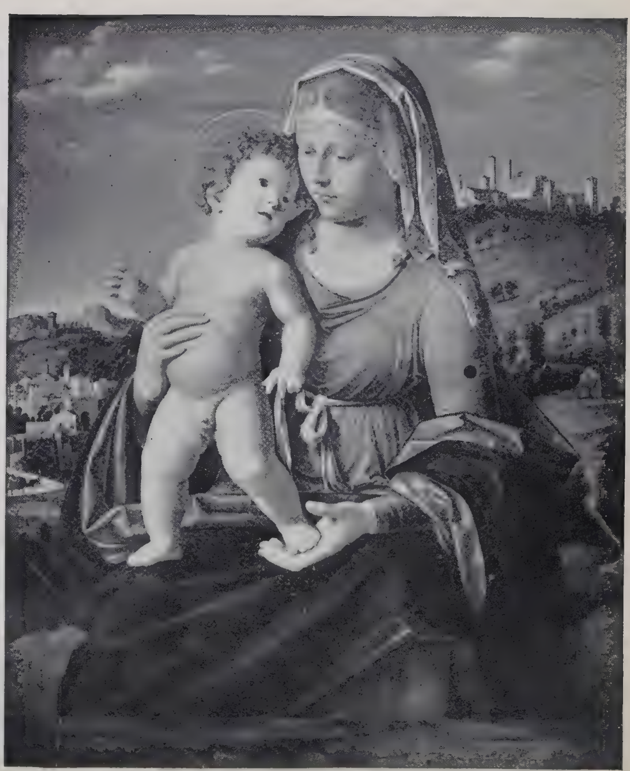
MARZIALE

DETAIL FROM THE CIRCUMCISION

Pl. 70



MONTAGNA : MADONNA (1098)



CIMA : MADONNA (634)

and Jonathan (2505), though the sense of form is here manifestly imperfect, has an idyllic freshness which shows how wide were the painter's sympathies.

The name of BASAITI has been given to a number of paintings with which his connexion is doubtful, among them to the *Madonna of the Meadow* (599), already discussed. His finest works at Venice and Vienna resemble Giovanni Bellini very closely, both in feeling and in technical character, a slight dryness in the forms and a not unpleasant pallor in the colouring being the distinguishing personal notes. This latter quality we can estimate from our signed *Madonna* (2499).

Bartolommeo MONTAGNA of Vicenza, a more robust and austere personage, in his best works attains to a monumental grandeur which is rare, if not quite unknown, among his Venetian contemporaries. Unluckily, our small and much damaged *Madonna* (1098) is the single specimen we possess of Montagna in this phase. In his larger work, *SS. John Baptist, Zeno and Catherine* (3074), a much later painting, he has lost this personal character, and has become a conventional maker of altarpieces, although still distinguished from his provincial fellows by his firmness of touch and his sincerity. Some of his largeness of design and originality of colour survives also in the *Madonna* (802), though the emptiness of the modelling in places suggests the hand of a pupil or follower.

The powerful head of *A Venetian Senator* (736) by Francesco BONSIGNORI will serve to introduce the painters of Verona. Bonsignori in early manhood, coming under the influence of Mantegna, painted with a force and firmness not unworthy of that master, and our portrait shows what bigness of style and breadth of colour he then developed. But the genuine Veronese temper was more placid and gentle. What, for example, could be more attractive and engaging than the *Madonna* (285) by Francesco MORONE? Here we find no preoccupation with the graver problems of design and form, but we have a most gracious and kindly presentation, enriched by delightful colour and planned with artful simplicity and judgment. Francesco, when inspired by Mantegna (as in the Verona *Crucifixion*), could rise to the sublime, but here, in the tranquil dignity of the Mother and the sensitiveness of the Child, as in the opulent splendour of their setting, he is characteristically Veronese. Still more consistently placid was GIROLAMO dai Libri, whose *Madonna with S. Anne* (748) has long been a favourite with the public. Indeed, if the function of a devotional picture be to soothe and calm the troubled spirit, no imagery is better calculated to do so than that which Girolamo employs. With him, as with Francesco Morone, the figures are set with so much tact in gracious and airy landscapes that they suggest a serenity of mood analogous to that we experience in the presence of Perugino, however deficient all three may be in the qualities which the modern painter values most highly.

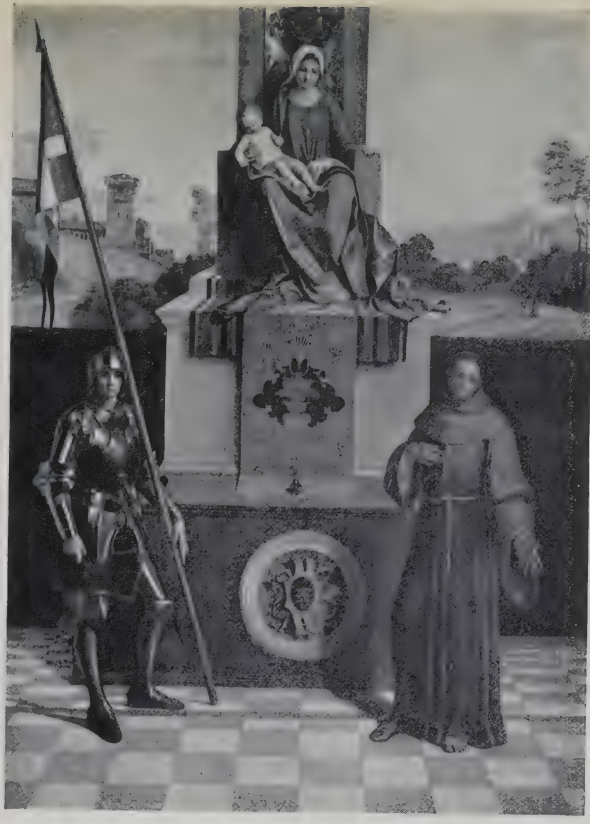
Paolo MORANDO would get more sympathy, for Morando seems always in search of form and design and colour. In our *S. Roch* (735), for example, he sets about combining two figures in the narrow upright panel with no little originality and power. His very personal taste in colour is more clearly seen in his *Madonna with S. John Baptist and Angel* (777). Here the ashen-grey flesh tones make a grave and unexpected harmony with lilac and green and lemon-yellow ; these, in turn, affording a pleasant variation from the more customary notes of blue and orange and rosy red. Yet the impression left is not wholly agreeable. In his best painting Morando displays considerable command of form, though the form is stiff and hard, as if it had been mastered only with considerable effort. In our pictures this effort is relaxed, and the painter appears to be satisfied with a waxen surface-finish. Yet the use of grey for his half-tones, and the austere combinations of colour resulting therefrom, make Morando a very definite personality in a school which was almost too ready to accept the golden-brown formula of Giovanni Bellini as a sovereign remedy for all artistic ailments.

Certainly Giovanni's studio practice of spreading a golden-brown glaze of oil over a luminous tempera foundation, and then working into it with certain fine reds and blues disposed in broad masses, had unparalleled success. It provided mediocre or careless painters with the means of producing pictures which look attractive, and which will continue to look attractive in the eyes of collectors who like a piece of decorative colour on their walls, and are not too critical as to form and design. But when subjected to examination the great mass of this work stands the test no better than the average work of other schools. Indeed at times we may think, in moments of depression perhaps, that it stands the test less well. The comparative security offered by glowing colour not only enabled the incompetent to remain so without grave disability, but it also permitted genuine powers to become slack and indolent. In no other School do we find so many men painting badly who were capable of painting well, or even in the same picture discover so much that is good mixed with so much that is slipshod.

We may now consider the changes introduced into Venetian painting by GIORGIONE. For all his fame and fascination he is an artist with whom the present age may have but moderate sympathy. Profound and immediate though his influence was upon the art of Venice, we may question whether his repute has not been at times unduly enhanced by the speculation and uncertainty surrounding his brief career, and the extreme rarity of his authentic pictures. Even in these the modern painter may find too little of that 'pure aesthetic' which he is expected to visualize, and too much of that emotional element which his mentors counsel him to despise. Indeed, Giorgione's fervid and experimental temper, bent on exploring the possibilities of painting in many new directions, had little or nothing in common with our modern aesthetic philosophies. If we are to consider him in any detail, we must do so from the point of view of the generation of Morelli and Pater. They could accept his romanticism as a delightful contribution to our store of intellectual pleasures, and his technical achievements as a no less notable widening of the artistic horizon. Hitherto Venetian art, whether religious or secular, had been almost wholly ceremonial. Giorgione at once makes it domestic, by turning for his subject-matter to the classical poets or to idealized contemporary life, and so evolving a species of romantic *genre*, as appropriate to a private house as it was unsuitable for a Venetian church or public building. This freedom in respect of subject-matter, which had been foreshadowed in the drawings of Jacopo Bellini, led to a corresponding freedom in technique. Not only were the old Venetian ideas of formal composition rapidly swept away, but the painting of the nude, of the female nude in particular, and of landscape became matters of universal study. Our representation of Giorgione is too scanty to enable us to follow these developments in his own work, but when we come to his followers we can trace the Giorgionesque influence plainly enough.

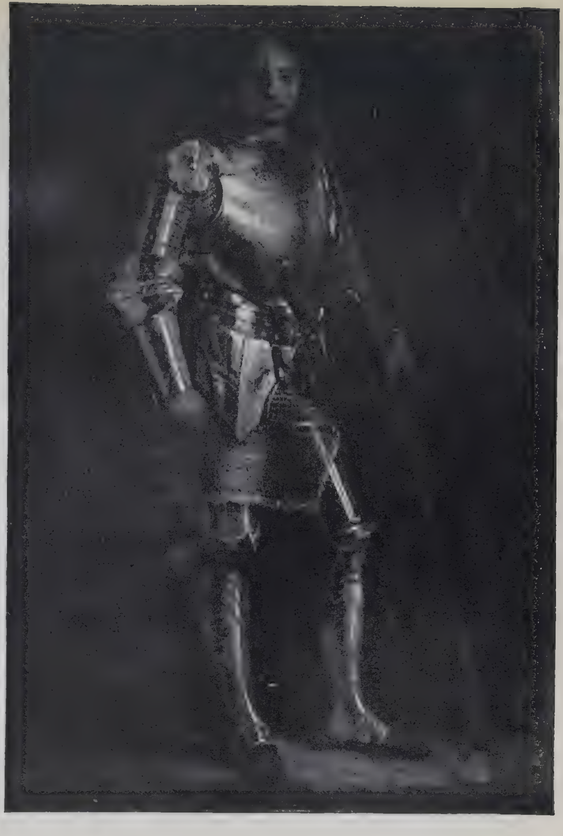
The one little panel we possess which can almost indisputably be ascribed to Giorgione's own hand is the little study of a man in armour, to which the title of *Gaston de Foix* (269) has been traditionally but wrongly attached. The criticism which has reduced the genuine work of Giorgione to barely half-a-dozen paintings has naturally not spared this panel. It is said to be too badly drawn for Giorgione; a defect which I confess I cannot see. It is clearly a study for, or from, the figure of S. Liberale in the famous altarpiece which Giorgione painted in 1504 for the Church of Castelfranco. If it is a study for that picture, say the critics, why introduce the unnecessary curtain, and the dark background? The curtain and background need not really trouble us. If the surface is examined in a good light we shall find that all the background is of a different substance and texture from the rest. Like the curtain, it is a later addition, put in, no doubt, to transform a little oil study into the semblance of a finished picture. Again, say the critics, the painting is too mature for such an early date as 1503-4. At that time the craft of oil-painting was still in its youth, if not in its infancy, while here the handling has the solidity of Titian or Van Dyck. To this it may be answered that in the course of the next decade oil-painting undeniably did come to sudden maturity, that Giorgione was undeniably a protagonist in the movement of emancipation, and that the Castelfranco altarpiece itself is a standing proof that by 1504 Giorgione had very little to learn about painting in oil.

The internal evidence, moreover, definitely indicates that our study was painted before the altarpiece, and not in any way copied from it. When we compare our figure with Giorgione's *S. Liberale* we are struck at once by a difference. The S. Liberale of the altarpiece holds his head erect; his figure is active and alert, his bearing easy and natural, his armour is trim and stainless. Our National Gallery figure has none of this heroic quality. He stands just as a model would stand, who has had to wear for several hours on end a heavy suit of plate armour, and is listless and weary from carrying the weight of half-a-hundredweight or more of metal. Note, for instance, his dejected droop of the head, the limp carriage of the right arm, the feeble grip of the left hand upon the lance-shaft, the awkwardness of the right foot. The thing is evidently a most ac-



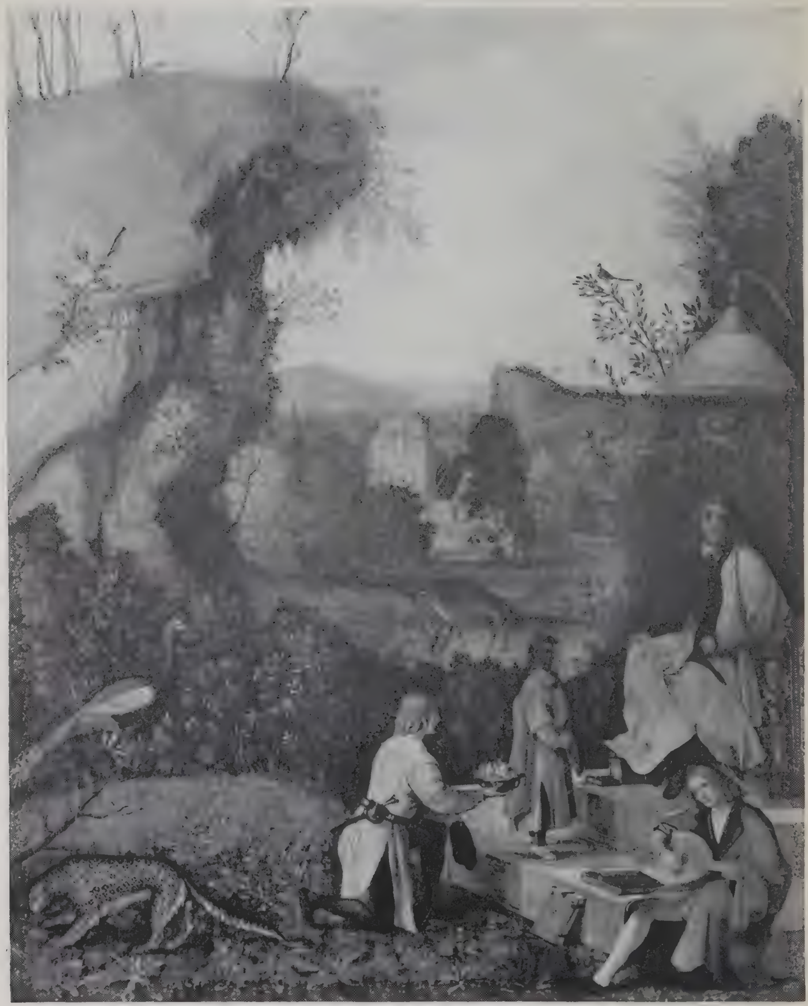
THE CASTELFRANCO ALTARPIECE

GIORGIONE



"GASTON DE FOIX"

Pl. 72



TITIAN (?)

THE GOLDEN AGE (p. 180)

curate study from a tired living model : you can almost feel the weight of the leg-pieces as they press towards the ground. Compare this with the vigorous sweeping lines, the swagger almost, with which S. Liberale's figure is painted, and the touch everywhere of idealization which makes the Saint more tall and slender as well as more proudly balanced than the model. The absence of the helmet and the different pose of the head are also unlike a copyist's work. The treatment of the armour is even more conclusive. The myriad lights and reflections in it correspond closely, but in the altarpiece they are everywhere simplified and freed from those accidents of rust and surface irregularity which our little panel shows. The armour in the study is a real suit of plate which has seen some service : that of S. Liberale is fresh and spotless as befits one of the heavenly warriors. To imagine a copyist deliberately introducing rust marks into his copy of the Saint's figure is absurd. The little study *must* have preceded the altarpiece, and must be a genuine work by Giorgione dating from about 1503.

It is thus a precious historical landmark. Giorgione and his disciples were the great technical innovators of the time, but the chronology of most of their work done between 1500 and 1515 is still a matter of dispute. Here, in this study, we have evidence that by the year 1504 Giorgione had established the practice of oil-painting as it has lasted ever since, at least up to the time of the Impressionists. All Bellini's work is but a brilliant reinforcing with oil-paint of work begun in tempera. That, too, was Giorgione's original practice.

But in this study there is no trace of a tempera foundation. It is a painting in oil, and nothing but oil, used just as Titian and Van Dyck and Rembrandt used it afterwards.

Of our other Giorgionesque pictures, *The Golden Age* (1173) is the most charming and the most perplexing. What exactly is happening? Who is the personage enthroned in this upland park, among the birds and beasts, who receives homage to the sound of Music? Plato's philosopher-king perhaps? And perhaps, after all, it is a mere painter's fancy into which, like a poet's fancy, we must not try to press any too literal meaning? For a certain vagueness is characteristic of the type of design which Giorgione introduced, and which was eagerly seized upon as a relief from the very definite statement of the religious or ceremonial picture. Art with the Giorgionesques is less a description of actual or imagined things, than a suggestion of things that have just happened or are about to happen, the creation of a new atmosphere charged with some dramatic or romantic significance. And this mood of reverie is most quickly and directly prompted by the invention of a world remote from ours, purged of all gross contemporary imagery, in which courtly personages may rest and dream and listen wistfully to music, as they do in the *Fêtes Champêtres* of Watteau, or may move gallantly on the paths which lead to Love and Death.

Of this romantic unreality, this escape from hard fact into the realm of poetry, our *Golden Age* is a little epitome. But, as I have indicated elsewhere,[1] it is impossible to regard the picture as a work by Giorgione himself, though it is clearly done by one who was in direct contact with him about the year 1495. The singular feeling for foliage, for the lightness and waywardness of woody growth belongs to Titian rather than Giorgione : wholly Titianesque, too, is the delicate play of light and shadow across the landscape. And as I have suggested in the article mentioned, there are other points of contact with Titian which justify us in thinking that we have here the earliest work known by that artist, done when he was a boy of fifteen and had just come under the influence of Giorgione. Giorgione's two little panels in the Uffizi, *The Ordeal of Moses* and *The Judgment of Solomon*, indicate what were Titian's sources of inspiration in composing our delightful little picture, and as we know how swiftly Giorgione's style developed from these beginnings into breadth and grandeur, there is no real difficulty in postulating a similar growth in his most gifted pupil. Only in Titian's case we have not the same definite landmarks to make the course of this progress visible, and to bridge the gulf in style which separates *The Golden Age* from anything else which we can definitely call Titian's.

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[1] See the *Burlington Magazine* for April, 1923.

Another problem is set us by two paintings which have for a good many years borne the name of CATENA, the *S. Jerome* (694) and the *Warrior adoring the Infant Christ* (234). Now Catena in his signed works is almost invariably stiff, mannered and feeble, our *Madonna* (3540) being a characteristic specimen. The attribution of these other pictures to him is only possible on the assumption that, very late in his own life, and long after Giorgione was dead, he was fired by that master's example and suddenly became a fine craftsman. For there is no doubt that the *S. Jerome* is a fine thing, combining breadth of massing, stateliness of design, serenity of colour, and minute perfection of workmanship to an extraordinary degree. The *Warrior Adoring* has long been recognized as one of the most rich and glowing of all Giorgionesque pictures. The style is grander than that of the *S. Jerome.* The contours are less rigid, and the whole is treated with a freedom and a sense of beauty to which Catena's signed works show no parallel. The question of the true authorship of these has been so recently discussed in detail [1] that I need not go over the ground again. It will be sufficient to say that the theory of Catena's authorship rests on no real foundation, and that there is good reason for believing both these pictures to be early works by Jacopo PALMA, painted about 1505, when Giorgione's Castelfranco altarpiece had just shown Venice the value of simple rectangular forms and spaces. Venetian painters forgot the lesson quickly enough in the interest excited by the development of landscape and by the possibilities of elaborate figure composition, but for a year or two after 1504 the effect of the Castelfranco altarpiece upon pictorial design is everywhere noticeable.

Catena, too, was made responsible at one time for the *Adoration of the Magi* (1160), his being no doubt a vague reputation under which any Giorgionesque picture of a certain type could be conveniently classified, and put away out of sight. A more enlightened criticism has recently noted that this picture, with three others, forms a separate group, which is not by the painter of the *S. Jerome* and the *Warrior Adoring*. This unknown, if not always very careful in his drawing, or much interested in human character (his faces often verge upon vacancy), was evidently a most gifted and glowing colourist. So splendid indeed is our little panel, that we have to abandon very reluctantly the possibility that it might be by Giorgione himself. It is clear that such a painter, had he lived, would have made some reputation for himself. But as no subsequent works by him could be traced, it was reasonably concluded that this " Master of the Allendale Adoration," as he has been termed from his most important work, must have died young. But, as I have indicated elsewhere,[1] the landscape background of Lord Allendale's picture is precisely similar in many ways to the background on another work in our Gallery, the *Madonna* (2495) from the Salting Collection. Hitherto attributed to Cariani, this *Madonna* may with more reason be given to Cariani's fellow-pupil under Palma, BONIFAZIO Veronese. Our little *Adoration*, then, may be reasonably regarded as a work done by Bonifazio in his student days, when he came like all the aspiring young Venetians into Giorgione's artistic orbit.

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[1] See the *Burlington Magazine*, May, 1923.

Lest the great changes in style which these theories ask us to accept should seem impossible, even in this epoch of change, the case of SEBASTIANO del Piombo must be quoted. In the inscription on his large *Pieta*

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[1] See the *Burlington Magazine*, May, 1923.

(3084) Sebastiano calls himself disciple of Giovanni Bellini, although the picture is almost a literal copy of a work by Cima. As Cima was probably the head of Bellini's studio, this discrepancy is not difficult to explain. But Sebastiano, like Titian, transferred his allegiance from Bellini to Giorgione, and in his *Daughter of Herodias* (2493) the change of style is so complete that without strong corroborative evidence we should find it incredible. Possibly in this panel of 1510 we may see still some traces of Bellinesque methods, for though the colour is rich and powerful, the quality of the paint is still a trifle hard and thin. But in all other respects the picture belongs to that class of subject picture which Titian was developing under Giorgione's influence, and which was to become an established feature in sixteenth century art. Sebastiano's Salome is a plump and substantial young lady who would be quite out of place in the company of Bellini and Cima, but fits quite naturally into the rather material world which Titian and Palma were then beginning to exploit.

It is however to the historian and the critic, rather than to the artist, that the paintings of this decade of transition, 1505-15, make their appeal. Giorgione, the great apostle of the transition, remains always a rather shadowy figure, because the frescoes on the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, his one great effort in the grand style, perished rapidly, and are recorded only by a few fragmentary engravings. Those engravings prove him to be a great, a very great master, with immense future possibilities which were cut short by his untimely death in 1510. These possibilities, oddly enough, do not lie in the direction of that romanticism with which we now generally associate Giorgione. They tend rather towards a grand and monumental realism in the treatment of the human form, whereby the mature Giorgione would have gained a place with Michelangelo, Raphael and Correggio, though distinguished from them by a frankness of vision like that suggested at times by Paul Veronese, and displayed, long afterwards, and in a much narrower field, by Gustave Courbet at times.

Giorgione's name remains connected with a group of pictures which clearly owe much to his inspiration, but also contain much that cannot possibly be his. The reasonable explanation of the best of these pictures is that they were begun by Giorgione, but were left unfinished at the time of his sudden death by the plague. Then, as Vasari indicates, they were shared and finished by his disciples, Titian and Sebastiano del Piombo. In such posthumous collaboration lies the secret of the later works of the 'School of Giorgione' by which the artistic world has so long been fascinated and perplexed. For its earlier works we must consider the claims of the young Titian, the young Palma, and the young Bonifazio, and the National Gallery is exceptionally fortunate in owning some of the cardinal documents which bear upon the inquiry. These precious works possess that peculiar combination of delicacy, beauty and freshness which is the heritage of youthful genius, and so, whatever the uses to which critics may put them in their disputes, they remain things for us all to delight in.

CHAPTER XV

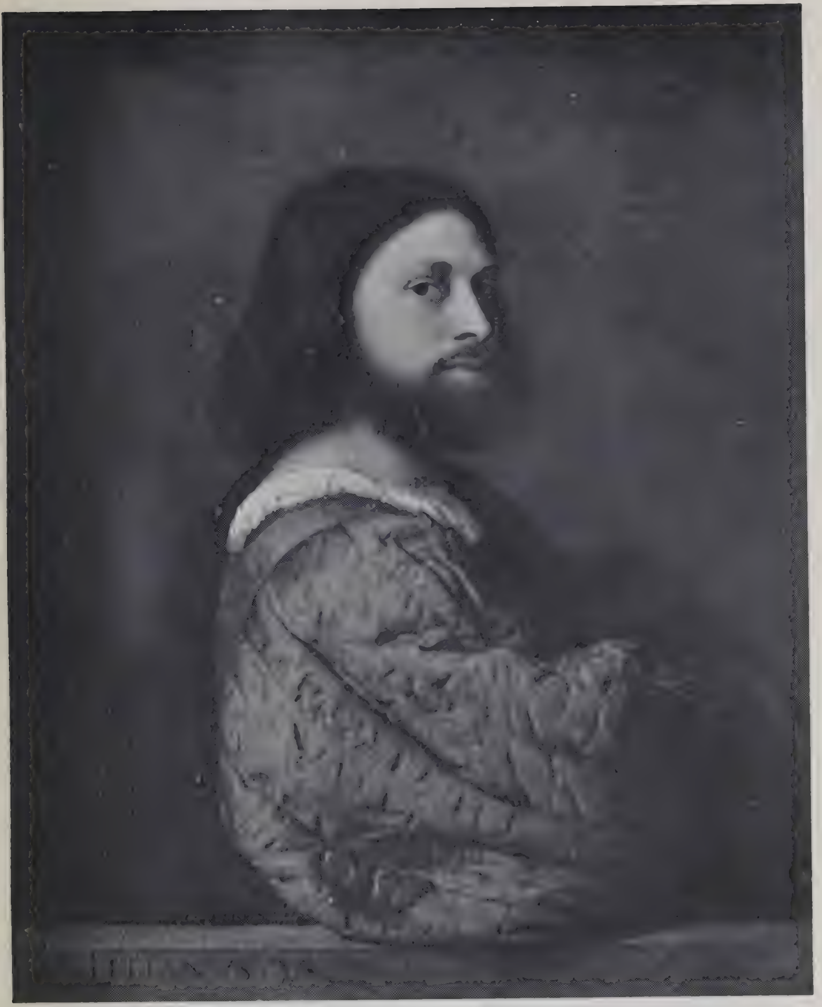
FROM TITIAN TO GUARDI

Giorgione's death in 1510 left Titian as the leader of the new movement, and during the whole of his long life Titian remains the central figure in Venetian art. But before attempting to deal with him and the group of great figures round him, it may be well to dispose of one subsidiary group of painters, the Ferrarese. Though Ferrara could not escape wholly from eclecticism and, in the case of Garofalo, from eclecticism of a particularly irritating kind, the general tendency of the Ferrarese painters is towards individualism, often, indeed, to a not unpleasant oddity. Our *Battle Piece* (1062), for example, by an anonymous artist, recalls Paolo Uccello in its use of geometrical convention, while the background, with its clouds of rose pink, its dark blue sky and light blue hills, is clearly the work of an artist tired of the current naturalism, and attempting, just as a modern might do, to create a pictorial world of his own. A jumble of incongruous elements, perhaps, but still so fresh and original in feeling and withal a mosaic of such odd and lively colour, that it gives far more pleasure than many a work with a hundred times its reputation.

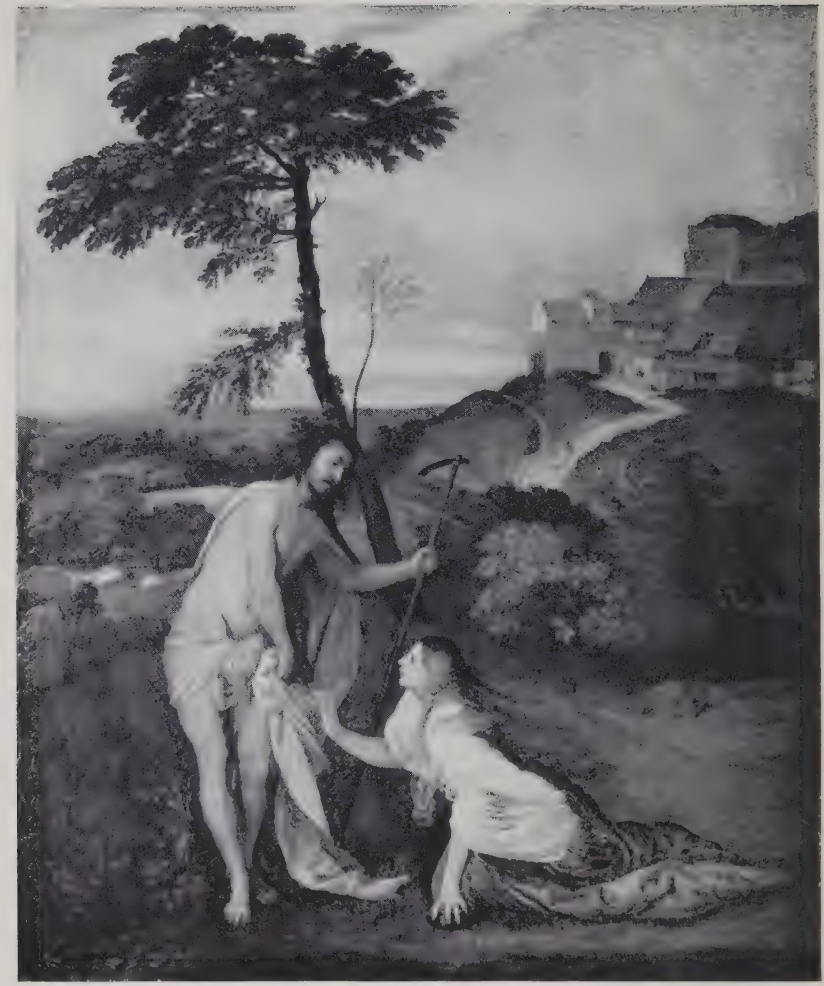
A word, also, must be given to the noble altarpiece by Ortolano representing *SS. Sebastian, Roch and Demetrius* (669). This rare artist, of whom very little is known, might be described as an eclectic, since the material of his work is derived from many sources, but Ortolano uses it with such fine craftsmanship, so large a sense of design, and so much genuine feeling that the result is a genuine personal creation. In our altarpiece the brooding figure of S. Demetrius in his black armour is no less superbly painted than impressive. With DOSSO DOSSI, Ferrara comes much more definitely into contact with Venice. In his *Muse inspiring a Court Poet* (1234), we see something of Giorgione's fancy in the conception of the scene, and something of his fire in the glittering eyes of the Muse as she turns to stimulate her stolid pupil. Altogether, this humorous little piece is a favourable example of Dosso's work. Elsewhere his fancy often becomes caprice, and his colour acquires a tawny or coppery quality which interferes with our pleasure. Still, Dosso never lacks character, and among the later Ferrarese is the master who best deserves to be remembered.

We notice in this work of Dosso a solidity and substance which are new to the Venetian School. This quality is one of several which the School owes to the example of TITIAN. We shall understand it better if we turn to the signed portrait, which passes as that of *Ariosto* (1944). The condition of the head is not wholly satisfactory. It appears to have been repainted, and at any rate is worked with thin oil glazes and small touches, in the manner of the quattro-cento as modified by Giorgione at the end of the century. Indeed it might well be one of those pictures of which Vasari speaks in which the youthful Titian followed Giorgione's manner so closely that the result was indistinguishable from his master's work. But the thing of importance to us at the moment is the puffed grey satin sleeve. This is broadly painted in quite a different fashion from the head, and with so much sense of form, texture and material, that we can almost think the real sleeve is there before us. It is not merely the appearance that has been caught, but the very substance of the stuff. We have seen how the Florentines, under the inspiration of sculpture and at the dictates of science, attained their greatest triumphs when monumental character was accentuated to the point of suggesting figures of stone rather than of flesh and blood. Titian, approaching the problem of what may be called three-dimensional representation from another point of view, makes his images not only solid but substantial, that is to say, apparently formed of the actual substance of reality, so that flesh and linen and silks and satins cease in his pictures to look like paint, or carven stone, or things subtly cast in some fine metal. Correggio, as we have seen, had something of the same gift, indeed, in one or two rare moments he paints human flesh with a delicacy which Titian even cannot quite equal. But in the consistent application of his principle of substantiality to all that he handles Titian stands alone.

Like all other artistic principles it carries with it



TITIAN
ARIOSTO



TITIAN

"NOLI ME TANGERE" (p. 190)

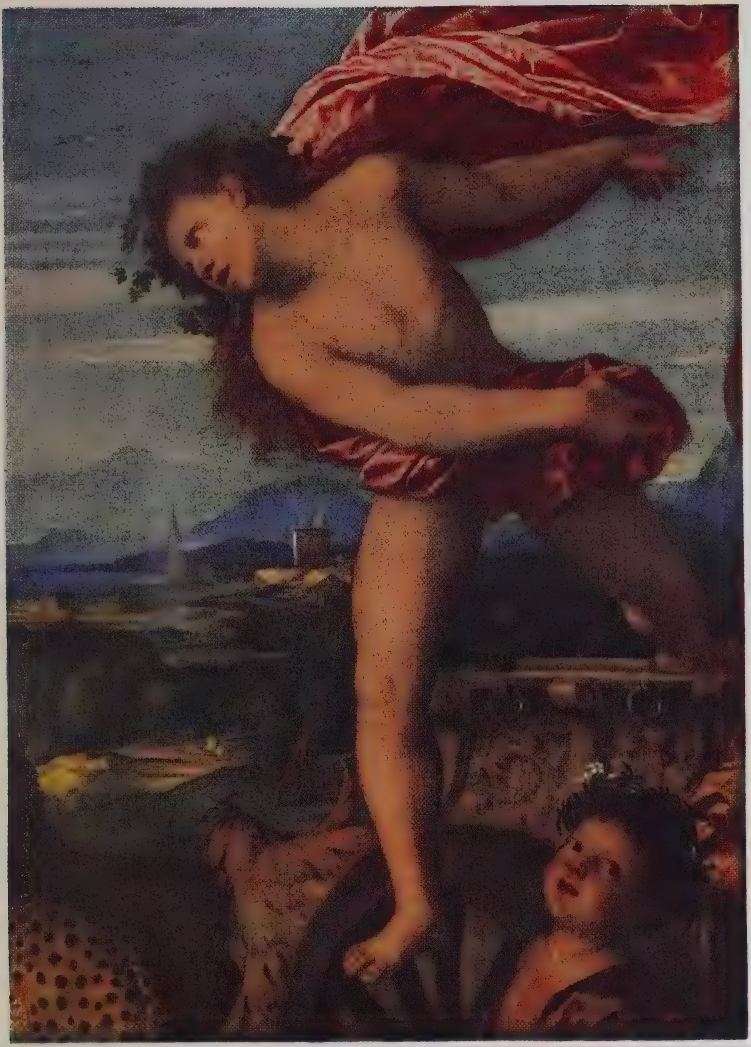
certain dangers. Even Titian, when he paints celestial personages borne aloft upon clouds, is hampered to some extent by his own powers. His celestial beings are so obviously substantial that their position in the air makes an unconscious call upon our sense of gravity; we feel that something very powerful indeed is needed to hold them up. The imagery which we accept without hesitation from much less gifted painters seems in Titian's case incongruous, because no clouds could comfortably support people so definitely solid and heavy. In a minor degree this applies to his mythological pictures. His goddesses and nymphs are so substantially realized that we lose our feeling for their superhuman attributes, their visionary and intangible qualities, and they become persons always wholly material, often rather ponderous, and sometimes inclining to coarseness. Yet in dealing with the things of this world Titian's masterly materialism was of immense value, and set an example not only to the whole Venetian School, but to nearly all serious painting for the next four centuries. Wherever art since Titian's day has touched the pageantry of life, or the great personalities of Europe, it has always had Titian's achievement in mind, and the possession of fine examples of his work remains a criterion by which the relative importance of national collections is frequently decided.

In the *Ariosto*, as we have seen, this power of Titian's was apparent only in the painting of the sleeve. In our *Holy Family* (4) it is still in the experimental stage. The figure of St. Joseph is Palmesque in colouring and treatment, the Madonna and Child are thoroughly Titianesque but somewhat thinly and smoothly executed. The kneeling shepherd, on the contrary, is painted with extraordinary roughness and vehemence. The forms of the landscape show even more roughness, the blue sky, too, lacks atmosphere. The picture is commonly described as unfinished. We may more justly view it as the experiment of a student, who is seeking to escape from over-suavity into a style of greater breadth and vigour than he can at the moment attain. We must not forget that the Titianesque style of painting was practically invented in the first decade of the sixteenth century. That it should have been invented in one moment, without the production of a certain number of trial pieces, not all of them quite successful, would have been nothing less than a miracle.

On the other hand this period of change had its intervals of triumph, and one of them is represented by our *Noli Me Tangere* (270). Here Titian attempts no daring technical innovation, but uses the Giorgionesque method of work, concentrating his powers upon refining to the utmost the balance and rhythm of the design. The figures of Christ and the Magdalen alone are painted with the rich substance of Titian in his prime. The buildings to the right are the same as those which he introduces into the so-called *Sacred and Profane Love* in the Borghese Gallery, and identical with those he painted for the background of Giorgione's Venus at Dresden. A date of 1511-12 thus seems appropriate for the picture, but its artistic quality concerns us more than the date. Had this picture not been outshone from the first by the splendours of our

Bacchus and Ariadne (35), its rare beauties might have been more justly appreciated. For among all the works of Titian there is hardly one in which the proportion and balance of the tones and masses and colours, and the rhythmic movement of the design, are more entirely felicitous. It is also in good condition. The whole picture seems to take up and carry on the movement of the two figures, the hesitating reverent advance of the Magdalen, and the slight withdrawal of the risen Christ, so that the eye passes on easily from them to the sweeping lines of the tree, the slope of the hillside, the drifting mists of the dawn just tinged with gold. The blues of the sky and of the broad plain in the distance make the happiest possible foil to the general warm tone which concentrates in the crimson of the Magdalen's dress. If the first effect of the picture is less striking than that of several other works in the Gallery, it is one to which the eye can return again without risk of satiety. The large spacing of the masses, and the rhythm of the design, have each a subtlety which defies analysis, a mystery not inappropriate to the morning of the Resurrection, and to the hopes and hesitations and belief in the incredible fact of life after death which this meeting calls to mind.

With the *Bacchus and Ariadne* (35) Titian passes to a very different world, to that sensuous Paganism which, during the middle years of his career, provided him with his most congenial and fruitful inspirations. Of the many mythological paintings which Titian left to posterity this is perhaps the most perfect, and its acquisition with the Angerstein pictures at the very foundation of the Gallery was enough to make the National Collection at once a notable one. No picture, not even Rubens's *Château de Stein*, has had more influence upon the British School. Two hundred years earlier it was one of the works from which Poussin learned most. It has been praised, described, admired and analysed again and again, so that it is difficult to say anything about it now which has not already been said better. Here the master employed every technical resource which his skill and experience gave him, so that it is one of the few large pictures in the world which is painted with force and breadth, and yet with the most subtle finish. The crown of ivy leaves in the hair of Bacchus and the foreground plants are famous, but there is not a passage anywhere in the picture which is not wonderful. Perhaps, indeed, it is almost too much of a *tour de force*, too crowded with exquisite beauties, to have quite the same massive and tranquil quality as some other pictures in the same room with it. After the war it was hung for a short time between the two decorative panels by Veronese (Nos. 1318 and 1326) and seemed by comparison rather small in treatment, while Michelangelo's *Entombment* (790) emerged from the same ordeal triumphantly. It should be remembered, however, that the *Bacchus and Ariadne* was painted for a famous 'cabinet' in the palace at Ferrara, containing three other pictures of the same size, and with figures on a similar scale, whereas the Veronese pictures were ceiling decorations intended to be seen from afar, and had therefore to be treated in a larger style.



TITIAN
BACCHUS AND ARIADNE (DETAIL)

FROM TITIAN TO GUARDI

We associate the name of Titian with a certain fervent warmth of colour and a creamy richness of pigment. In the *Bacchus and Ariadne* these qualities are seen to perfection. No one has succeeded in reproducing the method by which the flesh tones in the picture are rendered with full substance, and also with that inward glow which we know must come from transparency. The method is clearly no simple one. The figures must have been solidly and precisely painted in some tone comparatively cool and pale. Next, upon that secure foundation, film after film of transparent or translucent colour must have been laid with exquisite nicety, perhaps, as tradition relates, with the fingers even more than with the brush. Then at the last the forms were defined with crisp touches. The baby faun in the foreground will illustrate the manner in which the subtle fusion of the flesh tones is contrasted with passages of firm and delicate drawing like those which emphasize the gleam in the eye, and the vigorous strokes of vinous purple which give force and form to the draperies.

This part of the picture is in almost perfect preservation. The figure of Ariadne, dressed in the most vivid ultramarine and scarlet, as befits the personage towards whom all the action moves, has cracked in places, but these cracks actually enhance the quality of the colour, which in its native state might have seemed violent, just as rubbing and cracking have modified the quality of the distant landscape, and given to its varied notes of azure and lapis-lazuli a vibrancy which they may not originally have possessed. The very matter of which the picture is composed seems in fact to have the sparkle and translucency of a precious stone, or rather of many precious stones, for there is no sameness in this excellence. Each passage has a beauty appropriate to the thing it represents. Indeed the immense range of Titian's technical equipment may perhaps be best understood by noting the innumerable variety of qualities which he attains, how his whites may be flushed with gold and silver, may be milky or pearly as the occasion demands, and with what sheer perfection he sets against the sky the hand of Ariadne, or the uplifted arm of the Satyr on the extreme right. Of the design and colour of the picture I have spoken elsewhere.[1] I will therefore content myself with calling attention to the marvellous development of the craft of oil-painting which Titian here exhibits.

Our *Madonna with S. Catherine* (635) shows him in a more ordinary mood, although, if comparison with the *Bacchus and Ariadne* were not inevitable, we should perhaps value this picture more justly and more highly. The noble landscape in the background deserves particular attention. It has a power and solemnity which will appeal to all who love mountain ridges, as they sweep back to the topmost peaks and the clouds, their hollows filled with mist, and the sunlight striking through, here and there, along their lofty sides. The *Venus and Adonis* (34) is largely studio-work, though the master's own handling can be seen in places. The dusky tone is characteristic of Titian's later style, when he put aside the oppositions of blue and scarlet and gold

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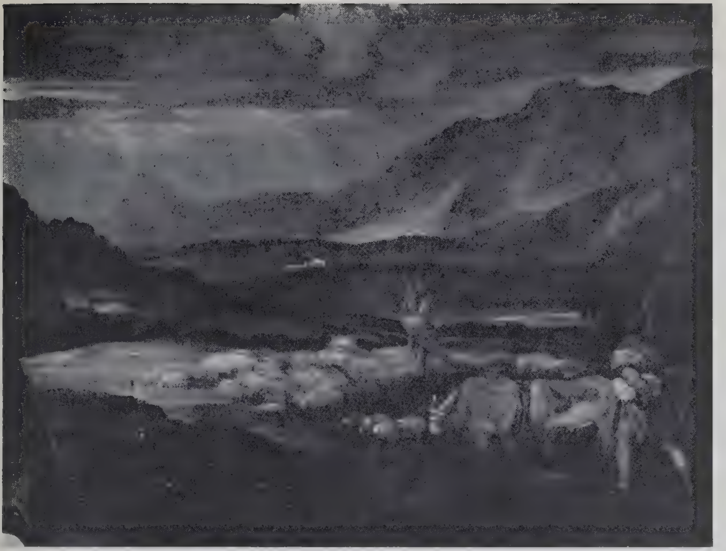
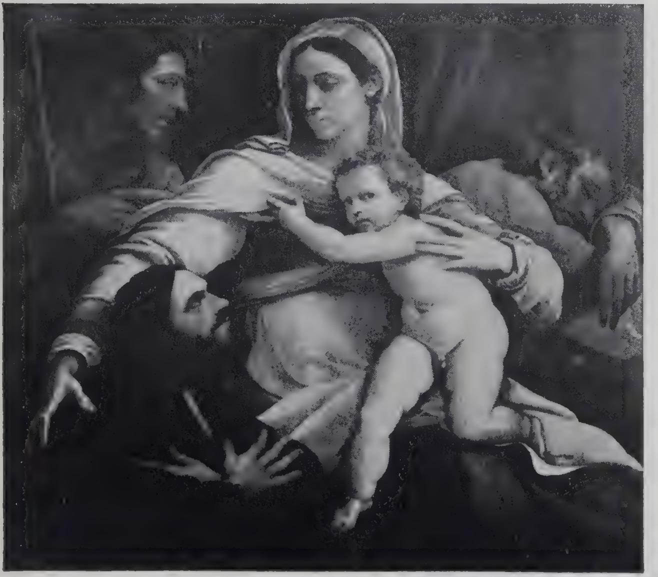
[1] See *Notes on the Science of Picture Making* (London : Chatto & Windus).



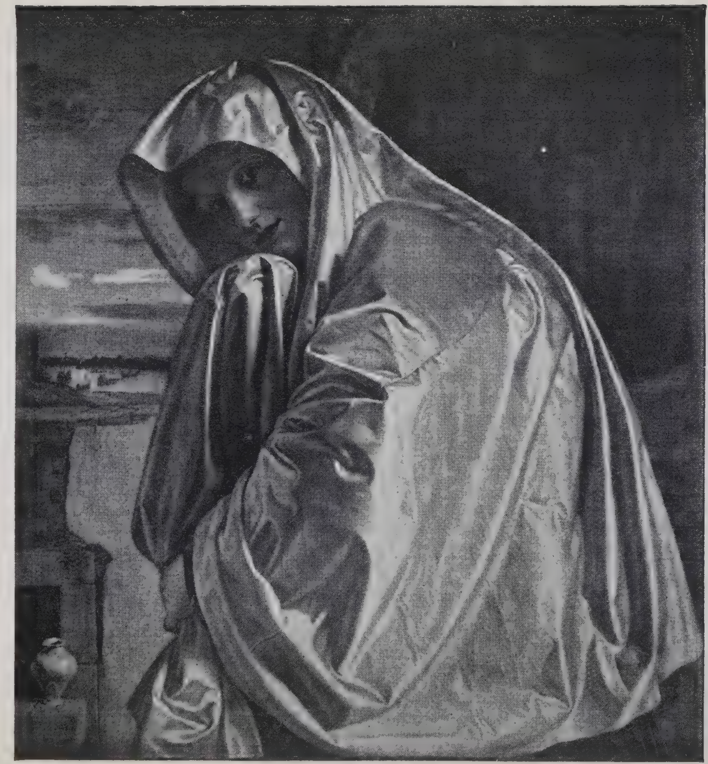
TITIAN

DETAIL FROM MADONNA WITH S. CATHERINE

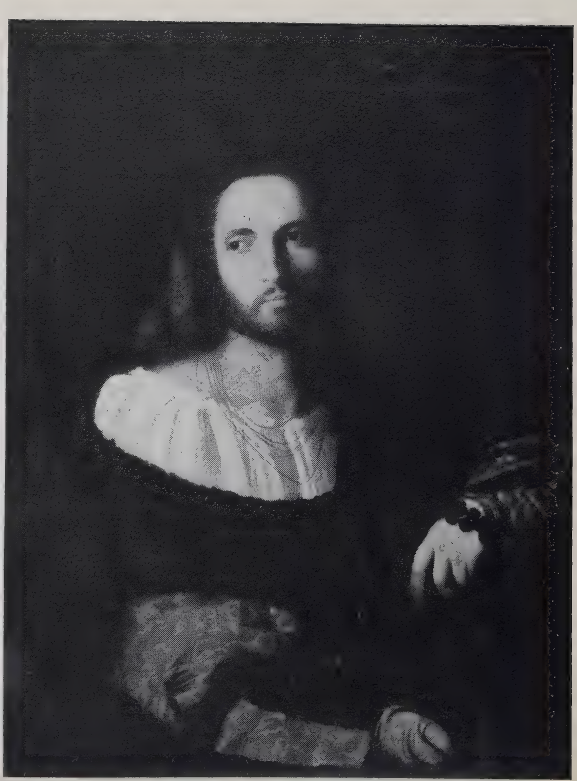


SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

HOLY FAMILY (p. 195)



SAVOLDO: MARY MAGDALENE (p. 197)



PALMA: A POET (p. 196)

and russet-brown which had pleased him in early manhood, and paints in darker, almost hueless, pigment, lit as it were from within by murky and fitful fires, and attaining thereby to a depth and mystery like Rembrandt's. Of this Rembrandt-like phase the *Mother and Child* in the Mond Collection is a most exquisite and tender example. It is unfortunate that we should possess no specimen of Titian's mature portraiture, for in this craft he was the forerunner and the teacher of almost all the world's great portraitists. No *lacuna* in our collection calls more urgently to be filled. If some rich man wished to leave a worthy memorial of himself, here would be the perfect opportunity.

While Titian was thus developing the craft of painting in oil, SEBASTIANO del Piombo, his fellow-pupil under Giorgione, had left Venice for Rome. There he came almost at once under the influence of Michelangelo, and was fired with the ambition of combining his friend's grandeur with his own Venetian colour. Our *Raising of Lazarus* (1), painted in competition with Raphael's *Transfiguration*, is the most famous result of this effort. To-day we see it to be an academic compilation, vast and impressive, but heavy and crowded too. The figure of Lazarus freeing himself from his grave-clothes is said to have been designed by Michelangelo himself, and remains a noble invention still. Our *Holy Family* (1450) has an academic dignity of design, a rhythm of movement, and a largeness of style, which the modern artist will appreciate, while there is an austere grandeur about the Madonna which proves Sebastiano's feeling for Michelangelo to have been a deep and genuine appreciation. The crossed hands of the donor, with their outstretched fingers, are the one blot upon a composition otherwise perfect of its kind.

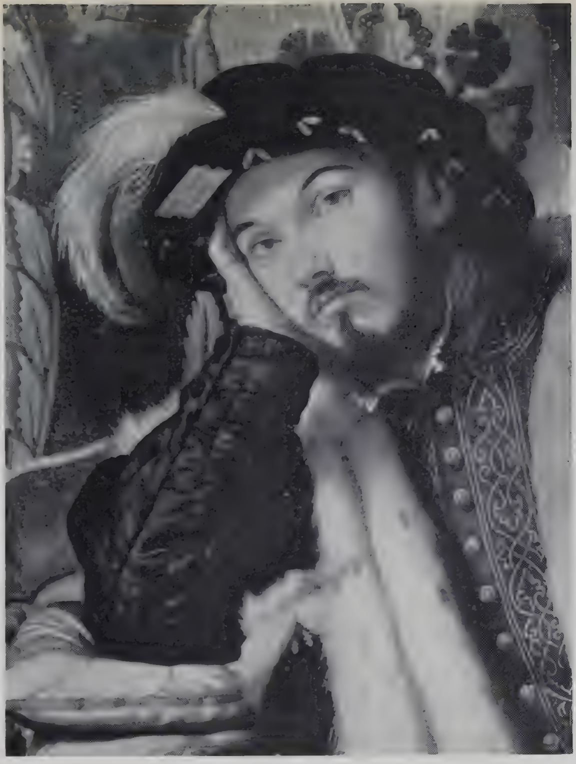
We have already discussed the elder PALMA'S beginnings in art. His mature phase is represented only by one rather languid picture from the Layard Collection, and by the Giorgionesque *Poet* (636). This noble, if much-injured picture, with Titian's so-called *Ariosto*, represents for us that phase of romantic portraiture which Giorgione invented, and comes so near in quality to those two great masters that in the past it has been ascribed both to Giorgione and to Titian. The superb painting of the white linen, of the gloved hand, and the dress of deep rose and still deeper sapphire blue, proves that Palma as an executant was hardly inferior to his great contemporaries. Only in the head do we note a touch less crisp and firm than Titian's, a spiritual insight less piercing than Giorgione's. Unluckily for Palma's fame, the picture has an unsound constitution, and for two hundred years or more has been liable to develop blisters. The nose and the left side of the face have suffered badly in consequence, so have several large patches in the background. On the last occasion when this disease manifested itself, the portrait was transferred back to panel, and in the process of transfer we discovered that the ground on which these rich and glowing tones were laid was a pale lavender grey. Possibly the use of such a cool grey foundation was part of the 'Venetian Secret.' It would certainly check the tendency to excessive hotness of tone to which the method of painting into a glaze of warm golden brown is liable, when the oil medium dries, darkens, and grows yellow.

Next we may consider BONIFAZIO, whom we have suggested as the probable painter of our Giorgionesque *Adoration of the Magi* (1160), the connecting link being the *Madonna and Child* (2495) hitherto ascribed to Cariani. This *Madonna*, though it contains some charming passages, notably in the landscape, is too near in style to Palma to be characteristic of Bonifazio, and our two pictures representing the *Madonna with Saints* (1202 and 3536) show Bonifazio in his latest and most careless mood. More precious by far is the little battered sketch of *Dives and Lazarus* (3106), for the large picture in the Venice Academy, one of the painter's masterpieces. Here we see once more that love of deep, rich colour which characterized the *Adoration of the Magi* combined with about as much sense of human character and beauty as Bonifazio ever could attain. It may be noted here that Bonifazio's colouring does not stimulate by that masterly contrast and harmony of a few selected tones in which the supreme colourists delight, but rather by a lavish disorder of rich hues and rich pigments thrown together almost haphazard.

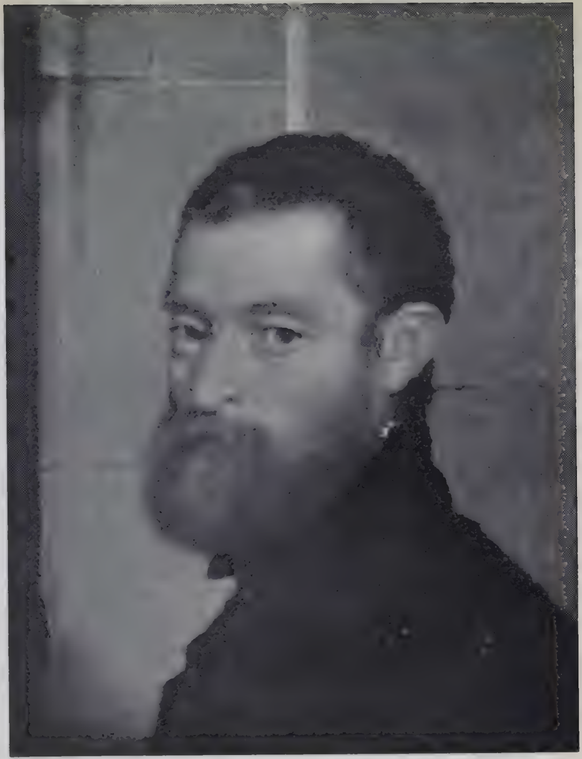
Brescia, during the first half of the sixteenth century, was a valuable artistic ally to Venice. SAVOLDO, for example, is a figure of some consequence, even in a company of great masters. Masterly, indeed, is the word for the painting of the silver-grey cloak of *Mary Magdalene approaching the Sepulchre* (1031), and for the effect of moonrise over the water to the left. It is a noble design and, but for something ambiguous and coarse in the face and look of the Magdalen, would be a great picture. And Savoldo does come very near to greatness in his *S. Jerome* (3092), a gaunt and passionate figure seen dimly against an exquisite twilight sky, with a deep blue mountain distance and the harbour of Pesaro in shadow under it.

In portraiture, too, Brescia takes a very high place, owing to the genius of MORETTO and Moroni. Moretto's *Count Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco* (299) combines a fine sense of nobility of character and romantic aspiration with harmonies of white and gold and rose and dark green, all lit with a princely gleam of silver which is the master's personal secret. The sense of form in the head is not quite so acute as it would be with Titian, the modelling, though broad, being just a little empty, yet this portrait and that of an *Italian Nobleman* (1025) deserve to rank with almost anything of the kind which Venice produced. In this latter work we note the same sense of fine breeding, and a fine harmony of black and brown and white enlivened by red and pale blue. In the portrait of *Ettore Averoldi* (3095) breadth and simplicity are carried perhaps to excess, though the conception is original and not without a certain grandeur. Moretto was also the painter of many imposing altarpieces, of which *S. Bernardino of Siena* (625) is a fine specimen. *The Madonna and Child with Saints* (1165), though much damaged, illustrates once more that command of lustrous silvery colour to which we have referred.

MORONI moves in the narrower field of naturalism,

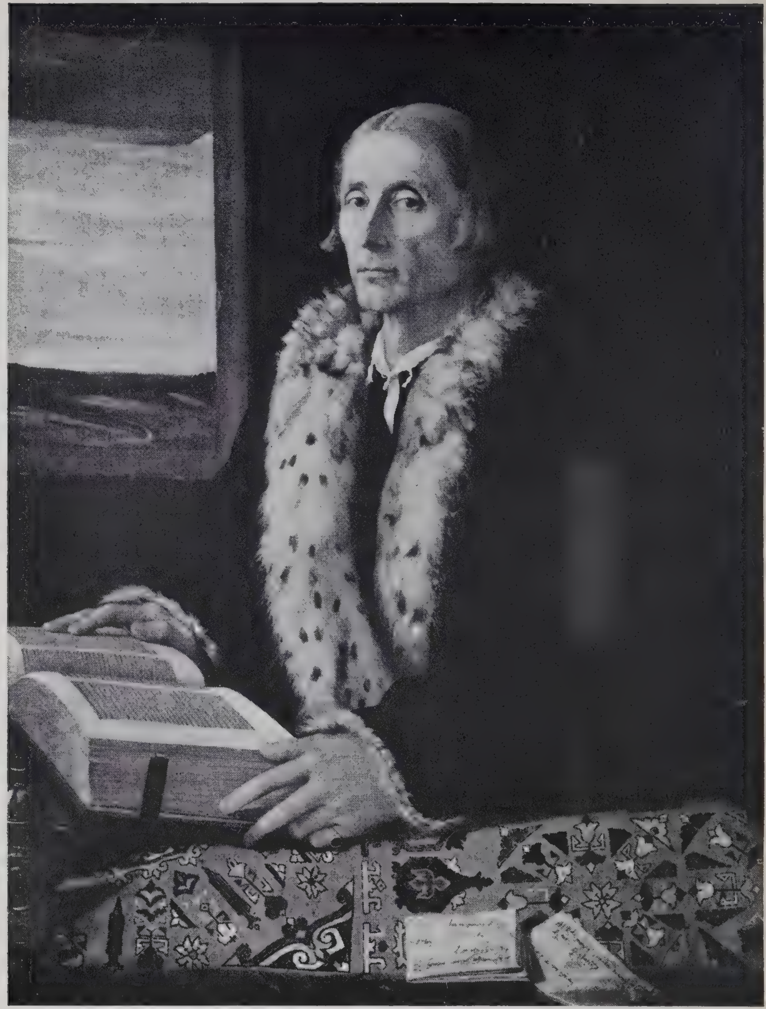


MORETTO : COUNT MARTINENGO CESARESCO (DETAIL)



MORONI : ITALIAN NOBLEMAN (DETAIL)

Pl. 79



LORENZO LOTTO

PROTONOTARY APOSTOLIC, GIULIANO (p. 200) with no loftier purpose than truth of aspect and character. On the rare occasions when he is tempted to go outside this narrow territory the result is failure, as the *Chastity* (3123) proves. But such portraits as *A Tailor* (697) and *A Lawyer* (742) have long been accepted, both by painters and the public, as things in their way insurpassable. There is no idealization, no effort to expand or glorify the commonplace. The painter sees the man just as he is, with his natural good sense and his natural limitations, and states what he sees with quiet, straightforward completeness. Titian would make these worthy men look like senators; a Rembrandt would make them the heroes or the victims of some secret tragedy: Moroni alone can preserve them as Tailor and Lawyer incarnate. *An Italian Nobleman* (1316) is no less fine in its way than the similar full-length by Moretto. As we look at this red-faced gentleman we can judge of his temper, his character, and his defects, just as certainly as if he were standing before us alive, or were re-created for us by Tolstoi.

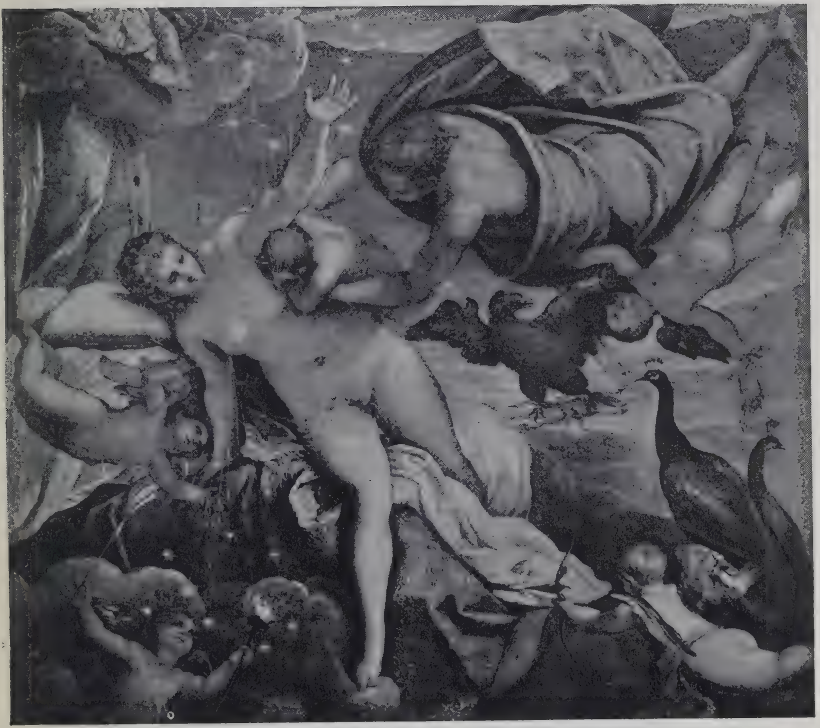
ROMANINO, another Brescian, proves himself a fine colourist in his large altarpiece of *The Nativity* (297), where he is clearly influenced by Titian's altarpiece in his native city. His fluent handling tends to become loose and soft and flabby, so that the picture does not stand close examination, but the general effect is imposing enough, and certain details, such as the youthful bishop S. Gaudenzio, are not without nobility. A similar large fluency and similar fine colour distinguish the *Madonna and Child* (2907), which is probably from Romanino's hand.

Lorenzo LOTTO and Cariani are often thought to have been of Bergamasque origin. Lotto, an unequal and variable painter, reacts in turn to one artistic influence after another, now and then coming near to greatness, especially in portraiture. Our *Protonotary Apostolic Giuliano* (1105) is one of these notable triumphs. In technical method the head recalls the portraits of Gentile Bellini, and has all their profound and austere dignity. How fine, too, is the glimpse of landscape to the left, with its large tracts of upland stretching away under the grey twilight. CARIANI was a painter of coarser fibre. In his compositions, as in the *Death of S. Peter Martyr* (41), he follows in the wake of Giorgione and Titian; in his portraits he often displays a certain rude vigour, as in the *Italian Nobleman* (2494), whose fiery red face and oddly fashioned robe of gold brocade are not easily forgotten. The loose and shapeless landscapes in these pictures are characteristic of Cariani; so is the bluntness of the touch in the painting of heads and hands. He is so frequently confused with other contemporary painters that this note is necessary. A few words will suffice for Bernardino Licinio, whose portraits, often in the Giorgionesque manner, like *Stefano Nani dal Oro* (1309), are careful but rather dull, and for Johannes Calcar, a northerner who came to Venice and studied Titian so closely that his portraits have often passed for those of the great man. Our group of *Three Venetians and a Child* (2597) will give a fair idea of his skill. Nor need Paris Bordone detain us. Though his portrait of *A Lady of the Brignole Family* (674) is a striking thing in its way, the way is not a pleasant one, and beyond possessing the generic Venetian taste for rich colour, Bordone has no particular technical or other merit to call for further comment.

Jacopo BASSANO, the head of a whole family of painters, is a much more considerable artist. With a certain rustic force and originality in the use of peasants, cattle and landscape to enliven his compositions, he combines no little power and freedom of brush work and a fine sense of colour, though in a somewhat low key. All these qualities are seen in his big dark picture *Christ driving the Money-Changers out of the Temple* (228). Those who examine the painting closely will note the resemblance it bears to some of the early works of the famous Greco, a resemblance which suggests that Bassano was probably Greco's master, at least for a time. *The Good Samaritan* (277) was once in the collection of that fine judge of pictures, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is more compactly designed and smoothly painted than the majority of Bassano's works. Our solitary portrait attributed to Bassano gives no idea of the painter's power in this field ; at his best he is hardly inferior to Tintoret.

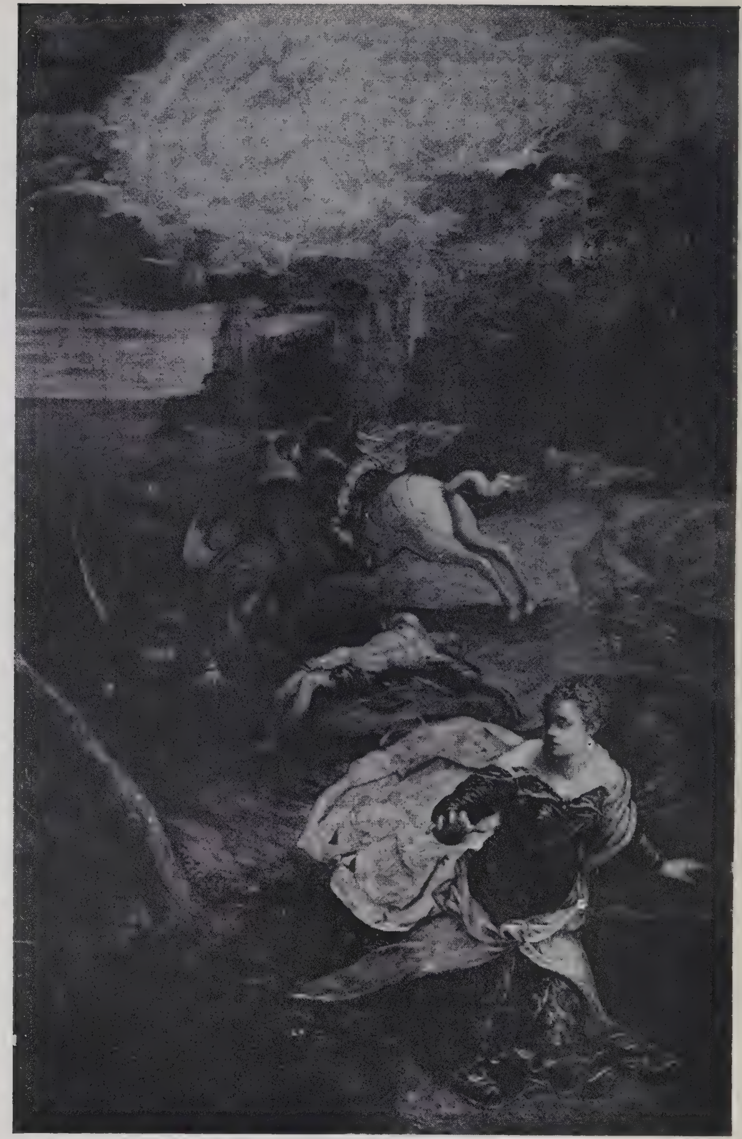
We do not at present possess any specimen of TINTORET as a portrait-painter—unluckily. Several of his Venetian senators have a formidable power which neither Titian nor Rembrandt quite convey to us. If our huge canvas, *Christ washing His Disciples' Feet* (1130) has, like so many of his large works in Venice and elsewhere, darkened until it is now only a shadow of greatness, our other two pictures by Tintoret are excellent. *The Origin of the Milky Way* (1313) is a superb design in the Titianesque vein, but with an audacity of projection and movement which would amount to violence, were the elements of the composition less happily balanced. The downward sweep of Jove bearing the infant Hercules to Juno is a thing Michelangelo might have conceived. Even a small reproduction will give an idea of its swinging rhythm. The picture would illustrate Tintoret's reported saying that he combined the colouring of Titian with the design of Michelangelo. We miss, indeed, the exquisite refinements of substance and detail which distinguish the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, but the broad oppositions of warm reds to deep blue, and various passages of fine broken colour, as in the peacocks, prove that Tintoret's boast was not wholly an empty one. From the power and freedom with which Tintoret handles the human figure in its spatial relations, subsequent art has learned much.

And in addition to this admiration from those for whom the geometry and mechanics of painting are professedly, at least, the only valid and permanent elements of art, Tintoret has excited the enthusiasm of the opposite school of critics, who hold that values in art are finally determined by the dignity of an artist's ideals, and by the imaginative insight with which those ideals are made effective upon canvas. Between these two extremes there is a middle tract wherein, perhaps, there is to be found the noblest art of all, in which these widely different, but not necessarily conflicting, elements are serenely and exquisitely balanced. Ruskin



TINTORET

THE ORIGIN OF THE MILKY WAY



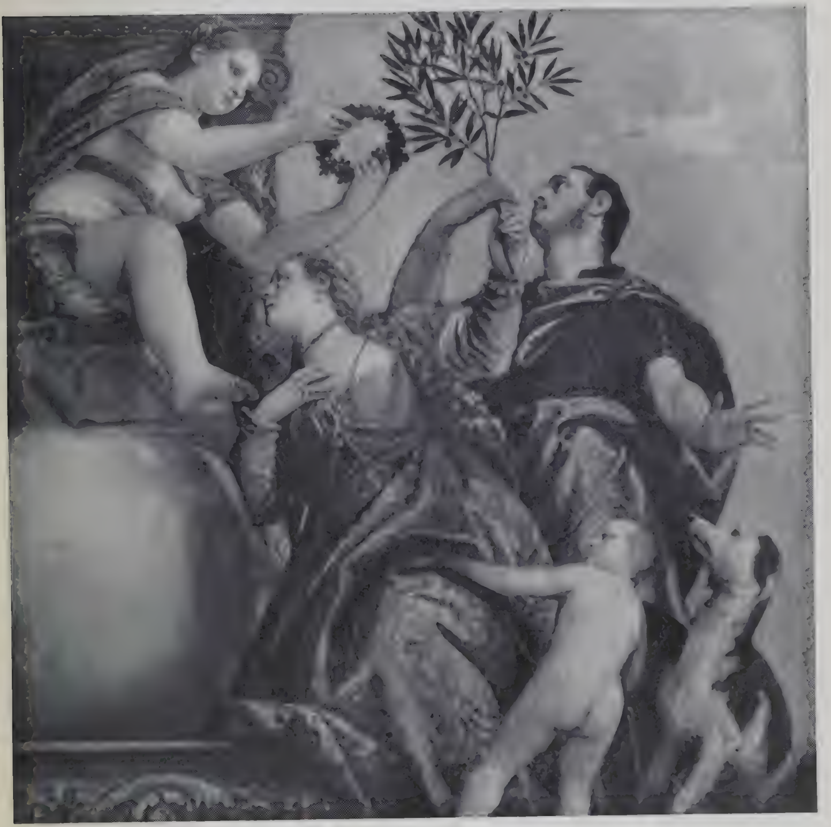
TINTORET
S. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

himself admits as much. And since Ruskin has given Tintoret a second immortality with the English-speaking world by his famous description of the paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco, perhaps the most splendid panegyric in all the literature of art criticism, any deduction which he makes, and makes deliberately, from his favourite's perfection should have particular weight with us.

Powerful, original, careless and extravagant though Tintoret may be, there are moments when his diverse gifts fuse into a complete and consistent unity. Our *S. George and the Dragon* (16) represents him in one of these felicitous moments. Here the rhythm of the design and the accents of the colour lead us inevitably and directly to the flying princess and to the thrust of the lance which is delivering her from the dragon. But this concentration, which in itself is no more than a skilful illustrator might compass, is but a small part of the whole design, for every element in the picture, the rolling curves of the ground, the tossing trees, the windy sea, the shifting lights and shadows on the castle walls, the sky 'charged with marvels,' seems to move in sympathy with the conflict between the monster and the saint. The very freedom of the handling adds to this sense of life and motion, for in this work Tintoret's brush moves with the swiftness, the lightness and the decision of a Rubens, so that the general tone of bluish-green is illuminated everywhere with flashes of gold, and the action is thereby swept away into a visionary world, a 'faeryland forlorn' appropriate to the legend. By a caprice of fortune, Tintoret's amazing mastery of imaginative landscape remained half-hidden on the walls and ceilings of Venice, so that the impulse towards the development of this branch of art came, not from him who may claim to have invented it, but from the little paintings of a German, Adam Elsheimer, who was still a mere boy when the aged Tintoret died.

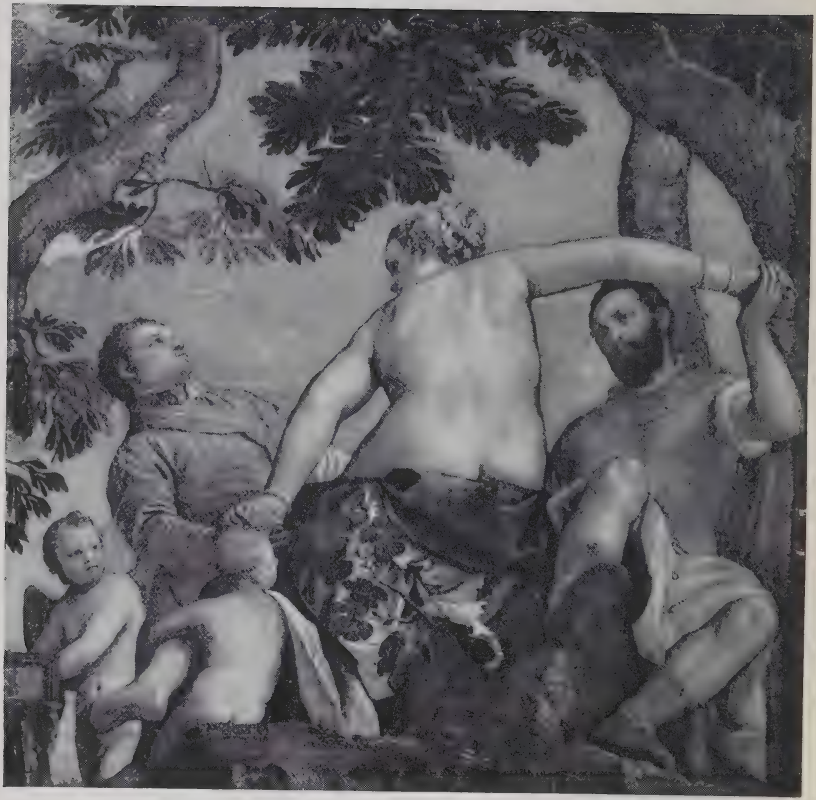
Paolo VERONESE, the third of the great Venetians of the sixteenth century, differs from Titian and Tintoret in being first and foremost a decorative painter. With princely ease and magnificence he spreads his large silvery arabesques upon one vast canvas after another, each perfectly attuned to the opulent life of the day and conceived, for the most part, in that vein of allegory wherein the civic pride of Venice found an imagery appropriate to its wealth and its republicanism. The glorification of individuals being suspect, as a danger to the Venetian Constitution, the artist who worked for the State was cut off from all those resources which personality and portraiture supply. Yet Veronese accepted these hard conditions, and triumphed in spite of them as no one else has ever done. Allegory has almost always proved such a disastrous subject-matter for pictures, has produced so many acres of dreary and preposterous painted canvas, has ruined so many men of talent and even of genius, that the success of Veronese in this barren and thankless field is the more notable.

What, for example, could be a more unpromising subject than a representation of *Happy Union* (1326)? Yet Veronese, out of a few tones of dark olive green, dull gold, rose and grey has built up a rich and imposing



PAOLO VERONESE

HAPPY UNION



PAOLO VERONESE

UNFAITHFULNESS

design, to which the skilfully proportioned expanse of sky gives illimitable space and grandeur. And how superbly the accessories are put in, the draperies, the branches and leaves, the child, and the quite wonderful dog! *Unfaithfulness* (1318) is conceived in a similar key, and planned with no less grandeur and subtlety. And then what a miracle of painting! The back of the woman is modelled with a breadth and certainty and ease which Velazquez himself never compassed. Those who are interested in colour may study the dark brocade upon which she is seated, and note with what masterly directness its pattern and its silvery sheen have been produced. For supreme craftsmanship, for knowledge of what can be done with large simple masses of rich oil paint, Veronese at his best is unrivalled. Others may have gifts of the intellect, of the imagination, or of the heart, which he does not possess, but as a craftsman on the grand scale he remains unique. Also he is one of the supreme colourists. No one else could have carried that amazing harmony in blue through the vast and crowded canvas of the *Marriage at Cana* in the Louvre. No one else could have painted our own silvery panels. Our *Consecration of S. Nicholas* (26), though it has darkened a little, shows that he could rival Titian in richness when he chose to do so, with his contrasts of white and full green and orange and blue. His *Family of Darius before Alexander* (294) is a pageant of splendid colour, in which a superb sapphire blue, foiled with white, is perhaps the decisive factor. Note, for example, how it passes to azure and white in the brocade of the young princess, and thence to the golden white and pale blue of the arcade and sky behind. The distribution of the reds through the picture from their culminating point in Alexander's figure may be studied in the same way. Lastly we may make an elementary exercise in the master's compositional geometry out of the *S. Helena* (1041). This supremely graceful design has always been popular, though a certain roughness in the execution has led the hypercritical to suspect that the author was another painter from Verona, Battista Zelotti.[1] The planning of the piece is, however, our immediate concern. As one of the cleverest of modern writers on art has shown, the design is merely an arrangement of large diamond-shaped masses, superposed upon a foundation of verticals and horizontals. The lines of the cross in the top left corner will serve as a starting-point for constructing the diagonal lattice work. A similar framework of verticals and inclined rectangles will be found to underlie many other designs by Veronese. Our large *Adoration of the Magi* (268) is an easily analysed example. Such exercises, of course, are profitable only to those who can assimilate them completely, and come to use geometry by instinct in adjusting proportions and contours. To think of such geometrical exercises as the actual fundamentals of design, as things which may take the place of artistic invention, is the most fatal of mistakes.

Venetian colour, which was the delight of the nineteenth century, has lost much of its interest for the artist of the twentieth. The ordinary work of the school is felt to be too evenly warm and harmonious : to have too much golden glazing, and too little variety. When once the customary oppositions of red and blue and brown and green are familiar, the general effect appears drowsy, and the frequent carelessness of the lesser Venetians in the matter of form adds to the spectator's disappointment. From these causes even Titian has suffered in real popularity, if not as yet in open repute. That he invented the craft of oil-painting and used it with more variety and subtlety than anyone has done since, that he was one of the few supreme portrait painters, that he was the first master of landscape in the grand style,—all these things at the present time are in danger of being overlooked because his manner of painting and his schemes of colour have been imitated, *longo intervallo*, by generation after generation of painters (including Poussin), and so are dulled for us by familiarity.

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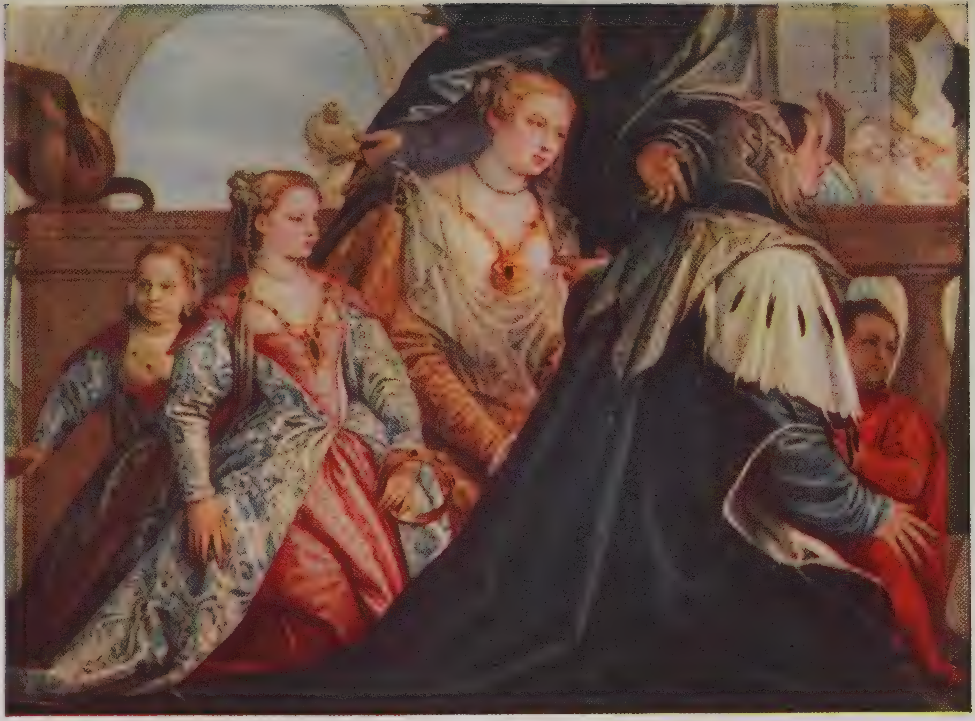
[1] What I have seen of Zelotti's work convinces me that he was quite incapable of originating so fine a conception, and I greatly doubt his capacity to have carried it out, even if supplied by Veronese with the design.

Though the loss to the National Gallery would have been irreparable if, instead of the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, fate had presented us with a series of decorative works by Paolo Veronese, like the four panels from Lord Darnley's collection, the English School of painting might have profited by the exchange. There is no such compendium of the craft of oil-painting and of the riches of Venetian colouring as the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, but this variety and this splendour have been too potent a vintage for all but the strongest heads. The simpler technical methods of Veronese, his sure feeling for what is needed to make decoration a success, the calm scientific temper with which he sets to work, all combine to render him in this field an incomparable model. The mathematics and geometry of spacing and projection, over which the great Florentines laboured, are handled by Veronese with consummate ease. No other master revels as Veronese revels in painting patterned stuffs, in showing not only the rhythm of their arabesques, and the sheen upon their surfaces, but the infinite changes wrought in every curve and tone by each turning of their folds. Velazquez himself does not handle the brush with a more effortless certainty. The colour of Veronese, if it lacks the minute refinement and variety of Titian, is less broken by dark shadows and strong projections, and so the more perfectly adapted to decorate large spaces. With such an example before them the British School might have come far nearer success in the Grand Style than has been the case hitherto.

One other point deserves notice in connexion with the use of colour by Veronese. In almost all portraiture and painting of the figure, richness of effect depends upon the masses of strong colour which draperies can most readily provide. With the early masters the folds of drapery were few and simple, and there was no strong contrast of tone between the parts in light and those in shadow. A dress which was pale blue in the light would be of a rather richer blue in the shadow that was all. So long as figures were modelled in very low relief this was the general practice, and the works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries owe their vividness to it. But when, in Leonardo's time, complete projec-



PAOLO VERONESE: FAMILY OF DARIUS BEFORE ALEXANDER (DETAIL)

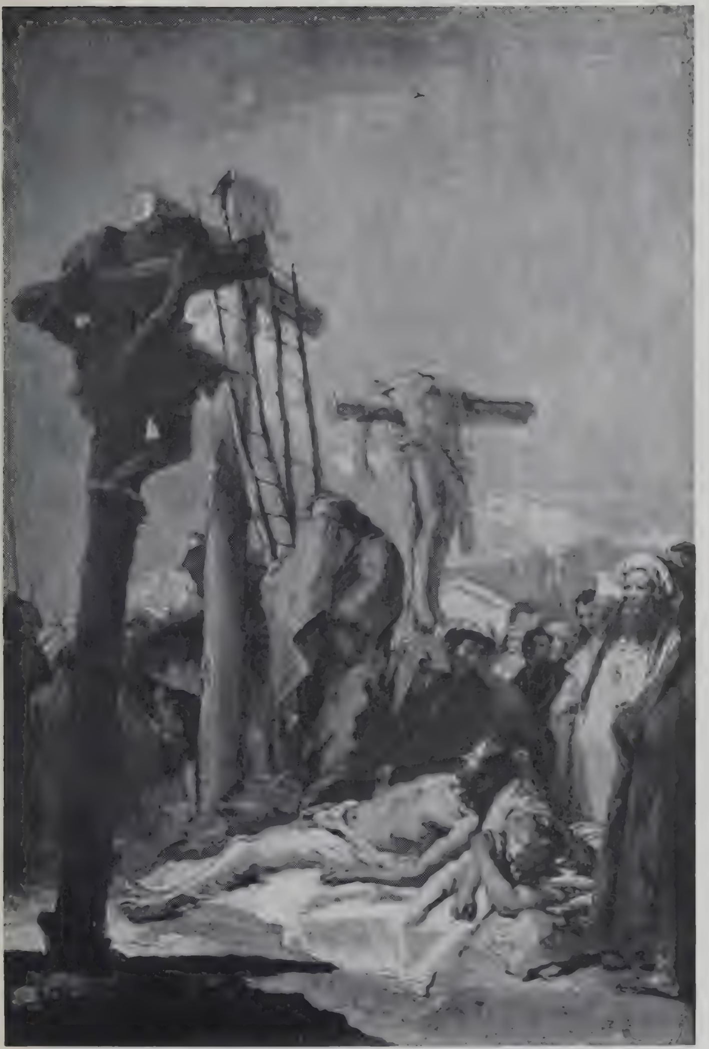
tion came to be sought and realized, the necessity of darkness in the shadows made fullness of colour impossible there, and left the high-lights and half-lights as the only places where it could be used. So we find strong colour used only in the high-lights and half-lights by Caravaggio, and by the majority of the painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Reynolds will serve as an example.

Veronese and several other Venetians, in much of their best work, use colour differently. Keeping the high-lights and half-tones of their draperies relatively pale, they flood the shadows with the colour in full strength, and preserve thereby some of the luminosity and breadth of effect which the early tempera painters possessed. From this practice Veronese, Moretto and others derive a second advantage. By keeping their lights not only relatively pale but relatively cool, and broken here and there by some crumbling flash of white impasto, they give their colours that silvery lustre which adds so much to their charm. A very little thought will explain why this happens. A piece of silver is a kind of imperfect mirror, distinguishable from other objects by the brightness in which it reflects from certain points the light of the sky, while its shadowed parts give a blurred reflection of the various darker objects round it. Each of these reflections is slightly toned with cool grey, but as the light of the sky is generally cooler in tone than any terrestrial object, so the lights on a piece of silver tend to be generally cooler than the shadows. Colour when treated by Veronese and Moretto as I have described tends to preserve this relation, and thereby conveys to the spectator the sense of silvery quality which many of us find so pleasant.

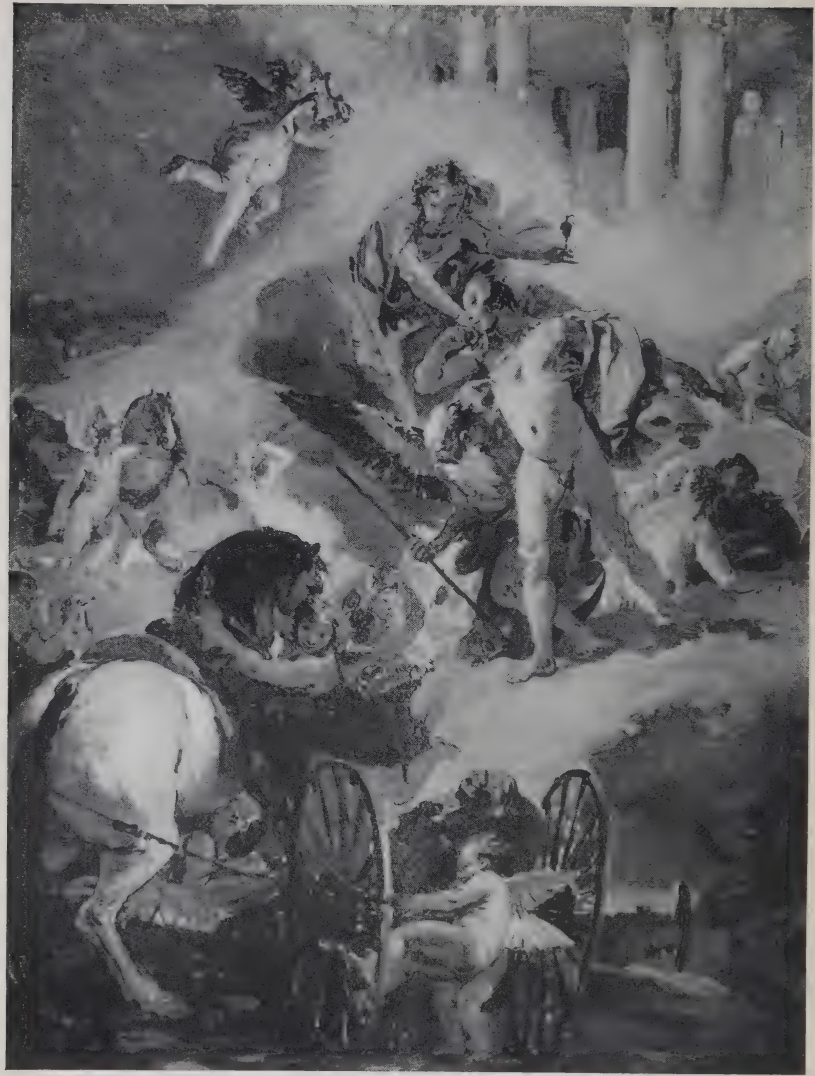
If in intellectual and emotional force Veronese is distinctly inferior to Michelangelo or Tintoret, the lack of these qualities ought long ago to have made him the idol of those moderns to whom all but the pure aesthetic of painting is anathema—so much mere 'illustration' or sentimentality. Generation after generation has done homage to the achievement of Titian, nor has Tintoret lacked his inspired prophet. Veronese has received less glowing tributes, except from Ruskin, who was, I think, the first to recognize his rank with the greatest. The truth is that Veronese maintains so serenely and so justly the balance between the conflicting claims of form and colour, of pattern and three-dimensional presentation, that he gives the critic very little hold either for stricture or for rhapsodies. He is a painters' painter, and as all writing on art now tends towards sympathy with the painter's point of view, the time may not be far distant when he will be discovered. Indeed we may dare to think that Veronese would long ago have attained and surpassed even the present fame of Poussin if he had had the good luck to have been born in France.

The immense artistic achievement of Venice in the sixteenth century was followed by comparative sterility for a hundred years. Then, at the opening of the eighteenth century a final burst of talent begins with PIAZZETTA. Modern research seems to show that Piazzetta was largely influenced by a Netherlander, Jan Lys, who worked for a long time in Venice. His forcible style may be estimated by the *Mercury and Argus* (3571), at present hung among the works of the Dutch School. A similar heavy tone is often found in Piazzetta's more highly finished works, but our *Sacrifice of Isaac* (3163) being unfinished, is much lighter in effect and, in spite of considerable damage and restoration, throws an interesting light on the technical method of the time. The employment of a dark red ground, while enabling the artist to get with ease those dramatic contrasts of light and shadow which he affected, has had one unfortunate result. With the lapse of time the ground has darkened almost to blackness and, like all other dark grounds, has become more and more visible in the half-tones, as the thin layers of pigment there have grown more translucent. So the work of both Lys and Piazzetta seems to us now to be painted in a dark monochrome, from which a few sharply lighted passages of flesh-tone and drapery start with inappropriate suddenness. Yet there is a sword-play of the brush in our *Sacrifice of Isaac* which is stimulating enough ; the sweep of paint defining the angel's wing is a feat which our most brilliant modern executants might well envy.

Giovanni Battista TIEPOLO and his son, Giandomenico, are the last great decorative painters of Italy. Even Veronese is not more audacious in tossing a crowd of fluttering figures across a vast ceiling, nor more prolific in invention, nor quite so nimble and dexterous in handling the brush. And if Tiepolo cannot command the same consummate technical science to produce fine colour, he has sharp novel colour-harmonies of his own, with which to stimulate us. His use of Naples yellow, turquoise blue, and certain curiously exciting reds, was possibly influenced by specimens of Chinese art, which he had studied in connexion with the painting of "Chinoiseries." The immense spirit and vivacity of his touch is well shown in our little pictures illustrating the *Trojan Horse* (3318 and 3319), his peculiar gifts as a colourist and designer in *The Deposition* (1333). This little masterpiece indicates that, when he chose, Tiepolo could be as profoundly tragic as Rembrandt. But the greater part of his life was devoted to immense compositions for the walls and ceilings of churches and palaces where such tragic thoughts were usually out of place. Of his decorations we possess no specimen. Yet a sketch in oil, lent to the Gallery by the Bowes Museum, does give some idea of the profuse imagery and masterly freedom with which he adorned the vast spaces he had to cover. This sketch for the story of *Phaethon* is of hardly less tragic significance than the *Deposition.* In it we see Phaethon, a youthful figure painted with the most exquisite sensitiveness, his eyes closed in sad premonition of doom, being borne down irresistibly from Olympus by Time and the Hour to the chariot on which he is to die, while a last watery dawn is just breaking for him on the horizon. The faintest suggestion of Wagnerian opera clings about the work, you can almost hear the draperies rustling as they sweep through the air. Yet it is opera without those impediments which stage limitations impose upon even the most ambitious performance, and opera still remains the medium by which the death



G. B. TIEPOLO
THE DEPOSITION



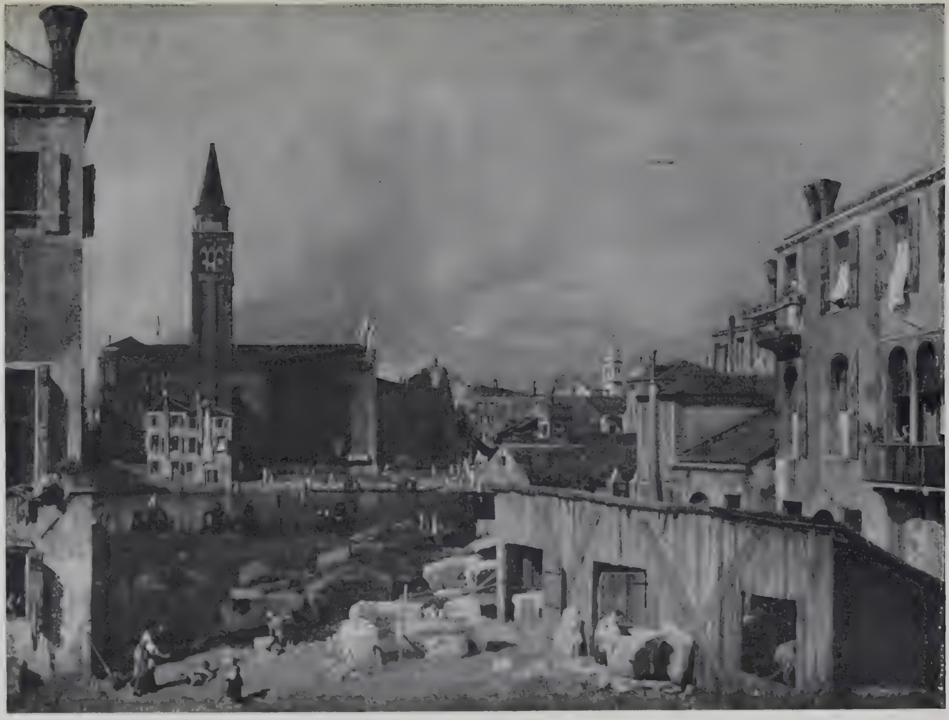
G. B. TIEPOLO

PHAETHON

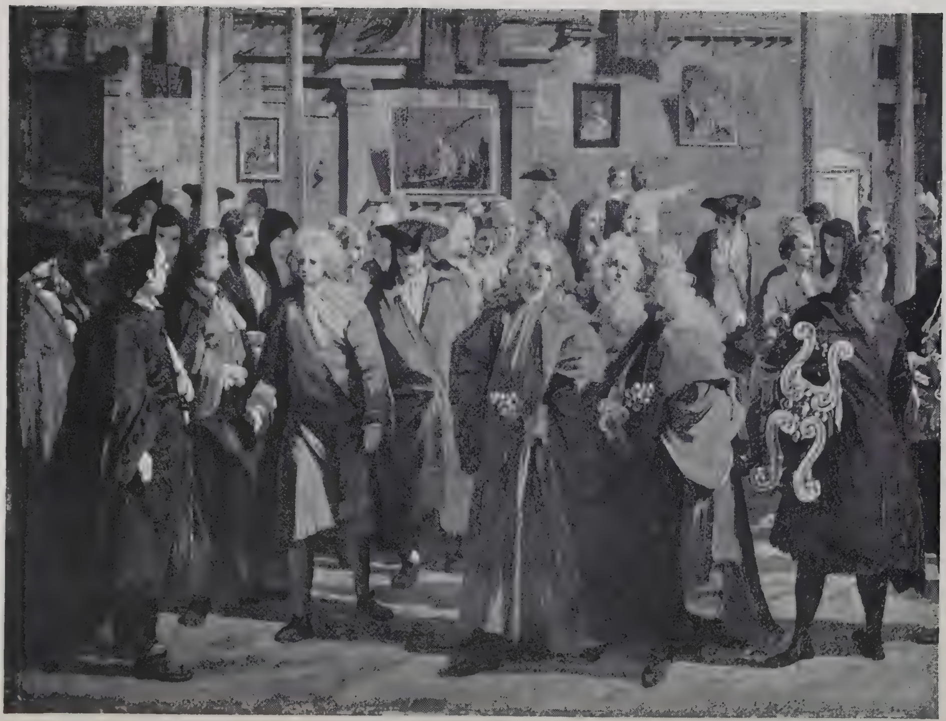
of gods and heroes has been most effectively rendered. Surely neither Homer nor Aeschylus, nor Virgil with all his sense of tears in mortal things, give us quite the same thrill as does Wagner, when the fatal summons comes to Siegmund, and we hear the trumpets of Valhalla sounding for him?

The popular portrait-painter and pastellist, Rosalba (3126 and 3127) no longer seems to us equal to her European reputation, but there is a certain corrupt attraction about the *S. Anthony and the Infant Christ* (3663), by Amigoni, which, both in its skilful brushwork and its subtle harmonies of pink and grey, proves that Venetian art, even in decay, was still not wholly despicable. Pietro LONGHI, too, was no great master, but one delighting in the oddities of contemporary life, and surviving rather by the freshness of his outlook than for any conspicuous artistic merit. Yet the *Rhinoceros in an Arena* (1101) is arranged with a felicity which is the more pleasurable from its look of being an accident. Longhi affords a good illustration of Reynolds's saying that it is better to follow successfully in the lower walks of art than to fail in the higher ones. Reynolds, too, would probably have considered GUARDI quite a minor figure. Yet his studies of Venice are always supremely skilful in their sketchy way, and sometimes quite brilliant, as in the *Sta. Maria della Salute* (2098). Guardi can be impressive, too, when as in the *Gondola* (1454) clouds darken over the lagoon and men hurry from the shadow of impending storm. *The Tower of Mestre* (2524) shows the same place under a more gentle sky.

CANALETTO has proved a puzzle to technical critics, partly from confusion with his nephew Bellotto, but chiefly from the great variations which his own style exhibits. As a young man working in Venice, he was an exceedingly fine painter. His work attracted the attention of Smith, the British Consul, who purchased all he could buy and sent it to England. Most of these purchases passed into the collection of George III. and are now among the treasures of Windsor Castle. Two fine examples, fortunately, found their way to the Gallery, and of these the *View in Venice* (No. 127) is probably the earlier. Every part of this picture is painted with the utmost firmness and simplicity; every part of it from the sunlit foreground to the noble grey-blue sky is painted with the most accurate eye for substance, texture and tone. Stone, timber, brickwork, tiles are alike rendered with a perfect comprehension of their relative qualities, and yet with a crisp and sparkling touch which preserves them from looking like dead matter, as a mere photographic imitation might do. All these details, moreover, are bathed in a light and atmosphere so natural and are contrasted with so just a balance of shadowed masses that they merge everywhere into effective and luminous unity. Hardly less wonderful is the *Scuola di San Rocco* (937), a picture which shows that Canaletto's powers were not confined to architecture, but that he could handle figures with the character, freedom and spirit of a master. So confident, so dexterous, indeed, is the brushwork of these robes and faces and curling wigs, that we can see in it the cause of Canaletto's decline. He could create these



CANALETTO: VIEW IN VENICE



CANALETTO: SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO (DETAIL)

living figures with a few decisive strokes of the brush. The ease with which he did so soon beguiled him till the strokes became a mannerism. He was induced to visit England. There this mannerism became so pronounced that critics have frequently doubted whether the pictures painted in England are by the same hand as those which Consul Smith sent over from Venice.

Yet those who have access to Canaletto's paintings at Windsor can easily arrange them in a series, proving that the change came about by almost imperceptible stages, and that there exists a complete chain of connexion between our *View in Venice* and paintings like the *Interior of the Rotunda*, *Ranelagh* (1429), a typical example of Canaletto's English style. In spite of the mannered curves and dots with which the man displays his dexterity, the work has still a pleasant sparkle and freshness, so we can well understand the influence which Canaletto exercised upon early British painters like Samuel Scott. The mechanical quality of Canaletto's later work exposed him to the attacks of Ruskin, and has left him ever since a rather less popular figure than Guardi, whose lively touch and pleasant oppositions of cool brown and silvery blue rarely fail to attract. But in works like the *Scuola di San Rocco* Canaletto performs such amazing feats of drawing with the brush as to entitle him to a place among the most famous executants, and this skill is confirmed by his etched plates. Also, among the Windsor paintings, there are a few designs of such audacity and impressiveness as to prove him hardly less remarkable as a creative artist than as a virtuoso with the brush—and that is no small thing.

In our *View in Venice* there is no display of virtuosity. Virtuosity, of course, is there, but is restrained and concealed by a sober perfection of straightforward painting, so fine in substance, and rendering so completely the infinite variety of tones and textures required of it, that Canaletto in this phase deserves to be studied as carefully as we study Velazquez and Chardin.

We may not always recognize how much the English School of the eighteenth century owes, in its beginnings, to this final outburst of the Venetian genius. Thornhill, in his most able and richly coloured *Miracle of S. Francis* (1844), reflects this influence clearly. An earlier visitor from Venice than Canaletto, Sebastiano Ricci, is probably responsible for this phase of Thornhill's painting, though the red ground suggests some follower of Piazzetta. But Canaletto's appearance in England in 1746 had more important results. It is impossible to resist the conviction that Hogarth and Richard Wilson learned from it the best part of their craft. Hogarth's earlier painting, founded upon third-rate Dutch models, is comparatively thin and weak. The exact correspondence between the fullness and crispness of his mature style and that of Canaletto's *San Rocco* fragment will be evident at a glance. Richard Wilson too did not start on his Italian tour until Canaletto had been in England for some three years, and we may also see traces of this Venetian method in Highmore and the youthful Gainsborough.

EPILOGUE

After struggling through these desultory notes the reader may well ask " What, after all, is the use of Italian painting to us to-day ? Can we not learn anything which it has to teach us just as well from good modern work ? There we are not confused by the formalities inevitable in devotional pictures, by methods of painting which are no longer employed, and by evident unwillingness or incapacity to represent the light and colour and tones of nature, which the nineteenth century has taught us to see and to demand from the artist. Can we, who live in an age when the science of representation is complete, get any good from an age when it was not complete ? "

I think it might fairly be answered. " Only from art in its incipient stages can you really learn anything." Art in the present day has become a thing so immensely complex that the average mind cannot master it in its entirety. Like medicine, painting is a profession to which science and speculation every year make vast additions, and even the ablest intellect must be content with full knowledge of some small section, and the power of seeing all the rest of it in just proportion. Of these two faculties the second is the more precious, since without it the first is of little practical use. The most eminent of bacteriologists or analysts might be nonplussed if suddenly consulted as to why a baby was obviously and violently unwell. A good general practitioner on the other hand knows where to turn for special knowledge when he needs it.

This judgment and experience in art, as in medicine, can best be acquired by not trying to learn too much at a time ; by getting a clear grasp of one part of the business before attacking the next part. And the advantage of studying Art in connexion with History is that the subject is presented to us in a natural sequence. We start at the very beginning, and go forward step by step with those who have struggled with the various difficulties of the craft, and have mastered them one by one. So when we study the Italian School we can watch the different stages by which the conquest over Form was attained. We see it at first attaining monumental dignity with Masaccio and Piero della Francesca. Next we see it acquiring dynamic energy with Signorelli, Pollaiuolo and Michelangelo. Then, and not till then, we can appreciate the additions of tenderness, grace and substance made by Leonardo and Raphael, by Correggio and Titian, and its employment by great and audacious designers like Tintoret, Veronese and Tiepolo.

The student who has really grasped the development of Form in such a progression has acquired a knowledge of Form and its capacities such as no course of studio practice by itself could give him. Studio practice can indeed teach the representation of externals, but it can never teach the possibilities which underlie those externals. It is based upon representation of an actual visible model. Without such a model the artist who trusts to studio practice alone is at once in difficulties. Having come to rely altogether upon what his model shows him, he is at a loss when he attempts any form of emphatic or imaginative expression. The absolute collapse of academic figure-painting in England and on the Continent at the end of the nineteenth century is due solely to mistaken ideas about realism. These compelled the painter to work with the living model or the lay figure always before him, and so rendered him incapable of seeing anything with a vision more emphatic, more significant and more lively than models and lay figures are calculated to inspire.

Now study of the great Italian painters teaches us a different lesson. It proves, in the first place, that Form is not a single thing, a kind of coloured facsimile of nature, but the appropriate selection and emphasizing of one of the countless morphic possibilities latent in nature. The student of the Old Masters will recognize at once that the model before him is not only a thing of light and shade and contour, of tones and values, which he may for mere exercise of hand and eye amuse himself by recording. For him in that same model is latent the dignity of Masaccio, the energy of Michelangelo, the tenderness of Leonardo and all the other expressive qualities which the great men of the past have found in the human figure, and employed to serve their several purposes. When once this great truth is grasped, the painter's horizon is widened incalculably. Even though his strength may not be enough to carry him very far into these new territories, still the mere consciousness of their existence will give a perpetual zest to his work, in that he too has become one of the great company of pioneers, will augment his pleasure in the work of other men, and will enable him to judge it fairly. No critics of painting are so intolerant as those who base their opinion solely upon their own studio practice.

In the course of this investigation into Form the student will gradually acquire a second faculty. The various expressive qualities which are latent in any single natural shape, have a certain general resemblance to each other, but are differentiated from this vague common nucleus, and from each other by small variations appropriate to the particular aspect of the original which is for the moment to be emphasized. The perception of these variations, the power of distinguishing them, and of recognizing their bearing upon the artist's purpose, calls for minute examination both of details themselves and of the relation they bear to the larger masses and contours. The eye and mind are thus kept in constant exercise, and are developed to their fullest capacity, because comparison between the use of Form by any two masters involves not only precise observation but accurate memory. Studio practice may teach the former but, unless it be supplemented by deliberate exercises away from the model, is not calculated to encourage the latter. Personally, I believe the mental gymnastic required to understand fully the use of Form by one or two great masters is in itself an almost complete artistic training. If you have grasped the quality of a line drawn by a Leonardo, if you have firmly fixed in your memory the complete idea of solid form as presented in Masaccio's *Madonna* or Michelangelo's *Entombment*, you have not much more to learn about drawing. You may not, indeed you will not, unless you are born to be an immortal, have the power of reproducing these perfections, but the knowledge of them, if you keep it fresh by occasional exercise, will prove an invaluable possession. No words that I can use convey adequately my conviction that this intensive study of Form, as revealed by the great Florentines, is the most precious and essential preliminary course of education for all, whether professionals or amateurs, who wish to get any sound grasp of the fundamental qualities which separate good art from its innumerable imitations. For a line is a sort of living thing, a precious survival of the genius of a great master, which continues, radium-like, to emanate those sensations of power and tenderness and vitality which the draughtsman himself felt when he drew it long ago, and this power, this vitality, are almost wholly independent of the subject of the drawing. If Leonardo draws but a lock of hair, if Michelangelo draws but a bone or a muscle, it is enough to put us *en rapport* with the master's immortal spirit.

We have seen that with the Great Italians Form in painting is usually, if not always, seen in relation to sculpture rather than to the living model or to casts from the life. Even the comparative realism of the Venetians has a sculptural foundation. Yet to many it must still appear as if the nineteenth century tendency to photographic accuracy of presentation must necessarily be an improvement upon the Italian practice. A little reflexion will show the fallacy of this belief.

We all recognize quickly enough that in any fine work of art there is a certain felicitous proportion between surfaces which are decorated and surfaces which are comparatively plain, between contours which are large and contours which are intricate or broken. Where everything is decorated, where everything is intricately worked, where there is no admixture of large and simple forms, we feel instinctively that the result is fussy, as with cheap Indian metal-ware. On the other hand, with some of the modern rebels against this tyranny of the superfluous, we find everything left so plain, that unless the few remaining forms are of exceptional subtlety or significance we are left unsatisfied, and are conscious of a feeling of emptiness. The result has none of that Infinity we expect from the finest art. It lacks fullness of content. The trouble is an old one,—a disease from which the minor painters of China and Japan have suffered for centuries. Indeed the great difficulty which besets all collectors of Oriental painting is that of distinguishing between the paintings which really are full of significance and those which have only the appearance of being so.

The just balance, the appropriate aesthetic proportion between complexity and simplicity is not always or often preserved by Nature. Nature is usually too profuse, and the wrinkles of old age, or the still more baffling complexity of woodland scenes, might be quoted as examples of things which cannot be translated into great art without many modifications which the artist's purpose and medium demand. The silversmith or the illuminator will naturally have to select and reject natural forms quite differently from the monumental sculptor or the fresco painter. In taking Sculpture as their model, whether consciously or unconsciously, the great Italians went far towards solving this eternal problem of translation from Nature. Their sculpture, we must remember, was always based upon classical originals. In the fourteenth century and in the early part of the fifteenth, those originals were comparatively few, so that the native genius embodied in men like Donatello, worked out its salvation in a much wider field than the example of antiquity provided. As the taste for archaeology grew, as excavation revealed more and more sculpture of classical times, men's minds were naturally captured by the imagery of that great vanished past. So we find Mantegna attempting an actual reconstruction, as it were, of classical Rome; Raphael acting as chief inspector of ancient remains, and using the garb of senators and philosophers for Christ and His Apostles; while Michelangelo after serving an austere apprenticeship in Florence, falls a victim in middle life to the Vatican torso, whereby a reflection of Hellenistic flamboyance appears on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, and in the Laurentian Sacristy.

Now in all this classical Sculpture, whether good or indifferent, the problem of translating Nature into Form had been solved. The solution may not always have been wholly satisfying. Greco-Roman art was, as we know now, only an imitation of a greater vanished original, and so the results which a Mantegna, a Raphael, or a Michelangelo get from it are in a measure degenerate. Yet in virtue of this sculptural influence, the selection of the fit and the rejection of the unfit by Italian painters became almost automatic. This faculty of selection and rejection is nowhere more definitely marked than in their treatment of backgrounds. With the great Masters of Form a background really *is* a background—something quite remote and far away from the general picture plane, and approximating to the flatness and emptiness of the background in a fine bas-relief. The subordination of the background to the main subject of the painting is in no small degree responsible for the large simplicity and restfulness of the Florentine and Roman work. Titian and Tintoret among the Venetians introduce the later practice of giving substance to the background, and of making it an important feature, substituting for the older sculptural severity a richness and fusion of effect, whereby Design ceased to be monumental and became picturesque.

Moreover the actual process of stone-cutting is a laborious one. The Sculptor has every inducement to get his effects as largely and massively and simply as possible. So while the actual memory of marble sculpture remained fresh in men's minds, the painter too naturally worked with largeness and simplicity. It is only in the days of Bernini and afterwards that we find things done in sculpture merely because they are exceedingly difficult to do, such as imitations of lace, or draperies that look like crumpled bed-clothes.

If then we may judge from the Italian example, the modern re-action against photographic realism is entirely healthy, in so far as it aims at substituting a standard of Form based, however remotely, upon sculpture, for a standard based upon the Camera. Of the "Post-Impressionists" Gaugain perhaps most nearly observes the conditions of bas-relief. Classical sculpture appears too familiar to provide the modern student with the necessary stimulus, and so he turns to Central Africa or Central America for his plastic inspiration. Moreover the current practice of modelling in clay, instead of carving in wood or stone, has tended, like Titian's example in painting, to make sculpture picturesque rather than monumental. Possibly we need a School of real stone-cutting Sculpture, before we can have a School of Painting in which Form can be handled with the same ease and freedom as in Renaissance Italy. But since we shall not readily find a better standard for our work than that established by good Sculpture, so far as the human figure at least is concerned, it is clearly our business to make the best use we can of what sculpture we possess. The aspiring painter or draughtsman might do well to practise sculpture occasionally as an exercise, as Degas did, and even the critic might do worse than try to think in terms of it. In no other way can he so readily distinguish between drawing which has substance and drawing which has none, that is to say between what is good, and what is merely clever or pretty.

Again, the Italian masters were compelled, as no other school of painting was compelled, to learn all that could be learned about Design. For some two hundred years a very large part of their business was the making of altarpieces. In these the general treatment of the subject and the main features of the arrangement were settled for the painter by tradition. Freedom could only be found in new adjustments of the familiar figures, and in giving new variety and new proportions to an established architectural and often symmetrical plan.

Some knowledge of geometry was as necessary to the painter then as it is to an architect to-day. And at Florence geometry, perspective and mathematics were studied with the same eagerness which men of science now devote to physics, chemistry and electricity. So the problems of representation, proportion and effective disposition of masses and contours upon the picture surface were problems which interested the keenest intellects of the time. The discoveries of the earlier painters became common knowledge with their successors, until at last the power of composing a picture with grace and ease became a national habit, and, like all other powers which men can learn to exercise without effort of the mind, degenerated into eloquent fatuity.

Our painters, being set no such formal tasks, have no such formal training. The result is seen on the few occasions when opportunities for decorative painting occur. Hardly one painter in a hundred knows how to set about his task, and we have learned to be content with any result which is not patently absurd. The general tendency of painting among us is towards portraiture or landscape, and in neither of these branches of art is much acquaintance with the theory of design thought to be requisite. So long as a portrait resembles the sitter, and the landscape has a general resemblance to a large coloured photograph, the public appears to be satisfied. But if we think for a moment what almost any popular English painting of the last half-century would look like, were it placed in the National Gallery, we shall see that Time is not likely to pardon this evasion of the real difficulties of picture construction. It is no use surrounding a woman's figure with elegant misty draperies or vague indications of furniture ; it is no use relying on a skilful and careful copying of some attractive landscape effect, if the result has not the unity, the solidity, the firmness of construction, the rhythm and proportion which we recognize in good architecture. Much brilliant and interesting work was done in France and England during the latter half of the nineteenth century, but for want of this large architectural quality it looks thin, pretty, flimsy, if it is seen in the neighbourhood of pictures built upon a more substantial foundation, and with as deliberate a restraint in the use of surface ornament as we should exercise if we were designing a house.

In architecture we are fast escaping from ' churchwarden ' Gothic. The jerry-built villa of the eighties and nineties has given way to a rustic style which, of its kind, could hardly be better. But our painting has not achieved the same deliverance, and I do not see how it can do so until the great Italians from Uccello to Veronese are studied, not with the idea of getting a hint or two from the general look of their paintings, but with the intention of understanding the proportion, the measurements and the geometry upon which their external beauties are, so to speak, the final incrustation. The trouble is that in certain branches of art the incrustations are themselves so attractive that they constantly beguile us into elaborating them. The underlying structural elements are then quickly obscured, and what started as a work of creative art ends as a parlour ornament. Landscape, in particular (as I know to my cost), is liable to this subtle and fatal decomposition, but a fuller diagnosis of the malady must be postponed till we consider the artists of the Netherlands in a subsequent volume.

We may now survey briefly the Italian attitude towards Colour. At first this was largely governed by a memory of the splendid effect produced by mosaic and, on a smaller scale, by enamelling. *The Fall of the Rebel Angels* by Spinello Aretino is an excellent specimen of the manner in which mosaic was translated into fresco painting. The art of the enameller finds an exact parallel in the quadruple panel No. 2927, by Barnaba da Modena. Later, when the development of Italian sculpture compelled painters to concentrate their attention upon solid form, pictures tend more and more to the condition of bas-reliefs in marble, embellished with colour. We may think of Piero della Francesca and Botticelli as great workers in this field, of the young Michelangelo as marking its culminating point, and of Bronzino as for one moment suspending its decline. When Leonardo and Correggio had once turned the current of men's thoughts to complete relief, complete relief brought dark shadows with it. Then for this semblance of force and projection the central Italians sacrificed what was a more truly pictorial and more serviceable tradition.

In approximating his art to the conditions of sculpture the painter was able to employ colour with the utmost freedom. A Masaccio or a Piero della Francesca, as we have seen, will deliberately avoid the use of naturalistic colour in dealing with the human form ; a Mantegna will omit colour altogether, working out his whole design as if it were done in plain carven stone, enriched, perhaps, by a little delicate gilding, or by the introduction of some fictive marble slab to serve as a background. When colour is applied it is always in the nature of strong local colour, sharply defined like the form it covers, and not greatly modified by light and atmosphere. The effects of bright sunlight upon colour were pointed out by Leonardo da Vinci, but were not brought completely within the painter's province till Leonardo had been in his grave for more than three hundred years. Gradation to express distance came to be studied, by Perugino in particular, but found a fuller development in Venice during the sixteenth century. Giovanni Bellini, and Titian after him, taught painters how to surround forms with a clear golden atmosphere, whereby the art of landscape came into being. But this fusion of glowing tones was not wholly advantageous. With the minor men, at least, it resulted too often in flabbiness and indecision of form, and in placid contentment with accepted colour schemes, accepted types and designs. The rank and file of the Venetians, when surveyed in any large collection, may be attractive at first sight, but prove on closer acquaintance to be vacuous and slipshod painters, and, I venture to think, more monotonous colourists than the secondary Florentines. As Reynolds pointed out long ago, there is a vigour and spirit about colouring when strong tones are clearly defined and sharply contrasted. This stimulating property we constantly discover in all painting which is conceived as coloured sculpture. The more naturalistic painting of the Venetians has to come from the hand of one of their greatest masters if it is not in the end to appear just a little drowsy. Yet such a word is wholly inapplicable to the glow of a Bellini or a Titian, as it is to the princely pattern-making of Veronese, or to the profuse animation of Tiepolo, with his notes of scarlet, opalescent blue and pale, vivid yellow—notes the more surprising because Tiepolo is of the eighteenth century, when the painter's palette in general was set with tones too sober for our modern tastes.

Out of these sober tones Canaletto and Guardi composed their masterpieces. The pale freshness of tempera had long given way to the stronger medium of oil. The loss in gaiety and luminosity of effect was great, the compensations in the form of variety and spontaneity of treatment were but gradually understood. After a time it was recognized that the viscous paste of the oil painter, when skilfully spread upon canvas, had a special beauty of its own. Titian was the first to realize the possibilities of a firm, crisp touch with the new medium, and in his old age to illustrate its mystery. The vehement improvisation of Tintoret, and the cool science of Veronese bring oil-painting almost at once to technical completeness. In a later age the brilliant calligraphy of Tiepolo, the lively sketching of Guardi, and the masterly command of material shown by Canaletto in his youth remain, in their several ways, inimitable.

It is a fashion at the moment to decry all this manipulative dexterity, this interest in the texture and surface and shapeliness of a painting, as qualities not only misleading but superfluous. We may accept this fashion, I think, when we use by preference a chair that is hacked out with a hatchet instead of one finished with a carpenter's plane. We have really no right to find fault with our carpenters for being skilled workmen, unless, from too much interest in the grain or the polishing or the carving of their woodwork, they forget to make chairs which are strong enough to sit upon.

Some degree of surface finish in the case of easel pictures may be a very definite advantage. One of the most conspicuous qualities of mosaic is the brilliancy of tone obtained by the interplay of the varied colours of the component *tesserae*, and the sparkle derived from their vitreous substance. In fresco and in tempera luminosity was given by the ground of white plaster shining through the pigments laid upon it. The best oil painting aimed at securing luminosity on a similar principle. But where the tones became deep and full it was soon discovered that their full effect could only be obtained when the surface was made smooth, either by the use of some vehicle which left a gloss when it dried, or by a coat of varnish. When so managed the deep tones became translucent and luminous: when the surface was dead this luminosity was lost. We can see this in a moment at the National Gallery where the majority of the pictures are varnished. This fine surface condition not only gives our paintings a general richness of aspect, emphasizing their quality as things of a precious material, but also enables us to get the full benefit of the luminosity and recession of their shadowed parts. When pictures come from some neglected private collection to the sale-room their dry and dusty surface may give us the impression that they are so much dull and lightless canvas, and may actually conceal from us all their more subtle beauties. Only one who is accustomed to make allowances for this defect can guess if such dismal objects, after a little surface polishing, will reveal themselves as fine pictures. A fine easel picture, in short, needs a polished surface (not necessarily a smooth one) just as much as a piece of fine marble or other precious stone. With large decorative paintings the position is just the reverse; a shiny wall-surface at once suggests a popular restaurant or a bathroom.

Form, Design, Colour, these are the three technical elements with which all the great masters play, and which none have combined more splendidly than the Italians. Here these technical elements have been somewhat fully discussed, to the subordination of intellectual powers and ideals, largely because these last have been so well expounded by others. That subordination must not be taken to imply the least real inferiority. On the contrary. Though we may no longer quite hold, as our forefathers did, that great art is separated from minor art by the greater dignity of its interests, very few of us would deny that, given equality of power, the greater art is that which is inspired by the more intense conviction. It is here in particular that the Past appears to have an advantage over the Present. In the ages when Faith, religious, national, or purely aesthetic, was still the natural mental condition of all educated men, the painter from childhood was enveloped in the atmosphere best calculated to develop his powers. Where these sources of conviction were exhausted, as with the later painters of Central Italy, no artificial effort, no skill or science, no audacity could really compensate. We seem at the moment to be on the verge of a similar exhaustion. War has shaken all our cherished convictions: its after-consequences weigh down our present life with disillusion, and threaten our future with chaos. For this disillusion I see no immediate remedy. We might perhaps alleviate it by concentrating upon such humble pleasures and interests as still remain to us. If a Pollaiuolo of the prize-ring or the football field is too much to expect, a Daumier of the golf-links or a Degas of the lawn-tennis court should have good prospects. A Greek would have revelled in such material. For us, none the less, it is uphill work. Our aesthetics have been thrown into the melting-pot with our other beliefs, and so far no clear product is in sight which can with confidence be poured into such moulds as the new age may fashion for its needs.

We may guess that those needs will be widely divergent. They can hardly fail to correspond in some measure to the other activities around us, speculative, political or economic. These differ so widely from each other, and from any common type, that art must show the same variety, and will continue to exhibit extremes so widely apart as those of our popular naturalism and the wildest experiments which are trumpeted in our ears from France or elsewhere. Between these extremes there lies a broad, middle region of solid workmanlike simplicity, large enough to contain the strength of the strongest, the animation of the most lively, or the tenderness of the most delicate and subtle spirits. In this region all the greatest Italian artists did their work, and we shall not go far wrong if we keep this in mind all the time we are trying to carry on our own special adventures in creation or in appreciative inquiry. For all artistic expression is, or ought to be, a sort of adventure, prepared for indeed with every possible precaution, but an adventure still, and often a dispiriting one. To instruct ourselves by the example and experience of those who have gone before us, as to the equipment required and the best way of travelling, is the most obvious of such preparatory measures, even if we are not able in the end to get far from our starting point, and have to be content with watching and enjoying the exploits of better men.

Form, Design and Colour are the things about which we can learn from Italy. But one thing we cannot learn. The realistic presentation of daylight, of effects of sunlight in particular, was neither sought nor methodically studied by the Italians. For such things we must have recourse to the art of Northern Europe. We have seen how much of the noblest Italian painting tends towards the conditions either of a precious stone or of a coloured bas-relief. Our Northern realism may be thought of as tending even more consistently towards the condition of an open window, through which we get a glimpse of nature's light and air. How far the three tendencies can be reconciled ; how far each is applicable only to some particular range of subject-matter, must be discussed in the next volume. This much at least is clear. Our senses receive from the Italians a stimulus no less potent, in some cases even more potent, than any which the masters of realism have hitherto succeeded in providing. So we have the best of reasons for declining to accept realism as the final word in art, though in date it is one of the latest discoveries. For the same reasons we need not join in the common outcry against the modern adventurers who dispense with realism, by calling them imbeciles when they fail to sell their pictures and impostors when they succeed.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

To illustrate the relation of the Italian Masters to those of other parts of Europe.

	Florence and Central Italy.	Venice and Northern Italy.	Germany and the Netherlands.	France, Spain and England.
1200				
	Margaritone			
	Cavallini			
	Cimabue			
1250	Duccio			
	Giotto			
	P. Lorenzetti			
1300	A. Lorenzetti			
	Orcagna			
	Spinello			
1350				
	L. Monaco		R. Campin	
	Fra Angelico		Van Eyck	
1400	Paolo Uccello	Pisanello	Dirk Bouts	
	Masaccio		Stefan Lochner	
		Bellini		J. Fouquet
	A. Pollaiuolo	Antonello	Memling	S. Marmion
		Mantegna		
1450	Leonardo		Mabuse	
	Michelangelo	Giorgione	Durer	
	Raphael	Titian	Cranach	
1500	Bronzino	Correggio	Holbein	Morales
		Tintoretto	Antonis Mor	F. Clouet
	Baroccio	Veronese	P. Brueghel	J. Bettes
1550	L. Carracci			Greco
	Caravaggio		Rubens	
	Guercino		Frans Hals	Poussin
1600			Van Dyck	Velazquez
	Sassoferrato		Rembrandt	Claude
	Salvator Rosa		Terborch	Murillo
1650			Hobbema	Kneller
		Piazzetta	Van der Werff	Rigaud
1700		Tiepolo		Watteau
		Canaletto		Hogarth
		Guardi		Wilson
				Reynolds
1750				Goya

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AMERICA, CENTRAL, 225.

AMIGONI, JACOPO (1675-1752), Venetian School.

S. Anthony and the Infant Christ, 213.

ANGELICO, FRA (1387-1455), Florentine School. Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, called Il Beato Angelico from the celestial beauty of his figures. A monk of the order of Predicants. The chief groups of his paintings are in the Convent of S. Marco at Florence, and in the Vatican. He died in Rome.

Transfiguration, 12; *Christ Surrounded by Angels*, 13; his powers as a designer and colourist, 12-13; 17, 54, 59.

ANGELO DI TADDEO GADDI (1333 ?-1396), Florentine School. Son and pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, the principal follower of Giotto.

Coronation of the Virgin, 39.

ANTONELLO DA MESSINA (1430-1479), Venetian School. Born and died at Messina. Said to have worked in Flanders, and certainly introduced the Flemish method of painting in oil to Venice, where he worked for some time.

138; works and character, 159-162; *Salvator Mundi*, 159, 160; *S. Jerome in his Study*, 160; *Self Portrait*, 161; *Crucifixion*, 161, 162; 163, 164, 166.

ASSISI, Church of S. Francis, 12.

AZURITE, cause of damage to ultramarine, 45 (note).

BALDOVINETTI, ALESSO (1425-1499), Florentine School.

Portrait of a Lady, 55-58.

BARNABA DA MODENA (c. 1340-1383), School of Modena: influenced by the Sienese.

his colouring, 39, 228.

BAROCCIO, FEDERIGO (1526-1612), Roman School. Born and died at Urbino. A clever draughtsman.

Madonna of the Tower, 98; *Holy Family*, 124, 125.

BARTOLOMMEO, FRA (1472-1517), Florentine School. Born and died in Florence. Pupil of Cosimo Rosselli and partner of Mariotto Albertinelli. Became a Dominican monk. An imposing

designer, an able draughtsman, and inventor of the 'lay figure.'
His influence upon Raphael, 95, 96, 104, 113, 114, 117, 118, 121.

Bartolozzi, Francesco (1725-1815), English School. The well known engraver, Member of the Royal Academy.
131.

Basaiti, Marco (c. 1475-1521), Venetian School. Born at Friuli. Assistant to Alvise Vivarini, and afterwards to Giovanni Bellini, to whose style he sometimes approximates closely.
Madonna of the Meadow, 173; *Madonna*, 173.

Bassano, Jacopo (1510?-1592), Venetian School. Jacopo da Ponte, called Bassano from his birthplace, studied in Venice under Bonifazio. The head of a family of painters in his native place.
Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple, The Good Samaritan, 201.

Bastiani, Lazzaro (1449-1512), Venetian School.
169.

Bellini, Gentile (1426?-1509), Venetian School. Son of Jacopo Bellini and assistant to his father. Created "Count of the Palatinate" by the Emperor. Visited Constantinople 1479-80 at the Sultan's request for the best painter in Venice.
135; *Sultan Mohammed*, 168; *Adoration of the Magi*, 168, 169; *A Mathematician*, 170; *Fra Teodoro as S. Dominic*, 170; his technical method, 170, 171; 200.

Bellini, Giovanni (1428?-1509), Venetian School. Son of Jacopo Bellini, and, with his brother Gentile, assistant to his father. Head of the most famous school of painting in Venice at the end of the fifteenth century.
42, 43, 135, 148, 161, 163; works and character, 164-168; *Blood of the Redeemer*, 164; *Agony in the Garden*, 164, 165; *Madonna of the Meadow*, 166, 167; *Madonna, Death of S. Peter Martyr, Doge Loredano*, 167; *Bacchanal*, 167 (note); 169, 172, 175-6, 184, 229, 230.

Bellini, Jacopo (c. 1400-1470). Venetian School. Father of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and father-in-law of Mantegna. His decorative paintings in the Ducal Palace at Venice and elsewhere have perished, but his influence was great, as his sketch books in the British Museum and the Louvre clearly indicate.
His influence, 146, 147, 152, 153, 156, 169, 177.

Bellotto, Bernardo (c. 1724-1780), Venetian School. Nephew of Canaletto, who taught him. Painted architectural views.
214.

Bernini, Giovanni Lorenzo (1598-1680). Born at Naples. Celebrated sculptor and architect. Designed palace of Pope Urban VIII. and the great colonnade of S. Peter's.
xxx, 57, 224.

Bianchi-Ferrari, Francesco (1447-1510), Ferrarese School.
Adoration of the Shepherds diptych, 154.

Blake, William (1757-1827), English School. Poet, painter, engraver and visionary. Born and died in London.

His colour, 37; *The Morning Stars*, 66; his design, 86; his use of a mannerism, 123.

Bologna, the meeting place of north and south and home of Eclecticism, 49; Michelangelo at, 82, 83; the Carracci, 125, 126; Guido, 129; Guercino, 130, 131.

Boltraffio, Giovanni Antonia (1467-1516), Milanese School.
Madonna, 139; *Narcissus*, 140.

Bonifazio di Pitàti (1487-1553), Venetian School. Born at Verona. Pupil of Palma at Venice.
his early work, *Adoration of the Magi*, 182, 183; 185, *Madonna and Child*, 197; *Madonna with Saints*, 197; *Dives and Lazarus*, 197.

Bonsignori, Francesco (1453?-1519), Venetian School. Born at Verona; studied in Venice under the Vivarini; influenced by Mantegna.
Venetian Senator, 173-174.

Bordone, Paris (1500-1570), Venetian School, Pupil of Titian.
A Lady of the Brignole Family, 200.

Borgognone (1455?-1523), Milanese School. Ambrogio da Fossano, called Borgognone.
135-136; *Marriage of the two S.S. Catherine*, 136; *Madonna*, 135.

Botticelli (1444-1510), Florentine School. Sandro Filipepi, called Botticelli. Born and died in Florence. Pupil of Filippo Lippi; painted also at Rome in the Sistine Chapel. Became a follower of Savonarola.
38; his work and genius, 63-67; *A Young Man*, 63, 64; *Mars and Venus*, 64, 65, 70; pictures at Florence, 65; *Madonnas*, 65, 66; *The Nativity*, 66; 85, 228.

Bramante (c. 1444-1514), Lombard School. Pupil of Fra Bartolommeo, and celebrated architect. Designed basilica of S. Peter's, Rome.
135, 136, 137.

Bramantino (c. 1475-1536), Milanese School. Bartolommeo Suardi, called Bramantino after the great Bramante under whose influence he came. Pupil of Butinone, and court painter and architect to Francesco Sforza II.
Adoration of the Kings, 137.

Brescian artists, 197-199.

Bronzino (1502?-1572), Florentine School. Angelo Allori, called Bronzino. Pupil of Pontormo. Portrait painter to the Court of Cosmo I., Duke of Tuscany.
Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time, design and colour, 119, 120; 228.

Brouwer, Adrian (1605-1638), Flemish School. Pupil of Frans Hals. Famous as a colourist and painter of tavern scenes.
54.

Buonconsiglio, Giovanni (1470-1536), Venetian School. Known as 'Il Marescalco.' A citizen of Vicenza, strongly influenced by Montagna and then by Giovanni Bellini. Painted chiefly at Venice, his work strangely declining from its early promise.
S. John Baptist, 168.

Butinone (fifteenth century), Milanese School. Said to have been a pupil of Foppa and partner of Zenale.

171.

Byzantine art, 8; mosaics and painting, 9-10, 12; and Duccio, 14; and Crivelli, 156.

Calcar, Jan Stephan (1449-1546), Venetian School. A Netherlander who studied under Titian at Venice, and settled in Naples.

Three Venetians and a Child, 200.

Canaletto, Giovanni Antonio (1697-1768), Venetian School. Born in Venice; studied architecture in Rome; came to England in 1746; died in Venice.

Life and works, 214-216; *View in Venice*, 214, 215, 216; *Scuola di San Rocco*, 214, 215; *Interior of the Rotunda, Ranelagh*, 215; his influence on the English School, 216 (note); 230.

Caravaggio, Michelangelo da (1569-1609), Roman School. Michelangelo Amerighi, called da Caravaggio from his birthplace. The leader of the "Naturalists"; worked principally at Rome and Naples.

124; the revolt of the Naturalists, 126-129; *Christ at Emmaus*, 128, 130, 131, 132, 209.

Cariani, Giovanni de' Busi (1485?-1548?), Venetian School. Of Bergamasque origin; pupil of Palma, influenced by Giorgione.

197; *Death of S. Peter Martyr*, 200; *Italian Nobleman*, 200.

Carpaccio, Vittore (1450-1522), Venetian School. Follower of Gentile Bellini and Lazzaro Bastiani. His series of paintings at Venice illustrating the stories of S. Ursula and S. George are widely famous.

S. Ursula leaving her Father, 169; *Death and Assumption of the Virgin*, 169; 171.

Carracci, Annibale (1560?-1609), Bolognese School. Born at Bologna where, with his brothers Agostino and Lodovico, he founded the 'Eclectic' School.

Dead Christ, 125; *Christ appearing to S. Peter*, 125, 126; *Silenus gathering Grapes*, *Bacchus playing to Silenus*, 126.

Carracci, The, 125, 129, 130.

Castagno, Andrea dal (1410?-1457). Florentine School. A countryman, born at Castagno in the Mugello and brought to Florence by Bernadetto de' Medici; there under the influence of Donatello he produced some exceedingly powerful decorative works.

Crucifixion, 18, 19.

Catena, Vincenzo (1470?-1531), Venetian School. A follower of Giovanni Bellini.

Pictures wrongly attributed to; *S. Jerome*, *Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ*, *Adoration of the Magi*, 181-183; *Madonna* by, 181.

Cavallini, Pietro (c. 1250-1320), Roman School.

Painted frescoes in the Trastevere churches. At Assisi in 1288. In Rome, c. 1291; worked also at Naples.

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Cellini, Benvenuto (1500-1571), Florentine School. Goldsmith and sculptor. His autobiography is a most vivid record of personality and adventure, 72.

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Cesare da Sesto (1477-1523), Milanese School. One of the ablest followers of Leonardo da Vinci.

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Chardin, J. B. Siméon (1699-1779), French School. The great French master of still life and *genre.*

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Cima, Giovanni Battista da Conegliano (1460—1517-18). Pupil of Bartolommeo Montagna, supposed later to have been the foreman of Giovanni Bellini's studio.

Incredulity of S. Thomas, Madonnas, S. Jerome, Ecce Homo, 172; *David and Jonathan,* 173, 184.

Cimabue (or **Cenni**), **Giovanni** (1240?-1301?), Florentine School. Born at Florence, worked in Rome, where perhaps he received his artistic training, and afterwards in Florence. Held by Vasari to be the real founder of Italian painting.

Madonna, 10.

Claude (1600-1682), French School. Claude Gellée, called Le Lorrain. The famous landscape painter and etcher.

46.

Colour, in mosaic, 9; with Fra Angelico, 13; with Masaccio, 16; heraldic quality in Uccello, 21; Piero della Francesca, 23; broken colour with Spinello, 37; enamelled, 39; effect of sharp colour, 42; with Perugino, 45; Filippo Lippi's gift, 54; with Botticelli, 66; Michelangelo, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88; with Raphael, 97, 98, forerunner of Titian, 102; with Correggio, 108, 110; with Bronzino, 120; with Guercino, 130; with Stanzioni and Sassoferrato, 132; with Mantegna, 148; with Tura, 151; with Roberti, 153; with Crivelli, 156-159; with Giovanni Bellini, 166, 167; with Gentile Bellini, 172, 173, 175, 176; with Marziole, 174; with Morando, 175; in Ferrarese *Battle Piece,* 186; with Titian, 193-195; with other Venetians, 196, 198; with Paolo Veronese, 204-210; with Tiepolo, 212; Italian attitude towards, 229-231; effect of surface upon, 231-232.

Condivi, Ascanio (c. 1525-1574), Roman School. Pupil, friend and biographer of Michelangelo.

118.

Constable, John (1776-1837), English School. The famous landscape painter.

4.

Corot, J. B. Camille (1796-1875), French School. The famous landscape painter.

46.

Correggio, Antonio Allegri da (1494-1534), School of Parma. In youth influenced by Mantegna, by Costa or Bianchi-Ferrari, and perhaps by Lotto. Just possibly influenced later by the work of Michelangelo and Raphael in the Vatican, though it is doubtful whether he ever visited Rome. All his best work was done in Parma where he lived.

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Cossa, Francesco del (1435?-1477), Ferrarese School. Follower of Tura; worked for the Ferrarese Court and at Bologna.
S. Hyacinth, 151, 152, 153.

Costa, Lorenzo (1460?-1535), Ferrarese School. Probably studied under Tura and Cossa, then went to Bologna and became Francia's partner. Died at Mantua.
152; *Israelites gathering Manna*, 154; Altarpiece, 154.

Cranach, Lucas (1472-1553), German School. Court painter to the Saxon Electors.
171.

Credi, Lorenzo di (1457-1537), Florentine School. Pupil and trusted assistant of Verrocchio.
Madonnas, 62; *Costanza de' Medici*, 62.

Crivelli, Carlo (1430?-1493?), Venetian School. Pupil of Squarcione and Antonio da Murano. Lived and worked at Ascoli. He was knighted towards the end of his life.
Works and character, 155-159; *"Demidoff" altarpiece*, 156; *Madonna Enthroned*, 157, 158; *Dead Christ*, 158; *Annunciation*, 158, 159; 164.

Daniele da Volterra (1509-1566), Roman School. Daniele Ricciarelli. Pupil of Sodoma and Peruzzi: friend of Michelangelo.
Bust of Michelangelo, 83.

Daumier, Honoré (1808-1879), French School. Satirist, lithographer and painter.
233.

Degas, Edgar (1834-1917), French School. Painter, pastellist, draughtsman and sculptor. Famous for his studies of the ballet and of race-horses.
233.

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Disraeli, and purchase of Piero della Francesca, 22.

Dolci, Carlo (1616-1686), Florentine School.
132.

Domenico, Veneziano (c. 1415-1461), Florentine School. Possibly of Venetian origin. A mathematician; master of Piero della Francesca.
Madonna and *Portraits*, 19.

Donatello (c. 1386-1466), Florentine School. The great sculptor; worked for some time at Padua, and so exerted a powerful influence upon the Paduan and Venetian schools.
38, *S. George*, 44; 82, 83, his precocity, 103; 147, 158.

Dosso, Dossi (1479-1541), Ferrarese School. Giovanni Lutero, called Dosso. Pupil of Costa, influenced by Giorgione and Titian.
Muse inspiring a Court Poet, 187.

Downman, John (1750?-1824), English School. Pupil of West, A.R.A., and fashionable portrait draughtsman.
58.

Duccio di Buoninsegna (1260-1339), Sienese School. Painted in Florence and Siena, for which he executed his greatest work. One of the founders of the Italian School of Painting.
Transfiguration, 10, 11; compared with Giotto, 14.

Dürer, Albrecht (1471-1528), German School. The famous painter and engraver. Born and died at Nuremberg. Visited Italy in 1494 and Venice in 1505.
171.

Dyck, Sir Anthony van (1599-1641), Pupil of Van Balen and Rubens. Visited Italy; invited to England by Charles I. in 1632. Died in London and buried in old S. Paul's.
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Elsheimer, Adam (1578-1610), German School. Born at Frankfort; worked and died in Rome. Studied effects of landscape and artificial light. His pictures, mostly on the scale of miniature, had a great influence upon artists of the time, Rubens and Rembrandt among them.
204.

Emmanuel (17th Century), Byzantine School. A Greek artist who worked in Venice.
SS. Cosmas and Damianus, 10.

Encaustic Process, its probable nature, 2.

Eyck, John van (1385?-1441), Netherlandish School. With his brother Hubert he perfected the method of painting in oil which was employed in the Netherlands and Germany till the end of the sixteenth century.
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FOPPA, VINCENZO (1427—1515-16), Milanese School. Born at Brescia(?), where he died. Influenced by Pisanello, G. da Fabriano, Giovanni Bellini and the Paduans, and himself a potent influence upon the Milanese.

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FRANCESCA, PIERO DELLA (or DEI FRANCESCHI) (1416?-1492), Umbrian School. Born at Borgo San Sepolcro. Pupil of Domenico Veneziano at Florence. He was one of the best mathematicians of the age. His frescoes at Arezzo are the most notable of his surviving works.

19; his science, 22; and monumental dignity, 23; *The Nativity* design analysed, 23, 24; *The Baptism*, 24; 25, 84, 137, 218, 228.

FRANCIA, FRANCESCO (1450?-1517), Bolognese School. Francesco Raibolini. Born, worked and died at Bologna. Took to painting with Lorenzo Costa for partner after achieving fame as a goldsmith and a medallist.

The first Eclectic, 49-52; *Madonna with S. Anne*, 51; *Pieta*, 51; 125, 154.

FRANCIABIGIO (1482-1525), Florentine School. Francesco di Cristofano Bigi. Born and died in Florence.

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FRESCO PAINTING, its effect upon style, 34, 35.

FRITH, WILLIAM POWELL (1819-1909), English School.

Lack of Unity in *Derby Day*, 123.

GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS (1727-1788), English School.

His brushwork and colour, 38.

GAROFALO (1481-1559), Ferrarese School. Benvenuto Tisio, called Garofalo, was born and died at Ferrara. An Eclectic, influenced by Raphael, whom he met in Rome in 1509.

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GAUGAIN, PAUL (1848-1903), French School. A leader of the Post-Impressionists. Painted with Van Gogh at Arles, but principally in Martinique, Tahiti and Dominique, where he died.

225.

Gentile da Fabriano (1360-70—1427). Born at Fabriano; worked in Venice, Florence and elsewhere. Died in Rome.

Madonna, 40; 135, 144.

Gèricault, Jean (1791-1824), French School. One of the founders of the Romantic movement in France at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

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Ghirlandajo, Domenico del (1449-1494), Florentine School. Born and died in Florence. Pupil of Baldovinetti.

62 (note).

Giorgione (1477-1510), Venetian School. Born at Castelfranco; worked and died in Venice, where he effected an artistic revolution.

113, 115, 140; his work and character, 176-185; "*Gaston de Foix*," 177-180; *The Golden Age*, 181, 182; Castelfranco altarpiece, 177-179, 182; frescoes on Fondaco dei Tedeschi, 184; his "School," 185; 186; influence on Dosso, 187; on Titian, 188, 190; on Palma, 196; on Cariani and Licinio, 200.

Giotto (1270-1337), Florentine School. Giotto de Bondone. Born near Florence. His frescoes at Assisi, Padua and Florence are rightly regarded as the foundation of Italian Renaissance Art.

influenced by the Roman style, 12; sense of mass and volume, 14, 15; *Two Apostles*, 38, 39, 54.

Girolamo dai Libri (1474-1556), School of Verona. Born and died at Verona. Famous as an illuminator of missals; pupil of Domenico Morone.

Madonna with S. Anne, 174.

Gogh, Vincent Van (1853-1890), Franco-Dutch School. English picture-dealer's assistant; largely self trained. Painted chiefly in Provence. One of the greatest of the "Post-Impressionists," 39.

Gozzoli, Benozzo (1420-1498), Florentine School. Born at Florence. Assistant to Fra Angelico.

Madonna enthroned, 58; *Rape of Helen*, 59.

Grandi, Ercole di Giulio Cesare (1465 ?-1535), Ferrarese School. A somewhat vague figure, reputed to have been a pupil of Ercole Roberti and an assistant to Lorenzo Costa.

152; *Madonna with Saints*, 154.

Greco, El. (1545-1614), Spanish School. Domenico Theotocopuli. Born in Crete, mentioned as Titian's pupil but more closely resembling Bassano in his early work. Settled at Toledo, which still contains some of his finest pictures.

86, 123, 201.

Greco-Roman Portraits (A.D. 140-250). Found in mummy-cases at Hawara in the Fayum.

Their character and technique, 2; their vitality, 3-7; Sculpture, its influence on Raphael, 104, 105; on Mantegna, 149; in general, 223-224.

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GUARDI, FRANCESCO (1712-1793), Venetian School.

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GUERCINO (1599-1666), Bolognese School. Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, known as Guercino from his squinting.

Incredulity of S. Thomas, 130; *Angels weeping over the dead Christ*, 130; his influence upon the English School, 131.

GUIDO (1575-1642), Bolognese School. Guido Reni; pupil of Denis Calvert and the Carracci.

Ecce Homo, 129; *Magdalen*, 129; *Lot and his Daughters*, 129; *Coronation of the Virgin*, 129.

HIGHMORE, JOSEPH (1692-1780), English School. A well-known painter of portraits and of a few *genre* subjects.

216 (note).

HOGARTH, WILLIAM (1697-1764), English School. A Londoner, trained as an engraver, afterwards famous as a painter and satirist. Author of "An Analysis of Beauty."

His study of significance of line, 39; influenced by Canaletto, 216 (note).

HOLBEIN, HANS (1497-1543), German School. Born at Augsburg. Son and pupil of Hans Holbein the elder. Came to London and became court painter to Henry VIII. Died in London.

57, 139.

HONTHORST, GERARD (1590-1656). Dutch School. Born at Utrecht, Pupil of Bloemart, then of Caravaggio, whose style he brought to the Netherlands. Afterwards a fashionable portrait painter.

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JUSTUS OF GHENT (1410-1475?), Flemish School. Assistant to Melozzo da Forli.

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LAYARD COLLECTION, Gentile Bellini, 168; Palma, 196.

LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519), Florentine School. Born at Vinci, the son of a Florentine notary. Apprentice and assistant to Verrocchio. Left

Florence for Milan in 1481, to make an equestrian statue for Ludovico Sforza, and remained there eighteen years. Returning to Florence he made the Cartoon of the *Battle of the Standard* in competition with Michelangelo, and acted as military engineer to Caesar Borgia. Then after a second stay at Milan and a brief visit to Rome he was invited to France by Francis I., and died there at Cloux, near Amboise.

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Licinio, Bernardino (1480-1549), Venetian School. Pupil of Pordenone. Influenced by Giorgione.

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Lippi, Filippino (1457-1504), Florentine School. Son of Fra Filippo Lippi. Born at Prato; worked under Botticelli.

Work and character, 67-69; *Angel Adoring*, 67; *Madonna with SS. Jerome and Dominic*, influenced by Leonardo, 67, 68.

Lippi, Fra Filippo (1406?-1469), Florentine School. Born at Florence. Pupil of Lorenzo Monaco. Was released from his Orders and married a nun, Lucrezia Buti, who had sat to him as model. Father of Filippino Lippi.

His personality, 53; his colour, 54; *Annunciation*, 54; *S. John Baptist and Saints*, 54.

Lippo di Dalmasio (c. 1350-1410), School of Bologna.

Madonna, 49.

Longhi, Pietro (1702-1785), Venetian School. Born and died in Venice. Pupil of Balestra and Giuseppe Crespi.

Rhinoceros in an Arena, 213.

Lorenzetti, Ambrogio (c. 1300-1348), Sienese School. Brother and pupil of Pietro Lorenzetti.

34, 35, 36.

Lorenzo Monaco (Don), (1370?-1425), Florentine School. Probably pupil of Agnolo Gaddi. Influenced by the Sienese.

Legend of S. Benedict, 39, 40.

Lotto, Lorenzo (1480-1555), Venetian School. Pupil of Alvise Vivarini, but influenced by Giorgione, Raphael and others.

Protonotary Apostolic Giuliano, 200.

Luca della Robbia (1399?-1482), Florentine School. Sculptor and worker in enamelled faience.

Cantoria, 83.

Luini, Bernardino (1475-c.1532), Milanese School. Probably pupil of Ambrogio Borgognone, strongly influenced by Leonardo da Vinci.
Christ teaching, 140.

Lys, Jan (1600-1657).
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Mantegna, Andrea (1431-1506), Paduan School. Born at Vicenza. Pupil of Squarcione. Married Nicolosia, daughter of Jacopo Bellini, settled at Mantua, where he died.
86, 106, 130; *Agony in the Garden*, 147; sculptural character of his art, 148-150; *Triumph of Caesar, Triumph of Scipio, Samson and Delilah*, 149; 165, 174, 223, 229.

Marco d'Oggionno (1470?-1530?), Milanese School.
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Margaritone (1216-1293), Romanesque School. Born and died at Arezzo.
Altar frontal, 10.

Marziale, Marco (c. 1470-after 1507), Venetian School. Born in Venice; pupil of Giovanni Bellini, influenced by German art.
Circumcision, 171, 172; *Madonna with Saints*, 172.

Masaccio (1401-1428), Florentine School. Possibly pupil of Masolino. Worked in Florence and Rome, where he died.
12; *Madonna and Child*, 13, 15, 16; his mastery of solid form, 15; of colour, 16, 54; monumental quality, 16, 17; 18, 24, 25, 38, 40, 67; influence upon Michelangelo, 84, 85; 218, 219, 221.

Matteo di Giovanni di Bartoli (1430-5—1495), Sienese School.
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Mazzolino, Ludovico (1478?-1528?), Ferrarese School. Born and died at Ferrara; pupil of Ercole Roberti.
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Melozzo da Forli, or degli Ambrosi (1438-1494), Umbro-Florentine School. Pupil of Piero della Francesca. Painted in Rome and at Urbino.
24; *Rhetoric*, partly painted by Justus of Ghent, 25.

Messina, Antonello da. See Antonello, School of.
Virgin with Angels, 163.

Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), Florentine School. Born at Castel Caprese. Apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo. Learned sculpture from Bertoldo, pupil of Donatello, painting probably at Bologna. His principal sculptures were executed for the Medici tombs in Florence and for the tomb of Pope Julius II. His chief paintings are in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. He was also the architect of S. Peter's, and of the buildings on the Capitol. He died in Rome, and was buried in S. Croce, Florence.
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88; modelling in low relief, 88, 89; *Last Judgment*, 84, 90; *Pieta*, 90; sculptural vision, 91; compared with Raphael, 92, 93, 99, 104; 106, 107, 113, 114; *Dream of Human Life*, 118; *Leda*, 118-119; 192, 195, 202, 210, 218, 219, 221, 223, 228.

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MONTAGNA, BARTOLOMMEO (1450?-1523), School of Vicenza. Probably pupil of Alvise Vivarini in Venice, influenced by Mantegna and Giovanni Bellini.
168; *Madonnas, SS. John Baptist, Zeno and Catherine*, 173.

MORANDO, PAOLO (1486-1522), School of Verona. Known as Cavazzola; born and died at Verona, pupil of Domenico Morone.
S. Roch, 174, 175; *Madonna with S. John Baptist and Angel*, 175.

MORELLI, GIOVANNI, the famous art critic, his interest in the Milanese, 134; in Giorgione, 176.

MORETTO DA BRESCIA (1498-1555), School of Brescia. Alessandro Bonvicino, called Moretto. Born and died at Brescia. Pupil of Ferramola, influenced by Titian.
Count Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco, Italian Nobleman, Ettore Averoldi, S. Bernardino of Siena, Madonna and Child with Saints, 198, 199; his silvery colour, 209.

MORONE, FRANCESCO (1470?-1529), School of Verona. Son and pupil of Domenico Morone, influenced by Mantegna and Giovanni Bellini.
Madonna, 174; *Crucifixion*, 174.

MORONI, GIAMBATTISTA (1520-5—1578), School of Brescia. Pupil of Moretto, lived in Bergamo.
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ORCAGNA, ANDREA (1308?-1368), Florentine School. Andrea di Cione, pupil of Andrea Pisano, sculptor, architect, and painter. His brothers Nardo and Jacopo were also painters. Andrea worked and died in Florence.

His great altar piece, xxiv, 39.

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ORTOLANO (c. 1485?-1525), Ferrarese School. Gian Battista Benvenuti, called L'Ortolano. Influenced by Dosso Dossi.

SS. Sebastian, Roch and Demetrius, 187.

PADUAN ART, 135; influence of Donatello upon, 147; 150, 159, 160, 164.

PALMA (1480-1528), Venetian School, Giacomo Negretti, known as Palma Vecchio, to distinguish him from Palma the younger. Born at Serinalta near Bergamo. Influenced by Bellini, Giorgione and Titian. Associated with Lotto, and master of Bonifazio and Cariani. Worked chiefly in Venice, where he died.

early works, *S. Jerome*, *Warrior adoring the Infant Christ*, 181-183, 184, 185; *Poet*, 196-197.

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PARMIGIANO (1504-1540), School of Parma. Francesco Mazzola, called Parmigiano or Parmigianino. Influenced by Correggio and Raphael.

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PEDRINI, GIOVANNI (c. 1490-1530), Milanese School. Known also as Gianpietrino. Imitator of Leonardo da Vinci.

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PERUGINO, PIETRO (1446-1523), Umbrian School. Pietro Vannucci. Possibly pupil of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, also worked under Verrocchio, and for some years the master of Raphael.

Crucifixion, 43; *Madonna adoring*, 43; his sense of pattern, of colour, and feeling for space, 44-46; *Adoration of Shepherds*, 46; *Madonna with SS. Jerome and Francis*, 46; 94, 174, 229.

PESELLINO, FRANCESCO (1422-1457), Florentine School. Francesco Pesello. Pupil of Filippo Lippi.

Trinity with Saints and Angels, 54, 55.

PIAZZETTA, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1682-1754), Venetian School. Born near Venice, where he died. Pupil of Molinari, influenced by Guercino and Jan Lys, and had influence upon Tiepolo.

210; *Sacrifice of Isaac*, 211.

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA. *See* FRANCESCA.

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PIERO DI COSIMO (1462-1521), Florentine School. Born and died in Florence. Pupil of Cosimo Rosselli. Influenced by Signorelli, Filippino Lippi and Leonardo da Vinci.

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PINTORICCHIO, BERNARDINO (1454-1513), Umbrian School. Bernardino di Betto. Born at Perugia. Pupil of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, influenced by Perugino, and one of Raphael's teachers. Worked in Rome and at Siena, where he died.

Return of Odysseus, 46, 47; *Madonna and Child*, 47; *S. Catherine*, 48.

PIOMBO, SEBASTIANO DEL (1485?-1547), Venetian School. Sebastiano Luciani. Born in Venice. Pupil of Bellini and Cima, assistant to Giorgione. Went to Rome in 1510, where he came under the influence of Michelangelo.

102; his early works, *Pieta* and *Daughter of Herodias*, 183-185; *Raising of Lazarus*, 195; *Holy Family*, 195, 196.

PISANELLO (1397?-1455), School of Verona. Antonio (formerly thought to be Vittore) Pisano. The famous medallist who worked for the Courts of Mantua, Ferrara, Rimini, and Naples.

Vision of S. Eustace, 144, 145; *S. George* fresco, 145, 146; *SS. Antony and George*, 146.

PLASTIC. *See* under SCULPTURE.

POLLAIUOLO, ANTONIO (1432-1498), Florentine School. The celebrated anatomist and sculptor, painter and engraver. Born in Florence. Apprenticed to a goldsmith, employed by Ghiberti on the Gates of the Baptistery, probably a pupil of Donatello in sculpture and of Andrea dal Castagno in painting. Assisted by his younger brother, Piero (1443-1496).

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PONTORMO, JACOPO DA (1494—1556-7), Florentine School. Jacopo Carucci. Pupil of Andrea del Sarto, influenced by Michelangelo. Worked and died in Florence. His most original works are frescoes in the Medicean Villa at Careggi.

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POUSSIN, NICHOLAS (1594-1665), French School. Studied in France under Quintin Varin, and in Rome under Domenichino. Strongly influenced by Titian. Most of his work was done in Rome, where he died.

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PREDIS, AMBROGIO DA (c. 1455-1506), Milanese School. Follower of Foppa and partner with Leonardo da Vinci.
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PULZONE, SCIPIONE (1550-62—1600), Roman School. Called Gaetano from his birthplace. Pupil of J. del Conte.
A Cardinal, 124.

RAPHAEL (1483-1520), Umbrian School. Raffaello Santi, son of the poet painter Giovanni Santi. Born at Urbino. Pupil of his father, and probably of Timoteo Viti. Worked under Perugino and Pintoricchio. Influenced at Florence in 1504 by Fra Bartolommeo and Leonardo. At Rome in 1508—influenced by classical sculpture and by Michelangelo. Surveyor of Roman antiquities and architect of S. Peter's. Died in Rome.
xxv, 4, 26, 43, 45; life and work, 92-105; *Vision of a Knight*, 92; Mond *Crucifixion*, 93; *Procession to Calvary*, 93; *Ansidei Madonna*, 93-95; *S. Catherine*, 96; influence of classical art, 96, 104, 105; *Parnassus*, 96-98; *Madonna and S. John*, 97; *Madonna of the Tower*, 98-100; *Julius II.*, 100; *Charge to S. Peter*, *Miraculous Draught*, 100; *Sibyls*, 101; *Mass of Bolsena*, 102; 106, 107, 113, 114, 115, 125, 139, 218, 223.

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REMBRANDT (1606-1669), Dutch School. Born in Leiden. Pupil of Swanenburgh and Lastman, but largely self trained. Painter, etcher and draughtsman. Died in Amsterdam.
xxv, 4, 77, 90, 128, 180, 199, 201, 212.

RENI. *See* GUIDO.

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REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA (1723-1792), English School. Born at Plympton. Pupil of T. Hudson. Visited Italy 1749-1752. First President of the Royal Academy 1768, and author of the famous "Discourses." Died in London.
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RIBERA, JUSEPE (1589-1652), Spanish School. Called Lo Spagnoletto. Born at Valencia. Studied under Ribalta, came to Italy and was strongly influ-

enced by Caravaggio. Settled at Naples, where he died.
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RIBOT, AUGUSTIN THEODULE (1823-1891), French School.
Mourning over the dead Christ, once ascribed to, 131.

RICCI, SEBASTIANO (1659-1734), Venetian School. Decorative painter. Visited England and painted at Hampton Court and elsewhere.
216 (note).

ROBERTI, ERCOLE DE (1450-1496), Ferrarese School. Born and died at Ferrara. Influenced by Jacopo Bellini and the Paduans.
152-155; *Israelites gathering Manna*, 153-5; *Adoration of the Shepherds* diptych, 154; *Last Supper*, 155; *Concert*, 155.

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ROMANINO, GIROLAMO (1485-6—1566?), School of Brescia. Influenced by Savòldo, Giorgione, and Titian.
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ROMANO, GIULIO (1492-1546), Roman School. Giulio Pippi or de' Gianuzzi. Born in Rome. Pupil and assistant of Raphael. Died at Mantua.
Madonna and S. John, 97.

ROSALBA (1675-1757), Venetian School. Rosalba Carriera. The famous woman pastellist. Born and died in Venice.
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ROSELLI, COSIMO (1438-1507), Florentine School. Pupil of Neri di Bicci. Influenced by Benozzo Gozzoli and Baldovinetti. Master of Piero di Cosimo.
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ROSSO, ANTONIO (c. 1450-1507), Florentine School. Worked in France for Francis I.
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RUBENS, SIR PETER PAUL (1577-1640), Flemish School.
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SALVATOR (1615-1673), Neapolitan School. Salvatore Rosa. Born at Renella, near Naples. Pupil of Aniello Falcone. Settled in Rome.
pioneer of romanticism, 132, 133; *Mercury and the Woodman*, 133.

SANTI, GIOVANNI (c. 1435-1494), Umbrian School. Painter and poet. Father of Raphael. Worked in Urbino.
Madonna and Child, 42, 43.

SARTO, ANDREA DEL (1486-1531), Florentine School. Andrea d'Agnolo. Pupil of Piero di Cosimo—known as "Andrea senza errori," from his faultless workmanship. Born and died at Florence.
his character and work, 114-116; *A Sculptor*, 114-115; *Madonna*, 115, 116.

SASSOFERRATO (1605-1685), Roman School. Giovanni Battista Salvi. Pupil of his father.
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SAVOLDO, GIOVANNI GIROLAMO (1480?-1550?), School of Brescia. Influenced by Giorgione and Titian.

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SCHIAVONE, GREGORIO (1435-6—after 1474), Paduan School. Giorgio Chiulinovich. Born at Sebenico. Pupil of Squarcione. Altarpiece, 155.

SCOTT, SAMUEL (1710-1772), English School. Painter of topographical and naval subjects. Influenced by Canaletto, 215.

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SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO. *See* PIOMBO.

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SIGNORELLI, LUCA (1441-1523), Florentine School. Born and died at Cortona. Pupil of Piero della Francesca. Influenced by Pollaiuolo. His greatest work was done at Orvieto.

25; *The Nativity* and *The Circumcision*, 26, 27, 28; *Last Judgment* and *Pan*, 27, 137.

SMITH, Consul, patron of Canaletto, 214, 215.

SODOMA (1477-1549), Milanese School. Giovanni Antonio Bazzi. Born at Vercelli. Pupil of Spanzotti, Influenced by Leonardo at Milan. Chief works at Monte Oliveto, Siena and Rome.

Head of Christ, 140.

SOLARIO, ANDREA DA (1465? after 1515), Milanese School. Probably pupil of his brother Cristofano. Influenced in Venice by Antonello da Messina and Alvise Vivarini. Influenced by Leonardo in Milan.

138, 139; *Venetian Senator*, 139; *Giovanni Cristoforo Longono*, 139.

SPINELLO ARETINO (1333?-1410), Florentine School. Spinello di Luca. Born and died at Arezzo. Pupil of Jacopo di Casentino.

Fall of Rebel Angels, 36, 37; *Two Apostles* (ascribed to), 38, 39, 64; 224.

SQUARCIONE (1394-1474), Paduan School. The teacher of Mantegna, Tura, Crivelli and many other artists.

147, 152, 155.

STANZIONI, MASSIMO (1585-1656), Neapolitan School.

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STEVENS, ALFRED (1817-1875), English School. Studied in Italy, worked in England. The famous sculptor and painter, 91.

THORNHILL, SIR JAMES (1676-1734), English School. The best English decorative painter of his age. Father-in-law of Hogarth.

216 (note).

TIEPOLO, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1696-1769), Venetian School. Born in Venice. Pupil of Lazzarini. Influenced by Piazzetta, Paul Veronese, and Chinese Art. Worked in the Venetian district, at Würtzburg and Madrid, where he died. His son Giandomenico followed his style closely.

xxx; works and character, 211-213; *The Trojan Horse*, 212; *The Deposition*, 212; *Phaethon*, 212, 213; 218, 231.

TINTORET (1518-1594), Venetian School. Jacopo Robusti, called Il Tintoretto. Born and died in Venice. Pupil of Titian, influenced also by Michelangelo.

works and character, 201-204; *Christ washing his Disciples' Feet*, 201; *Origin of the Milky Way*, 202, 203; *S. George and the Dragon*, 203; 210, 218, 224.

TITIAN (1480-1576), Venetian School. Tiziano Vecellio. Born at Pieve di Cadore, apprenticed to the mosaicist Zuccato, pupil in turn of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, then assistant to Giorgione. The most famous of Venetian painters. Died in Venice.

4, 109, 115, 165, 180; *The Golden Age*, 181, 184, 185; his feeling for substance, *Ariosto* portrait, 187-189; *Holy Family*, 189, 190; *Noli Me Tangere*, 190, 191; *Bacchus and Ariadne*, 191-194; *Madonna with S. Catherine*, and its landscape, 194; *Venus and Adonis*, 194, 195; *Mother and Child*, 195; 196, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 204, 205, 207, 208, 210, 218, 224, 225, 229, 230.

TORRIGIANO, PIETRO (1472-1522), Florentine School. Sculptor. While a student he broke Michelangelo's nose with a blow of his fist. Afterwards worked in England on Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, and the monument of Dr. Yonge in the Rolls Chapel. Died in Spain in the prisons of the Inquisition.

83.

TURA, COSIMO (1420 ?-1495), Ferrarese School. Studied under Squarcione in Padua. Worked chiefly at Ferrara.

150, 151; *Madonna, Allegorical Figure, S. Jerome*, 151, 152, 153.

TURNER, JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM (1775-1851), English School. The well-known landscape painter.

46.

UCCELLO, PAOLO (1397-1475), Florentine School. Paolo di Dono. Born and died in Florence. Trained as a goldsmith, then assistant to Lorenzo Ghiberti.

19; *Rout of S. Romano*, 20, 21; his craftsmanship and invention, 21, 22; *Portrait of a Lady*, 55; 227.

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UTAMARO, KITAGAWA (1754-1806), Japanese School. One of the most famous designers of colour prints.

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VAN GOGH. *See* Gogh.

VASARI, GIORGIO (1511-1574). Born at Arezzo. Architect, painter and author of the famous "Lives."

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VELAZQUEZ (1559-1660), Spanish School. Don Diego de Silva y Velazquez. Born in Seville. Pupil of F. Herrera the elder and of Pacheco. Painter to the Spanish Court. Visited Italy in 1629 and 1641. Died at Madrid.

4, 128, 208, 216.

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VERONESE, PAOLO (1528-1588), Venetian School. Paolo Caliari. Born at Verona. Pupil of A. Badile. Settled in Venice, where he died.

38, 192; works and character, 204-210; *Happy Union*, 204; *Unfaithfulness*, 205; *Marriage at Cana*, 205; *Consecration of S. Nicholas*, 205; *Family of Darius before Alexander*, 205; *S. Helena*, 206; *Adoration of the Magi*, 206; his painting and colouring, 207-210, 211, 218, 227, 230.

VERROCCHIO, ANDREA (1435-1488), Florentine School. Trained as a goldsmith, pupil of Donatello in sculpture and of Baldovinetti in painting. Head of the most famous of Florentine studios, and Master of Leonardo da Vinci. Died in Venice while at work on the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni.

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54, 80.

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Whistler, James Abbott M'Neill (1834-1903), English School. Born in Massachusetts. Studied in Paris. Strongly influenced by the Japanese. Settled in London, and died in Chelsea.

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